The Talleyrand Memoirs

VOL. XLI. JANUARY, 1891. No. 3.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK
T. FISHER UNWIN. PATERNOSTER SQ. LONDON

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THE ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE CENTURY CO.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY,

TWO-THIRDS OF THE WORK ISSUED.

The fourth volume of The Century Dictionary, which has just been published, contains the letters M to P inclusive, and forms a magnificent quarto of 1324 pages, with nearly 1500 cuts.

The first volume was issued in October, 1889, the fourth followed in November, 1890 (almost within a year), and the other two volumes, completing the work, will be published during 1891.

The original estimates of the publishers were too small, both as regards the total of pages in the completed book and the wealth of words it would contain. Instead of 6500, 7000 is now the estimated number of pages, and, instead of 200,000, 225,000 the estimated number of words.

The fourth volume is the largest of the series yet published and the richest in material. A notable illustration of this fact is the letter P. In the 660 pages devoted to it there are defined, in round numbers, 20,000 words, and 7000 special phrases; the defining of them involving the writing of about 30,000 definitions and encyclopedic articles, and the use of about 20,000 quotations, with over 800 cuts. This one letter, thus, contains fully half as much material as either of the dictionaries to which we have so long been used.

The volume also illustrates in a striking manner the technical and scientific character of the Dictionary. Beginning with the letter M one meets the prefix *macro-*, followed in quick succession by *meso-*, *meta-*, *micro-*, *mono-*, and many others of greater or less importance, from which are formed hundreds of words, most of which have come into existence during the last ten or fifteen years. The treatment of technical words, too, is on a broad scale, as is well shown by the definitions of *magnesia*, *magnet* (and its derivatives), *mammalia*, *man* (in its etymology), *marble*, *metamorphism*, *meter*, *microscope*, *mirror*, *mode* (in its musical sense), *muscle*, *nervation*, *operation*, *opening* (in chess), *orchestra*, *Orchideæ*, *pianoforte*, etc., etc. The same fullness marks the definitions of common names of animals and plants, as of *mackerel*, *mildew*, *minnow*, *partridge*, *pine*, etc.

The abundance of what is technical and encyclopedic ought not, however, to obscure the fact that The Century Dictionary is the first complete and scientifically constructed dictionary of *common English words*. It is *first* a dictionary of the English language, and after that an encyclopedic dictionary. Take, for example, the common English word *put*. It occupies seven columns of the Dictionary, and its treatment includes 22 definitions and 87 special phrases, which are illustrated by 188 quotations ranging from the earliest period of English literature to the present day, the definitions and quotations together exhibiting the word in every important phase of its idiomatic use. This treatment of *put*, liberal as it is, is in no sense encyclopedic, but is strictly lexicographic, being necessitated by an attempt really and thoroughly to define the word. It simply shows on a large scale what an immense amount of information about *common words*, neglected by other lexicographers, the editors of The Century Dictionary are bringing to light.

Specimen Slab of the Elgin Marbles.—A central piece of the Parthenon frieze, with figures of Athena and Hephæstus. (FROM THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.)

Among the many illustrations of special interest in this fourth volume are the following:

In Art: statue of Melpomene, in the Louvre Museum; specimen slab of the Elgin Marbles (see illustration); Actæon and Artemus (under *metope*); detail from the apse of the basilica of Torcello (under *mosaic*); the nave of Rheims Cathedral, and the choir of Lincoln Cathedral (the latter under the word *organ-screen*); Pan teaching Apollo to play on the Pandean pipes; head of Athene Farnese (under *parotid*); Orestes and Electra (under *Pasitelian*—the Pasitelian school of sculpture); the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini; pokal of rock-crystal; main portal of Lichfield Cathedral (under *polyfoil*); west front of Peterborough Cathedral (under *portal*), etc.

Interesting illustrations of Egyptian architecture include the Pyramids of Ghizeh, the pylon of the Temple of Edfou, the propylon at Karnak, Osiride columns in the Rameseum at Thebes, and the obelisks of Thothmes and Hatasou at Karnak. Under *mummy-case* are three examples from the museum at Cairo, and, under *mummy*, the head of Seti I., father of Rameses II.

Noteworthy cuts of mechanical objects include those under the words *passenger-engine*, *microscope*, *mangonel*, *mantel*, *monitor* (showing the side elevation of Ericsson's Monitor, and a transverse section of the turret), *organ* (showing a section of a two-manual organ), *paddle-wheel*, *pilework*, *pilot-boat*, *printing-machine*, *phonograph*, *phonautograph*, etc.

In botany, see the words *orchid*, *narcissus*, *pampas-grass;* in zoölogy, see *merino ram*, *merlin*, *mule-deer*, *orang-utan*, *ostrich*, *parrot*, *peacock*, *pouter*, and *ptarmigan;* in anatomy, see *median*, *muscle*, *peritoneum*, *Perissodactyla*, *plexus*, etc.

A pamphlet of specimen pages of the Dictionary sent to any address for five two-cent stamps.

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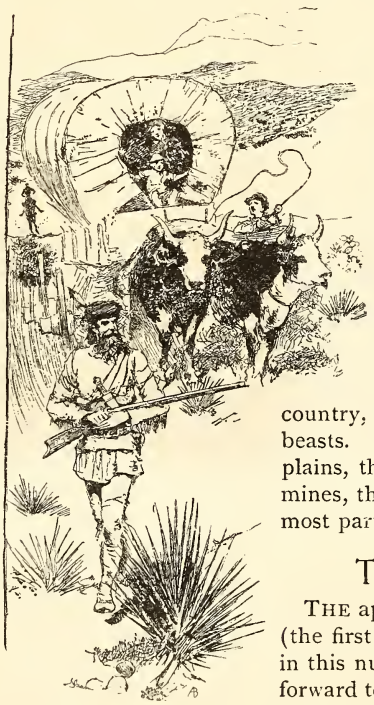
THE CENTURY IN 1891.

A GREAT PROGRAM — FEATURES OF WIDE INTEREST.

The February CENTURY, *the "Midwinter Number," will contain important extracts from the Talleyrand Memoirs, including* THE HISTORY OF THE PERSONAL RELATIONS BETWEEN TALLEYRAND AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *first chapters of Edward Eggleston's novel "The Faith Doctor;" several richly illustrated articles (including one on the work of Rousseau, the great French painter), three complete illustrated stories by Mary E. Wilkins, Mrs. Burton Harrison (author of "The Anglomaniacs"), and Joel Chandler Harris, etc., etc.*

THE GOLD HUNTERS OF CALIFORNIA.



CROSSING THE PLAINS.

A series of illustrated papers which will be as remarkable in its way as the famous War Papers, and, like them, written by participants.

THE discovery and opening up of the gold-fields of California form one of the most romantic episodes in the history of this country. In January, 1848, gold was discovered in an excavation made for a mill-race on the property of Colonel Sutter, near what is now the town of Coloma. The news spread rapidly, and in a few months the whole Territory rang with the cry of "Gold!" The excitement reached its height in the spring of 1849; and in that year it is estimated that fully one hundred thousand "gold hunters" poured into California. At the time of the discovery the territory west of the Mississippi was an almost unknown country, inhabited by roving tribes of Indians and by wild beasts. The perils and hardships of the journey across the plains, the trip by sea *via* Panama and other routes, life in the mines, the vigilance committees, etc., will be described for the most part by "forty-niners" themselves.

THE TALLEYRAND MEMOIRS.

TALLEYRAND.

THE appearance of these Memoirs (the first extract from which appears in this number) has been long looked forward to, not only for the light they will throw upon the events of one of the most interesting of historical epochs, but for the personal opinions and experiences which they are known to contain. Upon his death in 1838 Talleyrand forbade the publication of his memoirs within thirty years, and in 1866 or 1868 Napoleon III., for political reasons, secured their suppression until 1890. THE CENTURY has obtained the right to print one article from each of the five volumes in advance of the appearance of the book in France or elsewhere. The February instalment is of great interest.

TRAVEL ARTICLES.

THE series of papers on Tibet, now appearing, is the result of a journey made by an adventurous American traveler, Mr. W. Woodville Rockhill, formerly of the diplomatic service, through the unknown heart of Asia. Following it, there will be printed two papers on Australia, "The Workingman in Australia" and "Australian Cities"; "Fetichism" by E. J. Glave, the African traveler; additional Siberian papers by George Kennan; an illustrated article on "Abyssinia" by Frederick Villiers, etc.

PAPERS ON MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING.

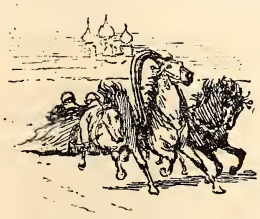
THE CENTURY will print, in an early number, a paper by Israel C. Russell of the United States Geological Survey, describing the work of the party sent out under his charge to the neighborhood of Mt. St. Elias, Alaska, by the American Geographic Society. The results of this expedition were the exploration of a large tract of country never before visited by man, and important observations which reduce the height of Mt. St. Elias from 19,500 feet, as previously considered, to 14,000, and place it in American instead of British territory. Lieutenant Schwatka will give the result of the work accomplished by the *New-York Times* expedition. These articles will be complementary to each other, as the writers attempted the ascent of Mt. St. Elias from different directions. The ascent of Fujiama, "the Peerless," will be described, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell will contribute "Play and Work in the Alps." All of these articles will be fully illustrated.

IN ALASKAN WATERS.

ADVENTURES OF WAR PRISONERS.

A PHASE of war literature interesting to everybody, because it is enlivened with adventure and tinged with the personal heroism that colors all romance, is that which chronicles the experiences and escapes of war prisoners. During the civil war captives, in numbers aggregating great armies, were held on each side in vast prison inclosures. Escapes were numerous from all of the "camps," and some of the journeys through the enemy's country to friendly lines were wonderful for the endurance and the daring of the fugitives. These articles will be contributed by Confederate, as well as Union officers, who had thrilling adventures as prisoners of war.

MINISTER DALLAS IN RUSSIA.



READERS of THE CENTURY will be offered during the coming year passages from the diaries of George M. Dallas, a charming writer, who in his time was a great force in public affairs and an aspirant for the presidency. Under Polk he was vice-president of the United States; previous to which he had been United States senator, and, under Van Buren, minister to Russia. In two or three illustrated papers will be given the most interesting parts of his diary during his mission to the Russian capital, where he was treated with distinction by the Czar Nicholas, and where he saw much of the social life of St. Petersburg. It was during his sojourn that the winter palace was burned. When his political rival, Buchanan, was elected President, Mr. Dallas accepted the mission to the Court of St. James, where he remained until the outbreak of the civil war.

INDIAN FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS.

OF the four generals who, since the civil war, have gained special renown as Indian fighters — Custer, Mackenzie, Crook, and Miles — the three first mentioned have passed away. Their work will be commemorated in a brief series of articles by officers who served with them, to be illustrated by Remington, an artist thoroughly at home among the cow-boys, troopers, and Indians of the plains.

FICTION.

A NOVEL BY EGGLESTON; NOVELETTES, AND SHORT STORIES.

THE SIGN OF THE SQUIRREL INN.

THE publishers are glad to announce a new novel "The Faith Doctor," by Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "Roxy," "The Graysons," etc., the scene of which is laid in the city of New York, and the central theme is, as indicated by the title, one of the most curious and striking developments of modern thought and life — namely, "Faith Cure" and "Christian Science." It will begin in the February number.

"Colonel Carter of Cartersville," by F. Hopkinson Smith, and James Lane Allen's novelette of life in a Kentucky convent, "Sister Dolorosa," will be followed by Mr. Frank R. Stockton's "The Squirrel Inn," "a story of the crooked course of love," with illustrations by A. B. Frost. There will be printed during the year a great number of short stories by leading writers,— Joel Chandler Harris, Mary E. Wilkins, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Brander Matthews, Richard Harding Davis, Mrs. Burton Harrison (author of "The Anglomaniacs," which appeared in THE CENTURY last year), Richard Malcolm Johnston, Maurice Thompson, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and many others.

OTHER FEATURES INCLUDE

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.— Articles on the American press, including "The Press as a News Gatherer," by William Henry Smith, manager of the Associated Press; "The Press and Public Men," by General H. V. Boynton, the veteran correspondent at Washington: and other papers by well-known journalists.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. — The problem of municipal government is being studied with renewed interest in both the Old and the New World. Articles on this subject by Dr. Albert Shaw, following the study of Metropolitan London in November, will include: Paris and the French Municipal System; Berlin and the German Cities (with running comments on Dresden, Leipsic, Munich, and others); Recent Progress of Italian Cities (said to be most interesting of all); and Modern City-making, as illustrated by Vienna and Budapest. Dr. Shaw will also describe and discuss municipal government in the United States.

PRESENT-DAY PAPERS. — This unique series of well-considered utterances by prominent writers, on the great questions of the day, will be continued during the coming year. The group has recently added to its own number, and now consists of the following:

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THE program outlined in the foregoing pages, as large and varied as it is, gives only a part of the contents of the new year, special announcements of features in preparation being reserved. Further Cathedral articles, Mr. Cole's engravings, etc., etc., may be expected.

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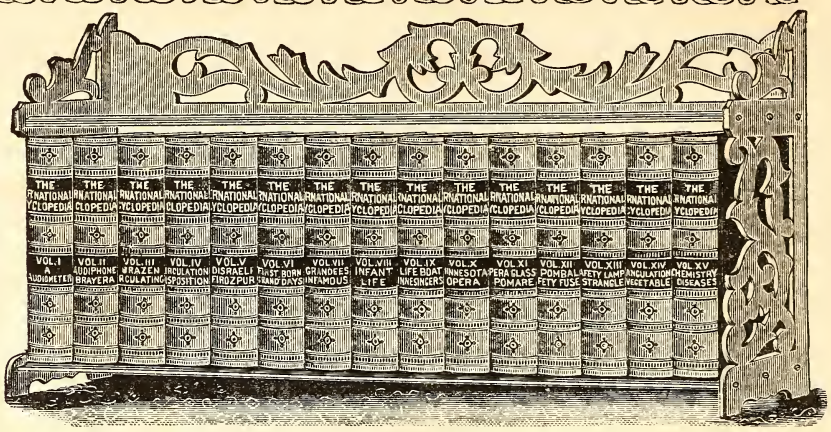
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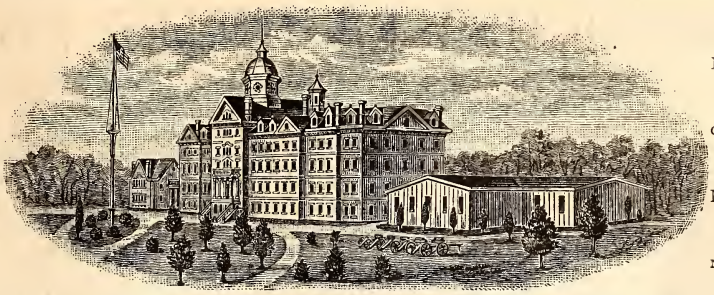

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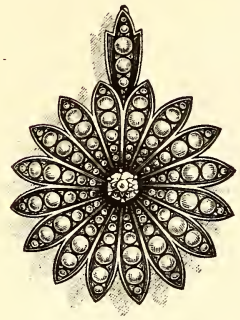

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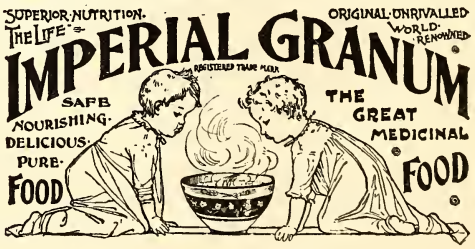

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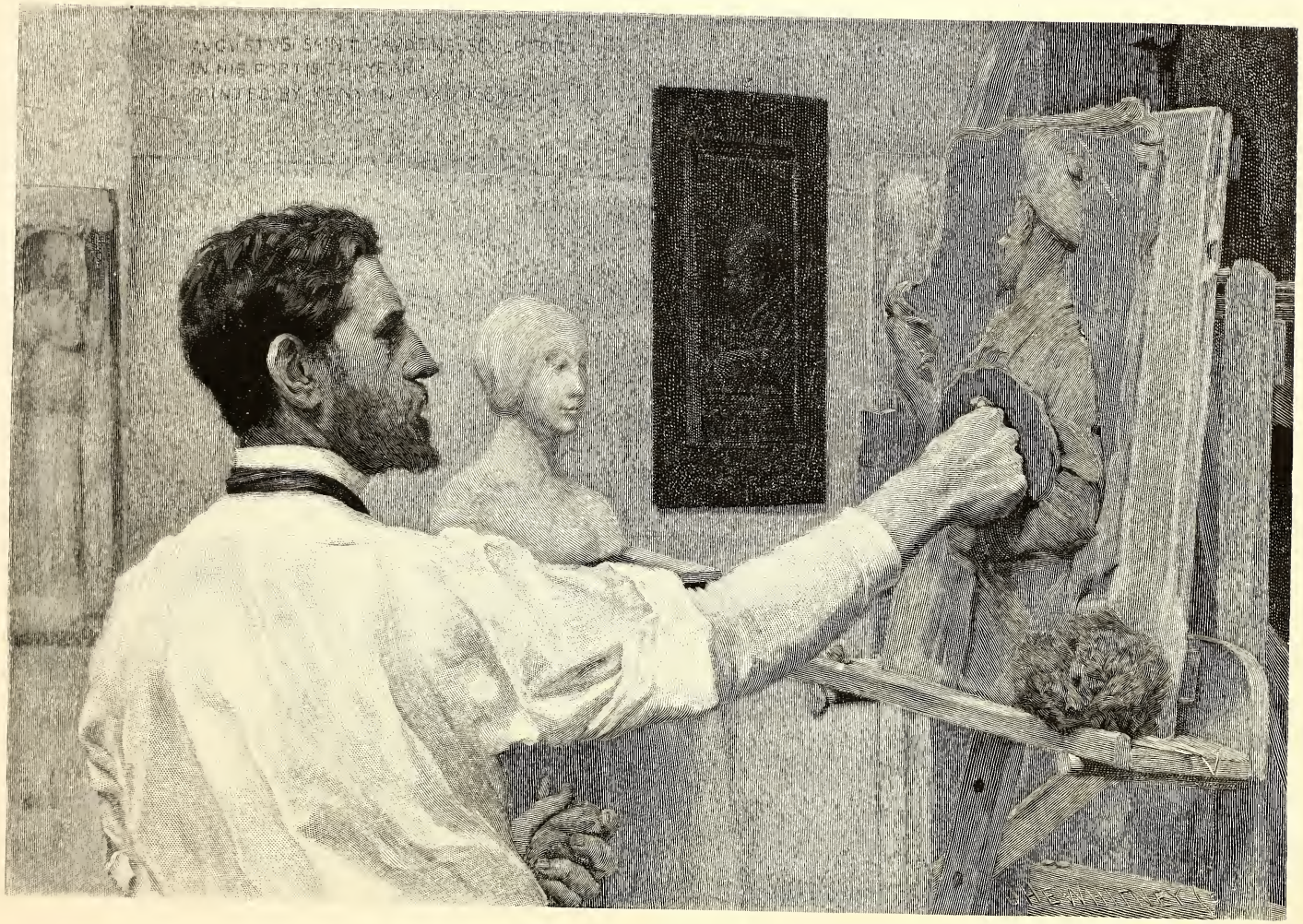

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. JANUARY, 1891. No. 3.

ALONG THE LOWER JAMES.

THE James, the principal river of Virginia, has its head waters four thousand feet above the sea level amid some of the wildest and grandest scenery of the Appalachian system. Here ages ago, the scientists tell us, was a great water basin, a mighty cup about whose brim circled the everlasting hills, their awful stillness reflected in the crystalline, mirror-like surface of the lake. At last, still in a remote age, with resistless force it struck asunder the rocky wall and plunged southward through what is now known as the Great Gate, where the strata of rock, seemingly by some subterranean upheaval, have been thrown into almost perfect arches, between which the sparkling and limpid stream flows onward to the sea. Very beautiful it is, winding in and out through the Blue Ridge chain and its spurs, suggesting nothing of the terrible day of its wrath when the mountains were rent in twain and it became a river. The only record we have is that of the hills from whose clasp it broke away. When the English came and found that the Indians called the river Powhatan in honor of their chief, the settlers reproved the heathen by asserting the rights of his sacred majesty King James I., whose name it still bears, since we did not see fit to change it to Washington when we cut our leading-strings.

The country through which the navigable portion of the James pursues its tortuous course offers little or no scenery, according to the generally accepted meaning of the word, beyond the always agreeable combination of water and low banks fringed with willows and cypress trees —meadow lands and cultivated fields alternating with steep bluffs of marl and clay heavily wooded on top. The river is rarely clear, generally of a tawny red, often a dull orange color, owing chiefly to the influx of the Rivanna, which flows among the red hills of Albemarle and empties its turbid waters into the James some fifty miles above the city of Richmond, situated at the head of navigation. But it would be difficult to find in America a region of country of the same extent possessing greater historical and romantic interest than these counties of tide-water Virginia between which the James makes its way to the sea. Into this estuary more than two hundred and eighty years ago came the first successful English colonists. Along its shores dwelt, like nabobs amid their princely domains, the Cavalier planters, men who sought refuge in the new land of Virginia during troublous times at home, and whose stately old mansion-houses remain to us of the present day. Here, too, have marched the armies of two great wars, and battlefields are everywhere—cornfields and pastures they are now.

Richmond presents a fine appearance to the traveler as the steamer drifts slowly out into the stream just as the sun comes above the horizon. Along the slightly curving bank the city rises tier on tier upon the slopes of its seven hills, the loftiest eminence being crowned by the State capitol, made after Jefferson's model of the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, its façade with an imposing row of columns presented to the view. Down close to the water's edge are the great Haxall and Gallego flour mills, among the largest in the world, and farther up the river the Tredegar and Belle Isle ironworks, their chimneys belching forth volumes of flame and dark smoke. On the opposite bank is Manchester, situated upon a low-lying plain contrasting well with the varying elevations of the larger city, with which it is connected by some half-dozen bridges. Soon the spires and roofs become a misty bank against the western sky; then the Old Dominion's prosperous

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seven-hilled city is lost to view, and the day's journey is well begun.

The steamer had journeyed on at a jog-trot, so to speak, about an hour, when a tall, gaunt man approached and seated himself in the chair beside me.

"I hain't be'n to these parts since sixty-fo'," he observed, tilting the chair and crossing his long legs, "an' then I set up thar on them steep banks an' had agers nigh about every day. You don't belong to these parts, I reckon?"

Not heeding the rising inflection in his voice, I uttered some platitude concerning the pleasant difference between those times and these. But it was not necessary for me to take any great part in the conversation. I soon discovered that my new acquaintance was a farmer from the Blue Ridge country.

THE PIGEON HOUSE AT SHIRLEY.

"Thar she is!" exclaimed he of the mountains, clutching me by the arm and dragging me across the deck. "Thar she is! I tell you we poured hot shot into them gunboats till they were glad enough to get back whar they come from."

The height to which he pointed was Drewry's Bluff, or Fort Darling, towering something less than a hundred feet above us. Along its crest the earthworks were outlined against the sky. How still and peaceful it had grown in all these years. From the slope of an embrasure where the blazing mouth of a cannon had once called a halt a little child looked down upon us as we journeyed on unchallenged.

"We poured hot shot into them gunboats," repeated the mountaineer reflectively, shifting a quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, "an' they did n't find gittin' along here so easy."

Another reminder of the war is Dutch Gap, a canal a few hundred feet in length, cut by Butler when ascending the river with his gunboats. For the practical purposes of navigation this canal is a great advantage, since it avoids a "horseshoe" of seven miles. Butler's forerunner was a Dutchman, who in the dim days of the colony laid a wager with an Indian that he could beat him in a canoe race around the horseshoe, he, the Dutchman, starting a mile lower down the river. The Indian cheerfully accepted the bet and started off. When the Dutchman reached the narrowest point across the little peninsula he shouldered his canoe, walked over with it, and relaunched it on the other side, where he lighted his pipe and quietly awaited the arrival of the Indian. Hence the name of Dutch Gap. Upon the bit of land now converted into an island Sir Thomas Dale in 1612 laid out three streets defended by palisades and watch-towers. Being of a sanguine disposition and loyal withal, he called the place the City of Henricus, in honor of Henry, Prince of Wales. A few years later a "university" was established here. No vestige remains; city, palisades, university — all are vanished utterly. At Varina, — the Aiken's Landing of our civil war, — a short distance from the City of Henricus, Pocahontas passed several years of her brief married life.

The manor-house of Shirley may be taken as a typical house of the James River planter of the middle colonial period. Square, built of bricks alternately glazed and dull, two stories and a half in height, with steep roof set with dormer windows, the walls of the foundation from three to four feet in thickness, it is an edifice massive and simple in plan. Indeed, the builders of these old Virginia country-seats seem to have aimed at massive simplicity rather than at architectural display. And how much better it is, for the stately old piles yet retain their olden dignity, wearing well the years as they come upon them.

The eastern and western porticos of Shirley, with their Ionic columns, are of more recent erection, though they do not mar the original plan, with which, however, the quaint north porch more strictly accords. In the English models followed by the early builders in Virginia broad stone steps led up to the doorways, and while at some houses, as at Weston, these

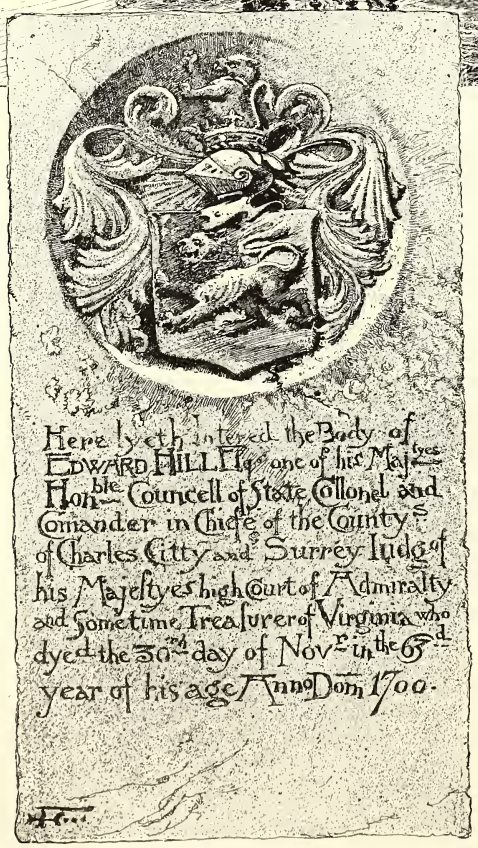
SHIRLEY FROM THE GARDEN.

remain, porticos and verandas have been generally substituted—an exigency of a warmer climate afterward recognized.

Everything here seems to have been constructed with a view to durability. The various outhouses, almost any one of which would make a commodious dwelling, are of brick, thick-walled and arranged in a hollow square, as though they might have been designed to serve the purposes of defense did emergency demand. Even the dovecote, a peak-roofed turret set upon the ground, is of brick. Within, the mansion corresponds to its exterior. The interior arrangement differs materially from that of other mansions of the period, the lower floor being divided into four unequal parts, all wainscoted to the ceiling, the largest of which serves as hall, from which an ornate stairway leads with two rectangular turns to the floor above.

The galleries of Shirley are rich in family portraits—the Carters and the families with whom they have intermarried, the Wickhams, the Byrds of Westover, the Randolphs, and others, from the first Virginia generation to the present. There are many Saint-Mémins among them—crayon portraits in profile against a soft pink background. How exquisitely regular of feature were these old belles and beaux of Saint-Mémin's time! One of the chief treasures of the gallery is Charles Willson Peale's full-length portrait of Washington, a figure of the most unheroic rotundity standing out against the smoke and tumult of a battle-scene. There is also a portrait of the founder of the house, a handsome man clad in crimson velvet, lace, and a flowing peruke. Beneath a massive tomb emblazoned with the family arms he sleeps in the neighboring

THE DRAWING-ROOM, SHIRLEY.


Here lyeth Interred the Body of
EDWARD HILL Esq one of his Majestyes
Honble Councell of State Collonel and
Comander in Chiefe of the Countys
of Charles Citty and Surrey Judge of
his Majestyes high Court of Admiralty
and Sometime Treasurer of Virginia who
dyed the 30th day of Novr in the 63d
year of his age Anno Dom 1700.

TOMB OF EDWARD HILL, THE FOUNDER OF SHIRLEY.

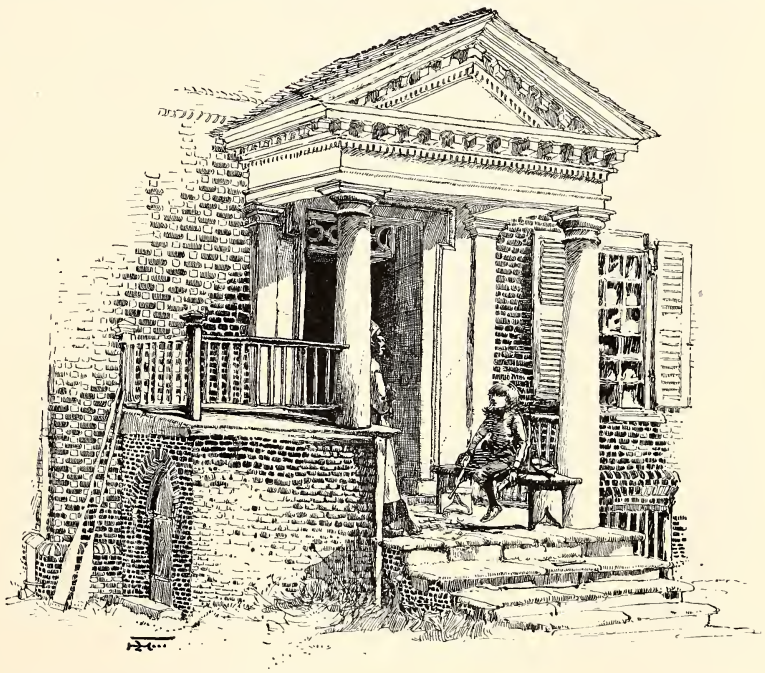
graveyard. He was one "Edward Hill, Esq., Collonel and Comander in Chiefe of the Countys of Charles Citty and Surrey." His granddaughter, a blond beauty in blue among the family portraits, married into the Carter family, who are still the proprietors of the estate. If the family tradition of the building of the house is correct, Shirley must long antedate the other James River mansions, since Edward Hill "dyed the 30th day of Novr in the 63d year of his age Anno Dom 1700." Certainly it is full of Old World suggestions, with its fine sweep of lawn, its prim box-hedged garden, its stout brick barns and other farm-buildings, the hatchments above the doorways, even the habits and manners of its occupants — a bit of England such as one does not often find in America.

Across the river, at the conjunction of the Appomattox, is the little village of City Point, the port of Petersburg, in which there is one attractive spot, a low, rambling frame structure situated amid picturesque grounds on the summit of the almost perpendicular bluff below which the two rivers come together. It was used for a time as headquarters by General Grant, and the weather-boarding in many places is riddled with bullets — cards left by passing visitors during the late unpleasantness.

Near City Point once stood the mansion-house of Cawsons, the birthplace of John Randolph of Roanoke. The Blands, Randolphs, and Bollings were at one time possessed of vast estates along the James and the Appomattox; and even now Turkey Island, Curles, Wilton, Cobbs, Matoax, etc., are indissolubly associated with their names, though for the most part passed into other hands and the dwellings destroyed.

The patent of Westover, one of the finest and best known plantations in this region, was granted to the Pawlet family and sold by Sir John Pawlet in 1665 to Theodoric Bland, the founder of the Bland family in Virginia. He is buried here, and his tomb and armorial bearings may still be seen. From the Blands it passed to the Byrds by purchase; and with the name of the second Colonel William Byrd, one of the most conspicuous figures in the story of colonial Virginia, who was born to a fortune amounting to a principality, as his tombstone pridefully records, it is now invariably connected. From the river it presents a fine and prosperous appearance, its stately red brick front looking out upon a broad, closely trimmed lawn stretching down to the river. An avenue of superb tulip trees borders the gravel walk running the entire length of the grounds, at each end of which are elaborate gates of hammered iron with the arms of the Byrd family curiously inwrought. There is yet a third gate, above which perch leaden eagles with outstretched wings, larger and more elaborate in decoration, and capable of admitting the most ponderous chariot. Everything else is on the same lordly scale: even the bricked and flag-paved drain, the mouth of which, now partly choked up, opens from the bank upon the river shore. A man of average height may enter standing; and hence has arisen the tradition that the drain was a subterranean passage for escape from the house in time of danger, the curious stairway let into the wall of the house and the dry-well some twenty feet in depth, flanked at the bottom by two tiny rooms, adding to the mysterious charm of the tradition. The present proprietor is one of the most successful planters in the State, and by him the mansion has been restored to much of its pristine dignity. What fine old days it must have seen in the time of the jovial fox-hunting gentry, the descendants of those old Cavaliers who proclaimed Charles II. King of Virginia while still an exile from the British throne! And had the king taken them at their word and appeared in person how speedily these same old Cavaliers, so restive under the slightest infringement of their rights, yet ever "his Majesty's most dutiful, affectionate, and obedient subjects," would have repented of their bargain and felt no hesitation about telling him so. One can almost fancy he sees the quaint iron gates swing open as the cavalcade rides in, sees the gentle dames and squires returning from the chase, hears their hunting-horns and merry shouts. But it is only the whistle of the steamer, and her captain and the present owner of Westover exchanging parting salutes. Ah me!

The Harrisons are represented among other estates by Berkeley on the north side of the river, and Brandon and Upper Brandon on the south. The first, erected in 1725, was the seat of Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and is the birthplace of the first President Harrison. To Virginians

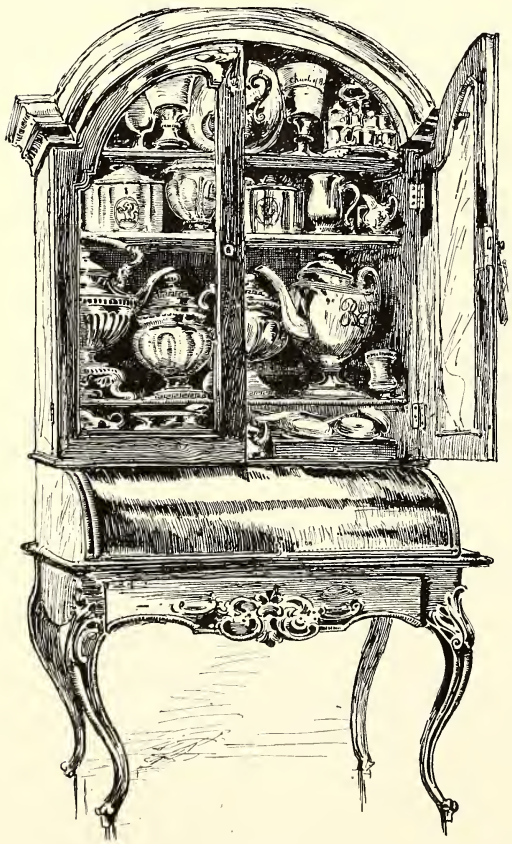


THE NORTH PORCH, SHIRLEY.

Harrison and Brandon are almost synonymous; hospitality and Brandon certainly are, in the good old Anglo-Saxon acceptation of the word, notwithstanding the changes wrought by time and war.

Upper Brandon, now owned by Mr. George Byrd of New York, though still occupied by a representative of the original family, was formerly a magnificent establishment, but has never fully recovered from the shock and ravages of war. There is here a beautiful three-quarters length portrait of Martha

Blount,[1] Pope's sweetheart, done by Sir Godfrey Kneller and brought from England by Colonel Byrd of Westover. Clad in a robe of soft yellow satin cut low on the bosom, she sits before a harpsichord and holds a sheet of music in her hand. Ah, beautiful tyrant, when I look into your deep brown eyes and note the turn of your head with its wealth of chestnut curls, and the pouting, half-petulant, voluptuous fullness of your nether lip, I do not wonder that the poet permitted you to lead him such a dance. Here, nearly two centuries after your beauty has crumbled and I look upon your pictured loveliness, I am almost willing to assert that I, too, would have been as abject a subject, notwithstanding your notorious habit of indulging yourself in a bad quarter of an



THE BRANDON PLATE.

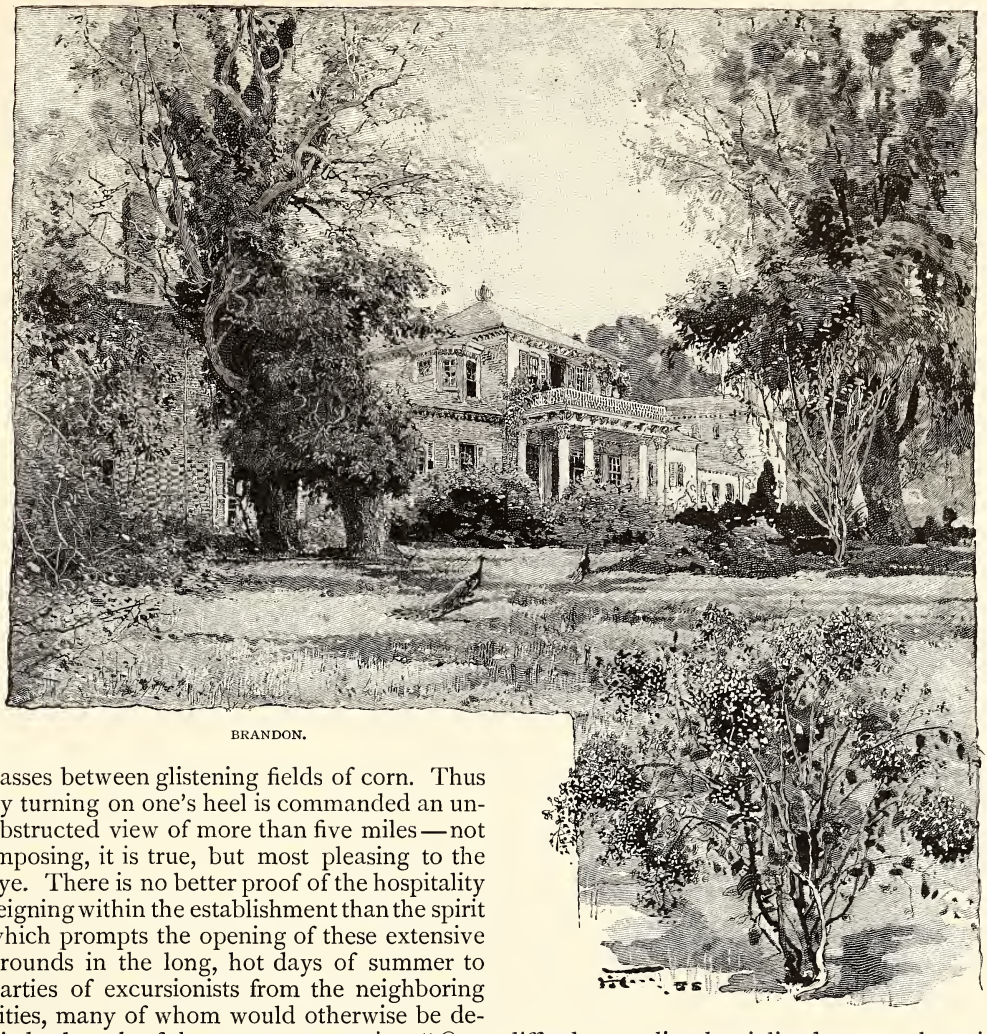
hour: I say quarter of an hour, madam, out of deference to your sex — and your beauty.

Brandon, a veritable English country-house encompassed by broad lawns, shadowed by noble trees, among which are the magnolias and mimosas of the South, has remained in the Harrison family since its foundation, about a hundred and fifty years ago. Here, too, linger many traces of the war. The blinds and other exterior woodwork are defaced by bullets, and entire panels of the wainscoting of the interior have been torn away. In this connection it may be interesting to quote from a private letter written by the present mistress of Brandon, a daughter of the distinguished editor Thomas Ritchie.

"Our hall windows," she writes, "were real chronicles of the past. Mr. J. K. Paulding, of literary fame, was the first who enrolled his name with a diamond upon one of the old panes years ago. In his 'Letters from the South' you will find an interesting sketch of his visit to this old place. Year after year his example was followed by numbers of dear friends, and many panes of the four old windows had long lists of the happy spirits who had flitted around so joyously and have now passed away forever. Mr. John R. Thompson, one of our Virginia poets, who visited us, was so struck with these old records of the past that he wrote some touchingly beautiful lines on them. You may imagine our grief, on returning home after the war, to find all our historic panes shattered and our house a skeleton home — fifty windows gone and fourteen doors. But we were so grateful that we had a roof over our heads. The birds had built their nests in the hall; the foxes came up to the steps even after our return; and the squirrels were masters of our lawns, where they are still gamboling, leaving us but few nuts and pears. But they are real pets with the family, and are not disturbed."

Despite all changes Brandon continues a most charming spot, where the aroma of the old time still hovers and hospitality has never become a tradition. The house consists of a main building two stories in height, flanked by spacious drawing and dining rooms, beyond which are broad corridors connecting with capacious wings. It is indeed a picturesque old pile, softened by the innumerable neutral tints of time and partly enveloped in ivy, in many places several feet in thickness. The western wing is entirely covered with this vine, the windows looking out through a mass of perpetual green, the apartments within appearing from the outside more like arbors than like the chambers of a dwelling. Standing in the lofty, square hall facing the northern entrance, you look out across the lawn down a narrow vista, cut through a tangled wilderness of rose trees and boxwood hedges, at the end of which is a glimpse of the river and the opposite shore. Then turning towards the southern entrance you look along another vista through the park out to the open country beyond, where the road

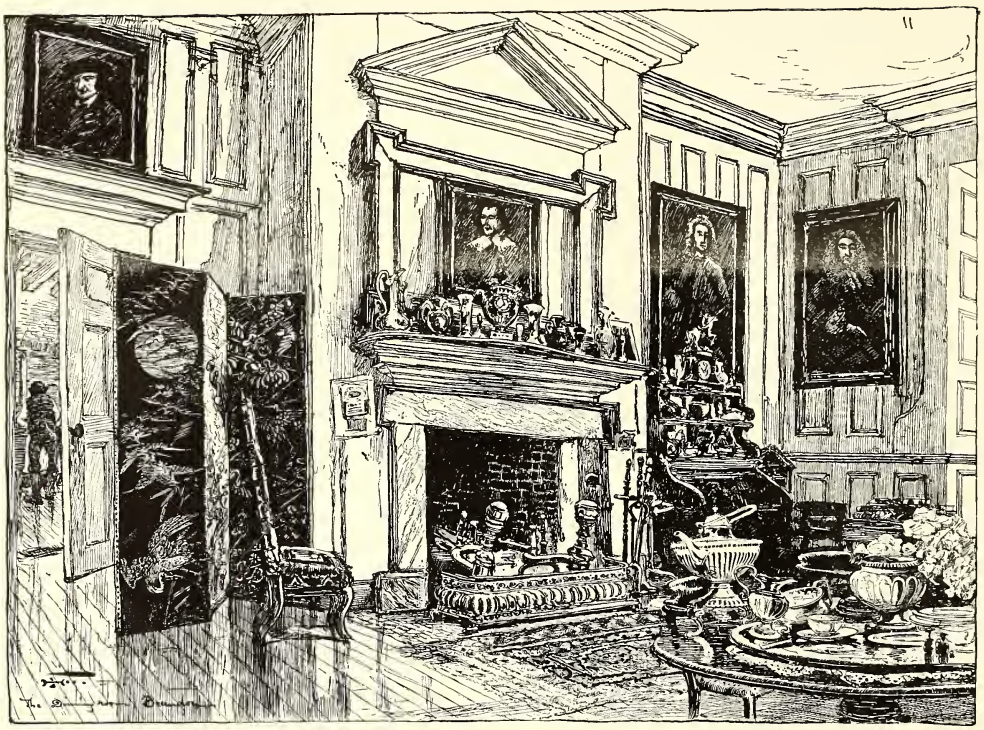
[1] The present owner of this portrait has recently come to believe, from external evidence, that it represents Teresa and not Martha Blount. Tradition has always held it to be the latter.



BRANDON.

passes between glistening fields of corn. Thus by turning on one's heel is commanded an unobstructed view of more than five miles — not imposing, it is true, but most pleasing to the eye. There is no better proof of the hospitality reigning within the establishment than the spirit which prompts the opening of these extensive grounds in the long, hot days of summer to parties of excursionists from the neighboring cities, many of whom would otherwise be denied a breath of the pure country air. "One cannot refuse to others a blessing the value of which one so truly appreciates and is so thankful for." Is not this a beautiful hospitality, so disregardful of personal inconvenience or annoyance? Then, too, some specially favored guest may pass through the hall to the stately old drawing-room and there receive the ceremonious, but most gracious, greeting of the mistress of the house, upon whose head the snows of years rest more like a benediction than the mark of speeding time.

The art treasures of Brandon are numerous and valuable, consisting not only of the Harrison family portraits but of those of the Byrds of Westover and many others of distinguished men and women collected in England by the second Colonel William Byrd. Conspicuous among these is one of Colonel Byrd himself, done by the brush of Sir Godfrey Kneller. The face looking from the flowing brown curls is as beautiful as that of a woman; and it is difficult to realize that it lived to wear the wrinkles of threescore years and ten, and finally went to dust nearly a century and a half ago. Colonel Byrd filled many positions of trust in the colony, founded the city of Richmond, and was one of the Virginia commissioners who superintended the running of the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina. Of this expedition he wrote a lively and delightfully witty account — the famous "Westover Manuscripts" — the original of which is preserved at Brandon. He was educated in England under the particular care of Sir Robert Southwell; and afterwards went there as agent of the colony to the court, becoming known among his familiars as the Black Swan. Thus among his personal friends were numbered many of the nobility and other distinguished men of the time; and in the dining-hall at Brandon hang the portraits of some of them, emphasizing the Old World effect of the wainscoted walls and the massive dark mahogany furniture. Among these are



THE DINING-ROOM, BRANDON.

represented Sir Robert Southwell; Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax; Sir Charles Wager, First Lord of the Admiralty; John, second Duke of Argyle, in steel corselet and cloak of crimson velvet; Sir Wilfred Lawson; the Earls of Albemarle, Orrery, and Egremont; and Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford.

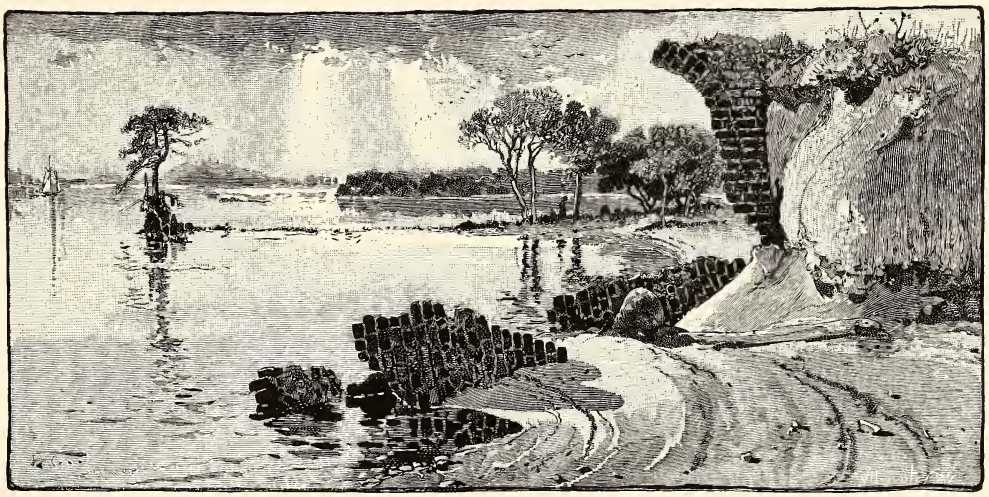
From above the door leading into the corridor a personage of a thin, keen visage surmounted by a cocked hat surveys this august assemblage in their full-bottomed wigs, laces, and gorgeous velvets. He is one Mr. Waltho, for many years clerk of the Virginia House of Burgesses. This portrait of himself he presented, along with a handsome diamond ring, to Colonel Byrd, requesting that it should be hung among the peers, for whom he might show his republican contempt by wearing his hat in their presence. The gifts were accepted, and the portrait was placed above the door, in token that the clerk of the House of Burgesses finds the company too good for his keeping and is in the act of leaving. When, through an intermarriage, this, among other pictures, was transferred from Westover, the conceit of the aristocratic Virginian was not disregarded; and Mr. Waltho's diamond ring sparkles upon the hand of the lady of Brandon.

Another exquisite work of art, the painter of which was Sir Godfrey Kneller, is a portrait of Daniel Parke, governor of the island of Antigua, who, through his daughter's marriage with a Custis of Arlington, became the progenitor of the first husband of Martha Washington and of Mrs. Robert E. Lee. A Virginian by birth, he went to England, entered Parliament, from which he was expelled, and then became an aid-de-camp to Marlborough. After Blenheim he bore a hasty note from the great duke to his redoubtable duchess, and the queen presented him with her own miniature framed in diamonds. This he wore on his breast when he sat for his portrait, and there it shines at the present day, while the smoke of Blenheim ascends, a dense column in the background. As governor of Antigua he proved a tyrant, and the inhabitants mobbed and murdered him. One of his daughters became the wife of Colonel Byrd, and thus this beautiful picture finds a place in the Brandon gallery. These portraits hang in the dining-room, where there is much else of interest in the way of old family plate, and the quaint communion service of Brandon church, bearing the date of 1659. Other portraits hang in the halls and drawing-room.

Passing by the work of West, the elder Peale, and other distinguished American artists, there yet remain three portraits demanding special attention, on account both of the painters and of their subjects. The first of these is of Anne Randolph of Wilton, the first Mrs. Benjamin Harrison of Brandon, done by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The second is of Eliza-

beth, Lady Claypole, Cromwell's daughter. Sir Peter Lely was the artist, and the woman he painted in her pale blue draperies, leaning upon her bare bended arm, was a beauty. The picture is therefore priceless.

The third portrait is of a beautiful girl who came into the world nearly two centuries ago and dwelt but a little while. She was Mistress Evelyn Byrd, daughter of that Colonel William already so often mentioned. One loves to look at her seated there upon a bank of greensward — amid the shadows of gathering dusk, the fading light yet aglow upon her pale blue gown, and the handful of gathered roses and the shepherd's crook lying across her lap; still illumining the dark almond-shaped eyes and kissing the full, bare throat and bosom. Among the branches overhead perches a brilliant red-bird, doubtless a play upon the name

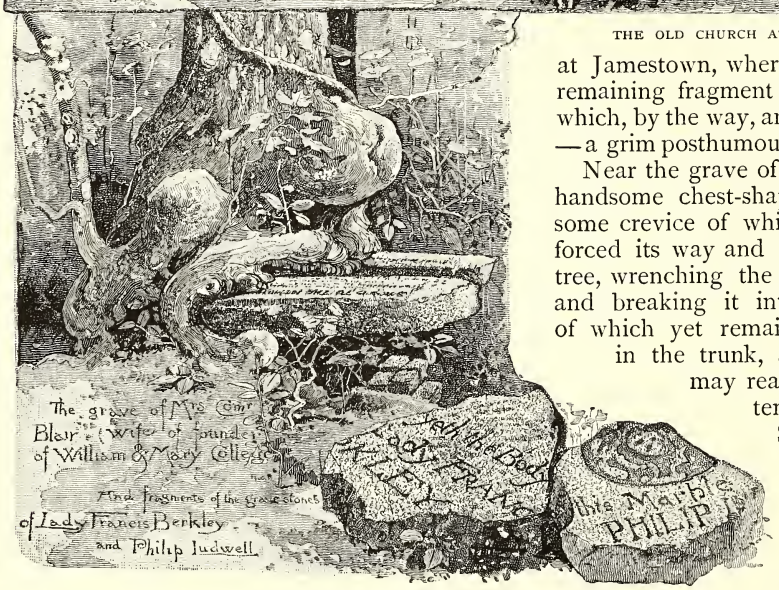


THE OLD MAGAZINE AT JAMESTOWN.

of the satin-clad shepherdess whose sheep have wandered away out of sight over the brow of the hill. Sir Godfrey Kneller must have been proud of this picture, as he was of that of Beatrix Esmond, beneath which Madame Bernstein sat and meditated grimly in after years. But there is no such pitiful tale to tell of the fair young Virginian, the *Rara Avis* as she was called at the court of George I. She was beloved by the Earl of Peterborough, but her father opposed the marriage on account of differences in religious belief, and she died young. Tradition says that her heart was broken. Across the river she lies in the graveyard at Westover, and a massive monument with the family escutcheon tells her "name and life's brief date."

Jamestown is but a low-lying island that seems scarcely to rise above the water's edge. With the aid of the glasses one can easily distinguish the vine-covered ruin of a square brick tower standing amid a grove of trees. This, with a few broken gravestones heavily carved with armorial bearings, is all that remains of the first successful English colony in America. Along the beach lie the remnants of undermined foundations, over which the tide ebbs and flows; and at the present rate of encroachment it must be a matter of only a few years before the waters will lick up the very dust of the dead. The island is gaining at the lower end; but this seems small compensation for the destruction of its most historic part, the preservation of which demands prompt action and a well-filled purse. But they should not be demanded in vain. One cannot look without emotion upon this island and think of the scenes that have been enacted here, of the men and women who lived out their lives within its narrow circumference and laid the cornerstone of our great republic. The place is haunted. Here Captain John Smith, Admiral of New England and doughty slayer of Turks, one of the most picturesque figures in our colonial story, flourished as the hero of many romantic adventures. In this very church, whose crumbling belfry alone lingers from the past, Pocahontas, the lithe-limbed Indian princess, if you can accept tradition, stood beside the font and was transformed into Rebecca, a Christian woman. Here, too, she plighted her troth to John Rolfe, Gent. Ah, that same John Smith, with his furious mustachios and sword and breastplate, as we all see him in his portraits, was a gay deceiver every inch of him, at least to lovers of the romantic. How much more pleasant it is to think of Pocahontas stealing through the woods at night to give warning of a proposed attack by her father's braves than

THE OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN.


The grave of Mrs Comr
Blair wife of founder
of William & Mary College
And fragments of the grave stones
of Lady Frances Berkley
and Philip Ludwell

IN THE GRAVEYARD.

of Rebecca Rolfe homesick at the English court. There is something very touching and desolate about that grave on the other side of the sea at Gravesend, where she sickened and died and went to dust. "She came to Gravesend, to her end and grave," as the quaint old chronicler has put it.

Other shapes haunt this island of Jamestown. Here Sir William Berkeley lived for thirty years as royal governor, thanking God that there were no printing presses in America, and hanging more men for participating in Bacon's Rebellion — the revolution one hundred years ahead of schedule time — than Charles II. put to death for the execution of his father. When he died his widow married Philip Ludwell, secretary of the council, reserving the privilege of retaining the title of Lady Berkeley. Being possessed of a neat property,— some thousands of acres, probably,—she was enabled to make her own terms. She is buried at Jamestown, where I have seen the remaining fragment of her tomb, upon which, by the way, are the Ludwell arms — a grim posthumous retaliation.

Near the grave of Lady Berkeley is a handsome chest-shaped tomb, through some crevice of which a sycamore has forced its way and grown into a large tree, wrenching the slab from its place and breaking it into fragments, some of which yet remain partly embedded in the trunk, and upon these we may read in mutilated sentences the epitaph of Sarah Blair, wife of Commissary James Blair, who founded William and Mary College at Williamsburg in 1693, seven miles inland, Sir Francis Nicholson's "new citie" two centuries ago, the capital of the colony in its palmiest days, and the first capital of the commonwealth.

Of the original Jamestown this is all that remains. Fields of waving grain and pastures dotted with browsing cattle encompass the moldering church-tower and graveyard, beyond which stands an old colonial mansion, now filled with the life and interest of the nineteenth century, but keeping the old-time spirit of hospitality as well.

The last of the old mansions visible from the river as you draw near the bay is The Grove, a seat of the Burwell family, built about 1746 after the prevailing colonial pattern by "King" Carter of Corotoman, whose daughter married a Burwell. Situated upon an elevation a quarter of a mile back from the river, the grounds sloping in terraces to the level of the bluff which here bounds the beach below, the old

house with its pyramidal roof and flanking "offices" stands out clearly against a background of noble trees, and commands an unobstructed water view twenty miles in extent. It is noted for the beautiful and elaborate carving of the woodwork of the interior, some of which has fortunately escaped the painter's brush, the wainscot now become mellow in tint, a dark richness that age alone can impart. An interesting memorial of the Revolution is the mahogany balustrade along the stairway hacked by sabers — the cipher signature of Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton and his raiders.

Now for a word as to the material condition and prospects of this country of the lower James, teeming with the traditions of past wealth and a romantic social history. Naturally, reared in such an atmosphere, it has taken a long time for the people to recover from the shock consequent upon the result of the war, and many have not yet done so. But all along the line there is an ever-growing realization of the power of well-directed personal exertion which is slowly but steadily producing good results. The fine old manor-houses of the nabob planters, though far removed from their pristine grandeur, have been raised in many instances from a state of semi-ruin to become once more the homes of comfort, if not of opulence; and there is good reason to believe that this process of improvement, slow though it may be, will ultimately restore much that has not already been regained.

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways.

Men's souls have been severely tried; but the blood of the old colonists, infused with new life, has risen to meet the emergency; for after all it is the maker of the old South and his descendants who are the moving spirits of the new South, though their energies may be bent in other directions. Though still most tenderly cherishing the past as a precious legacy, they realize and act according to the demands of the present, with the reasonable hope of reaping in the future a generous harvest. Westover — no longer, it is true, in the hands of its quondam proprietors — once more wears the front of prosperity; the broad acres of Shirley and the two Brandons as I saw them in the full blossom of June were smiling with luxuriant crops; and so it is, in greater or less degree, with other estates. Clairmont, the seat of a flourishing agricultural and manufacturing colony, is now the deep-water terminus of a railroad which has opened up a large tract of back country hitherto difficult of access. Hog Island, so called on account of the large droves of wild hogs found there by the early settlers at Jamestown when starvation stared them in the face, has been converted into a model cattle farm with all the modern improvements.

As the steamer leaves Newport News, a city in embryo, the eastern terminus of a great railroad system, and plows her way through Hampton Roads, where the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* fought each other, the broad land-locked water scene is very fine, the Roads meeting the Chesapeake, and the ocean peeping in between the distant pale-blue capes. Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Hampton are faintly visible at different points of the horizon; and also Fort Monroe, with its grass-bordered rampart crowning the tip of the peninsula, while the Hygeia Hotel, as if basking under its protection, stretches its length along the beach below.

Charles Washington Coleman.

KENYON COX.

IT seems as if there could be little in the atmosphere of a prim New England village or of a busy Western town to incite a youth to the serious study of art; nevertheless, many of the best of our painters have come from so uncongenial a place. The fact is that the country boy who finds himself possessed of the desire to become an artist has no exact knowledge of what an artist's life is like, and but a confused notion of the aims of art. He forms an ideal, and after trying to realize it with the limited means near at hand ends sooner or later by striking out boldly for the best place in the world. It is certain, moreover, that the ablest men we have, with very few exceptions, are those who have cut away from home life and have had their artistic taste cultivated and their brains trained to work in the best foreign schools. Kenyon Cox is one of these.

He was born at Warren, Ohio, on the twenty-seventh day of October, 1856. His father is General Jacob D. Cox, whose career as a soldier in the civil war, as governor of Ohio, and as a man in public life is too well known to need to be referred to here in detail. What is perhaps less generally known is that he is a man of high scientific attainments whose name is familiar to the learned world of Europe and America as a distinguished microscopist. He

FLYING SHADOWS.

is now president of the University of Cincinnati. Mr. Cox's mother is the daughter of the late President Finney of Oberlin College. His father's family are New Yorkers, and give Hanover as the place whence they came to America years ago. When a small boy Cox saw some pictures in Warren by an artist named Crawford which fired his youthful imagination, and he announced his firm intention to become a painter. His family received this declaration — as well-regulated American families usually do — with depreciating smiles, but the boy was not yet able to show them that he meant what he said. From the time he was nine years old until he was thirteen he spent most of his life in bed, and underwent two critical operations.

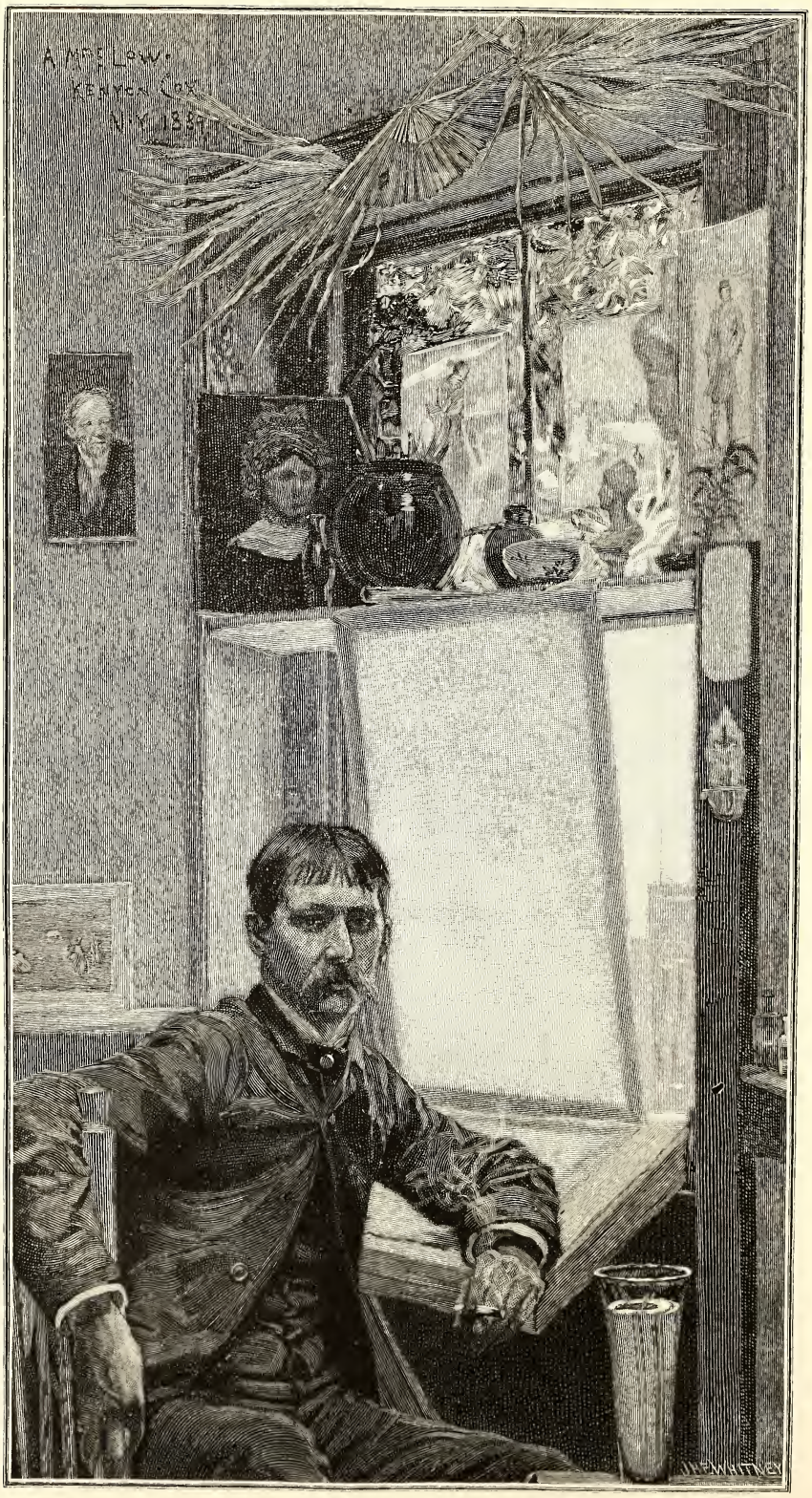
Having lived through this most painful period he slowly gained strength, and after that went to school when he could go; but that was not very often. In a year's time he was allowed to enter the McMicken Art School in Cincinnati, where he remained about three years, though he passed more of his time sketching animals at John Robinson's menagerie than he did in the class-rooms. Three more years he spent in a desultory way with some drawing and much reading, "receiving an early and healthful introduction to Shakspere," and in 1876 he went to Philadelphia, becoming a pupil at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Cox began to feel the truth of the maxim that "Art is long," but he did not see how to help himself much in Philadelphia, and in the autumn of 1877 sailed for Paris. He worked first about a year in the atelier of Carolus Duran, but feeling that the men who studied there did not draw well enough to suit him, he entered the École des Beaux Arts and drew for a time from the antique under Cabanel. Later he again changed masters and was admitted to Gérôme's class; here he worked from the life about three years. In the afternoons when the ateliers in the government school were closed he painted at the Julian Academy, receiving criticisms from Bouguereau, Lefebvre, Boulanger, and other professors. Gérôme, however, he regards as his master, and as "élève de Gérôme" his name is printed in the Salon Catalogues of 1879, 1880, 1881, and 1882, in which years he exhibited "A Venetian Girl"; "Lady in Black" and "Among the Wildflowers"; "White and Pink"; and "Portrait

of Mr. E. G." and "The Looking-glass Portrait of my Friend U——."

Cox took a studio in New York in the autumn of 1883, and his work has been well known in the current exhibitions of American art ever since. He received the second Hallgarten prize at the Academy exhibition of 1888, and represented at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 by four of his works in oil and by six drawings in black and white, he was awarded two medals of the third class. As a draftsman his illustrations for Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel"—none of which, by the way, he was able to send to Paris—have given him a wide renown. In some of these designs, such as "Some of her New Friends," "The Stars sang in their Spheres," and "With Love," he has attained a very high level. The work the artist did in this series of drawings has had a strong influence on his painting, being of the serious sort that helps to progress, and not of that other sort, too frequent, unfortunately, in the illustrative work of painter-designers, which lowers their standard rather than elevates it.

Kenyon Cox is a colorist of distinction, but he is above all a draftsman; indeed he is one of the best draftsmen among American painters. In the autumn Academy exhibition of 1888 there was a small portrait of a lady by him that is a marvel of drawing, and which possesses a fineness of line that makes it comparable to the best work of Élie Delaunay. Better drawing is seldom seen nowadays than is to be found in this admirable little head in three-quarters view, and it is painted with extreme delicacy of touch. That it is entirely free from hardness in modeling is proof of its great excellence. In the portrait of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1888, Mr. Cox has had to deal with an exact problem in the representation of things as they are in nature, and he has given in this picture a brilliant exposition of his power as a technicist. It is notable also as showing skill in the expression of character—a quality that marks every portrait which the world has decided to call good. "A Studio Corner" (a portrait of the artist Will H. Low), exhibited at the Academy in 1884, is, again, a worthy example of the painter's ability to transcribe facts while investing them with the quality that belongs to true picture-making. The list of portraits that Mr. Cox has painted is not a very long one, but it is marked by several performances that are extraordinarily good. Considering a portrait as it ought to be considered—as a work of art in itself as well as a likeness—we shall not find many canvases among those signed by American painters in recent years that equal Mr. Cox's "Portrait of Roger D——," in the Academy exhibition of 1890. A little boy with a rosy face and blonde hair, dressed in a sailor suit of dark blue, is represented standing, with a background of quiet gray. There are no "accessories" in the picture; the composition is simplicity itself. But it has much of that charm which distinguishes the master's portraits, the charm that lies in giving us character and truth without meretricious effect.

No man in America has worked more persistently and conscientiously than Kenyon Cox to paint well for the sake of painting, and no man has striven more resolutely to realize his ideal in spite of that lack of encouragement which is measured in money. From indifference on the part of the public, from a criticism of his intentions which in some quarters has been as malicious as it is ignorant, Cox as a painter of the nude has had much to endure. Some of the best of his works, such as "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" (Society of American Artists, 1888), have not attracted much more than a passing notice; others have been misunderstood and condemned. It is sufficient to say here that no painter among us has a purer sense of beauty in the ideal, and no one has a keener perception of grace of form and distinction of color in nature. He is impelled to paint the nude simply because he considers it beautiful. It would be a sorry day for art if the critic's right were admitted to dictate to the artist what he shall choose for the subject of his work, yet Mr. Cox has been told to leave off painting the nude and paint only those other things in which his intentions are fully understood and his ability universally recognized. It is characteristic of the man that he has turned a deaf ear to such admonitions, and it is gratifying to those who believe he is right to see that in a composition completed during the past autumn he has surpassed his previous work in this direction, and has produced in a picture called "Vision of Moonrise" a canvas of most admirable quality and so complete in drawing, color, and *ensemble* as to make it compare favorably with the best of modern work. It would be scarcely fair, however, to compare what he has done with the best work of the same kind by modern Frenchmen. He is much nearer the Italians of the Renaissance in his sympathies than he is to Gervex. He has more in common with Baudry, whose works he admires intensely; but he is most influenced by the great Venetians. Titian and Giorgione are his gods, and if he thinks of other men's work when he toils at his own it must be of these two. His standard is such a high one that he may never reach the point where he can say that he is satisfied with what he has done; but is it not a question whether any really good man ever did? And is it not



A STUDIO CORNER, BY KENYON COX.

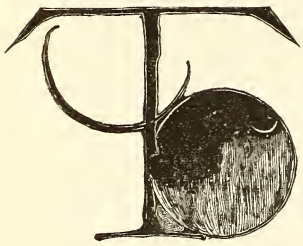
the best hope for the future of his art when we find a painter saying, "I have yet something to learn"?

But Cox the painter of the nude is another man from the painter of such a landscape as "Flying Shadows." He holds, rightly, that an artist should not keep to one "line," and he thinks, rightly again, that the highest fields in painting are the portrait, the nude, and the landscape. In his portraits he is as modern as he well could be, meaning always that he has never been guilty of cultivating a "fad" or of sacrificing truth and simplicity for mere effect. As a landscape painter he is modern and a naturalist. He is always sober, self-contained, and reserved. "Flying Shadows" was painted when the artist returned fresh from the sympathetic atmosphere of France. He visited his native State in the summer of 1883, and the picture was painted on the banks of the Ohio near Bellaire. There is a force in feeling one's self amid scenes that have been familiar from childhood and receiving the impressions that associations produce, and in the picture in question there is no doubt but the painter was influenced by such a feeling. These rolling hills, with patches of woods and fields separated by rail fences, with alder bushes growing in the corners, are distinctively American. They belong in Ohio and western Pennsylvania, and nowhere in the world except in the upper Ohio Valley does the landscape bear just such characteristics as distinguish this picture. In its treatment there is no hint of the softer atmosphere of northern France, where the painter had lived and studied for five years before. In the well-modeled contours of the ground, in the clearly marked values of one mass of green beside the others, in the well-defined horizon with its bright sky and white clouds floating by, in every line of the composition, there is the accent of local truth. Such native motives as these Mr. Cox has used in his compositions of the nude; and in the "Vision of Moonrise," "Evening," "An Eclogue," and other pictures, their fitness for the purpose may be noted. In choosing these motives, too, it should be remarked, the painter has avoided the raggedly picturesque — the scraggy oak and the stringy birch tree, with which we are only too familiar. In his pictures are broad stretches of meadow, round, well-foliaged trees, and simple skies with cloud masses well drawn and in harmony of line with the land.

As a painter, whether of portraits, or the nude, or landscape, Kenyon Cox always impresses us as a man who is in earnest. His work is invariably sincere and dignified in intention; in many of his compositions there is a regard for style that is such a rare quality in the work of American painters as to make it worthy of note when we find it. That which has been criticized most frequently in his pictures of the nude is the result of mistaken judgment of his public, not of perverted taste. He fancies that all the world can see from his point of view, forgetting that the artist from the hour he begins to study gets farther and farther away from the standpoint of the layman, who has generally remained almost in the same place. Feeling sure that he is right himself, he is tenacious of his opinion, and rarely makes a change in his work at the suggestion of others; or if he does, he often changes it back again, convinced that he was right in the first place. Self-reliant and persistent, he reasons clearly and logically, and acts upon his conclusion. High-minded and absorbed in his own world, he takes little heed of the concerns of others except when he is appealed to, and then he is always ready and willing to give to his friends the same conscientious thought and the same energetic action that he brings to his own affairs. Though his health is none too robust, and his life has been in part a struggle to regain the strength the illness of his boyhood came near depriving him of altogether, he has energy of intellect sufficient for a whole company. Alert, keen, and responsive, he finds an interest in many things outside of his art. A writer of correct and vigorous English and a regular contributor to some of our best periodicals and journals, an active working member of the Society of American Artists and one of its Board of Control, the indefatigable secretary of the National Free Art League, a hard-working committeeman, one of the ablest instructors in the Art Students' League, a busy illustrator, and a painter who works in his studio with the ardor of an enthusiast, there is no more individual figure in the art world of New York than Kenyon Cox. He believes thoroughly in the future of American art and thinks the best hope for its high rank lies at home. He maintains that its ultimate supremacy is inevitable, and to do what he can to hasten the day when it shall be acknowledged second to none is his constant thought. He is always ready with hand and voice and pen whenever and wherever he feels he can help to advance the cause of true art among us, and when he enlists he fights manfully to the end. No one's interest is greater and no one's industry is so unflagging in every movement which tends to achieve that higher civilization which comes to a people after the height of material progress is attained, and no good cause need more than once appeal to the artist or the citizen Kenyon Cox.

William A. Coffin.

AN IRISH GENTLEWOMAN IN THE FAMINE TIME.



HE great Irish famine — alas for the country which need distinguish its famines — had some beneficent consequences, but among them cannot be reckoned the one consequence most widely and hopefully predicted at the time — the famine did not draw Irish and English hearts together. On the contrary, it added a burning memory to the old grudges. Ever since then the Celt has held his English landlords responsible for the famine's coming, and the English Government responsible for its horrors. Your Irish orator will picture, with savage eloquence, the loaded cars crawling past the dead faces that stared out of the mud, as the grain of starving Ireland was carried away to pay her absentee landlords' rents. Listen to him and you have, on one side, the Irish victims, robbed for centuries until they were the poorest people on earth, and on the other, cynical English oppressors who did not let the wretches all starve because corpses cannot pay rent, but doled out their help as a loan, under intolerable conditions. It is an appalling indictment. But if one turn to the acts of Parliament passed for Irish relief; if he read carefully the narratives of such dispassionate observers as Pim and Mann, and such fair-minded Government officials as Trevelyan, or the reports of the British Relief Association; if he glance down those enormous lists of subscriptions, headed by the Queen, published by the British Relief Association and the Committee of Friends;[1] especially if he read in the newspapers of the day, and in yellow old letters, the affecting details of individual sacrifice and benevolence — he will be amazed at the English munificence, and cannot resist admiring, as well, the courage and sagacity displayed by the English Government in its grapple with Death. For a year and a half, from a third to half of the population of Ireland was supported by charity. During the month of July, 1847, 3,020,712 persons received daily rations of food from the Government.[2] "Advances amounting to nearly two millions[3] were made by Parliament. Local and central relief associations distributed sums which could not have fallen far short of a million and a half."[4] Yet trade was not paralyzed thereby. Neither did this colossal almsgiving pauperize the country. To use the language of one of the ablest and most candid of the Government officials:

> The multitude was gradually and peacefully thrown on its own resources at the season of harvest, when new and abundant supplies of food became available, and the demand for labor was at its highest amount.[5]

That such exertions should have elicited so little gratitude may be sorrowful, but it is not strange. Ireland has always depended upon the richer country's help. Whatever the emergency, landlords and patriots have always been agreed upon one point, to expect aid from the central government; I may say that they have been agreed upon another, to be dissatisfied with the aid given. Naturally they expected aid during the famine, and, in a measure, looked upon such aid as their right — which is not a frame of mind conducive to gratitude. I am not discussing now the claims that the English colony certainly had on England, nor the greater claims of the people subjugated cruelly in the first place, impoverished later, by villainous trade laws; I am only calling attention to a fact as the partial explanation of another fact. Besides, the machinery necessary to support half the population could not be invented and got into working order quickly — and men were dying every hour! It is asking too much of human nature to expect the ragged, ignorant, half-crazed survivors of that awful time to be grateful because only two or three out of a family starved to death. More than all, perhaps, the methods of relief — methods of grim necessity, very likely — were most repugnant to the Celtic temperament. Memories of the bayonets gleaming about the food carts; of the weary, useless dragging from one official to another; of nightmare walks to the relief works, barefooted, through the snow; of the old mother creeping to the poorhouse that she might be buried in a coffin; of the little chil-

[1] One of the most vital yet simple and calm narratives of the famine is contained in the Report of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, Dublin, 1852.

[2] Report of the British Relief Association.

[3] Pounds; nearly ten millions of dollars.

[4] "Transactions during the Famine in Ireland," Report of the Central Relief Committee of Friends.

[5] Sir Charles Trevelyan, "The Irish Crisis," p. 64.

dren moaning out their lives in deserted cabins — these, not grateful thoughts, were what the Irish peasant brought out of the famine. And these he has taught his children. Yet to individual benefactors the people were grateful to a pathetic degree.

In this article I shall try to describe the experience of one of such benefactors, a good woman who belonged to that best abused class in the world, the Irish landlords. Her experience was not exceptional; rather, I like to believe that it was typical, and that all over Ireland women were toiling, like her, for their suffering dependents. There are two ways of viewing a cyclone; we may stand safe on a hill or be down in the stress of the storm. No one can doubt which has the wider vision, but the other's experience is incomparably more vivid. As regards the cyclones of human life, in history we have the post on the hill; but sometimes, vicariously, we may mingle in the storm. A packet of old letters, a pile of moldy newspapers, bring us to the shoulder of some stout fighter, and we see the storm as he saw it, breasting its fury, or spent and conquered in the wreck.

I would look at the Irish famine through the windows of an old manor-house in County Cork. Not very many miles from the ancient town where Sir Walter planted his first Irish potatoes was the estate of the C——s of D——. D——, the town, is a compact little place with the manor-house a mile away at one end, and a big, many gabled, brick almshouse at the other. In 1845 the town had a population of some eight or nine thousand souls. The houses are of stone, whitewashed in Irish fashion, and the doors swinging on the street, where the old crones in their frilled caps and blue cloaks squat on the earth sidewalks to smoke their pipes and gossip. Here and there a sociable pig will be studying the scenery from a second-story window. The shops make a puny show of color with prints, tobacco, ribbons, and such huckster goods, and the shopkeepers live above. A few tall houses of stone and stucco, having stone sidewalks in front and pretty gardens behind, are the homes of the gentry—the rector, the doctors, lawyers, and one or two gentlemen who have property in the neighborhood.

The Bandon River runs through the town. A sparkling thread of a stream it is, and so shallow that one of the C——s assured me that she had waded across without wetting her feet. The explanation is that the bed of the "river" is sprinkled with great stones, from one to another of which she stepped.

Thackeray passed through D—— in 1842, and the curious may find a few lines about it in his "Irish Sketch Book."

> The next stage [there was no railway then] was a place called D——. Here it was market-day, too, and, as usual, no lack of attendants, swarms of peasants in their blue cloaks, squatting by the stalls. . . . There is a little miserable old market-house, where a few women were selling buttermilk; another, bullocks' hearts, livers, and such like scraps of meat; another had dried mackerel on a board; and plenty of people huckstering, of course. Round the coach came crowds of raggery and blackguards fawning for money.

I fear that the women of the people did not strike him favorably; he speaks of not seeing a pretty face at the markets for fifty miles.

> Every woman has bare legs, of course; and as the weather is fine they are sitting outside their cabins, with the pig and the geese and the children sporting round. Before many doors we saw a flock of these useful animals, and the family pig almost everywhere; you might see him browsing and poking along the hedges, his fore and hind leg attached with a wisp of hay to check his propensity to roving. Here and there were a small brood of turkeys; now and then a couple of sheep or a single one grazing upon a scanty field, of which the chief crop seemed to be thistles and stone; and by the side of the cottage the potato field always.
>
> The character of the landscape is for the most part bare and sad [he has passed D—— now, and is well on his way to Skibbereen, wretched and squalid town that shall come to have its uncouth name hideously famous for anguish of famine], except here and there, in the neighborhood of towns where people have taken a fancy to plant and where nature has helped them, as it almost always will in this country. If we saw a field with a hedge to it we were sure to see a good crop inside. Many a field was there that had neither crop nor hedge. We passed by and over many pretty streams running bright through emerald meadows; and I saw a thousand charming pictures which want as yet an Irish Berghem. A bright road winding up a hill; on it a country cart, with its load, stretching a huge shadow; the before mentioned emerald pastures and silver rivers in the foreground; a noble sweep of hills rising up from them, and contrasting their magnificent purple with the green; in the extreme distance the clear, cold outline of some far-off mountains, and the white clouds tumbled about in the blue sky overhead. . . . Some way beyond D—— the road takes us through a noble, savage country of rocks and heath. Nor must the painter forget long, black tracts of bog, here and there, and the water glistening brightly at the places where the turf has been cut away. Add to this, and chiefly by the banks of rivers, a ruined castle or two; some were built by the Danes, it is said. The O'Connors, the O'Mahonys, and the O'Driscolls were lords of many others, and their ruined towers may be seen here and along the sea.

This is the landscape to the life. I feel a melancholy pleasure examining the picture. What a simple, narrow, leisurely, thriftless sort of good cheer hangs over the cottages with their pigs and geese and laughing children. Plenty of

time to frolic with the babies or bargain and chatter in the market-place, and potatoes enough to fill all their mouths. Even the beggars, then, were not hungry; they were begging because they craved those luxuries of mackerel and milk and meat described; and, very likely, the dreadful little green apples also, which Thackeray did not see, but which are everywhere in Ireland to this day.

Poor childlike, untidy, cheerful creatures, one wonders how many of them were to die miserably only a few years later.

The manor-house stands a little way from the town amid beautiful gardens and plantations [1] of firs and birches. It is a square stone house, not later than the Georges. The old manor-house is only a ruin. It stood in the center of the town, for when it was built by the first baronet safety was more desirable than any beauty of surroundings. He was a well-hated man, that first Sir Richard; yet there is a letter from Lord Chesterfield to him, in the family archives, praising his "humane policy." But he was a stanch Protestant, and religious feeling ran high when William the Third was king. The kitchen windows of the house have a queer broad shape and look like gable windows that have had a fall in the world, blinking out above a disproportionate length of wall; they were, in fact, windows of the ordinary form, but were built up during the Whiteboy riots. The other windows fared the same, but in their case the masonry has been removed. There were later riots, and the C—— of that day received a sword from the Duke of Wellington for his services with the yeomanry. This C—— inherited the estate by right of his mother, and added the C—— name to his own. He was the cadet of a noble Scotch family whose every title is an outrage to Irish ears, and he was a most irascible and domineering old personage. Once he walked through his village of D—— and smashed every tea-pot. He regarded tea as a beverage above the station of his tenants. "Such airs!" he snorted; "the likes of them drinking tea."

Doubtless it was a relief to the tenants when he went to America and bought property there, and was gone for years at a time. Long before the famine he died, and his son reigned in his stead. He lived in America, making frequent visits to Ireland. But his two sisters had always lived at the manor-house and cared for the tenants. They were both unmarried and no longer young; Kate, the younger, was past forty, while her sister was ten years older. The men of the family were a roving race, but the sisters clung to the old home. Kate was born in America, but I cannot say that she was pleased with her birthplace. She always protested against being called an American: "Should I be a horse, then, if I had been born in a stable?" said she. She was a little, slight, active woman, with the fair Irish skin and the Irish black hair and blue eyes. Frail as she looked, no exertion or fatigue could conquer her spirit. For miles around the cotters knew her flashing smile and gay word. Shrewd as she was kind-hearted, they "niver tried to come the comether over Miss Kate." Martha was the oldest of the family. From the description of one who knew and loved her I imagine a tall woman, gentle and sad, wearing an elderly cap and almost always in black robes, for there were few living then out of a great family whom she had loved with a mother's devotion. Her eyes were bright, and though grief and ill-health had laid a fine network of wrinkles over her features, her skin retained a youthful freshness of color. She had beautiful hands and very small feet. They were a hereditary gift of person; but I do not think that otherwise Martha inherited the C—— beauty. The beauty of the family was married and gone away.

Martha had always been an invalid. Racking headaches tormented her; she had a constant cough. Nevertheless she made so light of her ailments that her weak health is only a second thought in one's impressions.

The life of the sisters was secluded. It is pretty to see what metropolitan splendor Cork assumes in Miss C——'s letters. Indeed, a kind of Old World innocence and simplicity clings to her air of education and high breeding, just as, I am sure, a soft odor of lavender clung to her old-fashioned silken gowns of state. One can see by her letters that she had read widely and was deeply interested in politics. Never was a more ardent Tory. Lord Derby she is convinced is "a *sound* Protestant and real Christian," as well as "a man of real talent," and the Lord Lieutenant she admires loyally when she goes to Cork to see him open the Exhibition; "he is a kingly looking man." But it is hard telling whom she regards with the holier horror, Lord John Russell or the Pope. Either of them would destroy Ireland unless stopped in his fell career; and they never get across her page without a thumping. A deeply religious woman, her piety, in this age, looks a thought austere; but she had the tenderest and most unselfish of hearts, and whenever this good heart and her harsh prejudices dispute, the prejudices are sure to be left in the lurch.

Thus this Protestant lady and her "papist" tenants dwelt together in the utmost amity. Strange, truly; it seems to recall that vanished feudal devotion in these discordant times. The people brought all their troubles to the manor-

[1] Plantations in Ireland are groves of planted trees.

house, from the "baccagh's" inability to find the rent to the "colleen's" quarrel with her sweetheart. Every summer a prodigious store of sweetmeats was put away for the ailing. Flannel and tea were dealt out to the sick; and — matter even nearer the Irish heart — there was always fair harkening to complaints. Under the sister's mild rule the estate prospered — as prosperity is counted in Ireland; tillage was increased, and rents, which were mercifully low, were paid with reasonable promptness. Then the famine came. No one can comprehend the complete prostration of Ireland who does not realize the condition of her social fabric. Here is a country where, save in a small portion, manufactures are practically extinct. A few decaying mills, a few fingers still moving above lace curtains and looms in the cabins, a few rude fisheries[1] — there you have a nation's resources. By consequence the population is virtually thrown on the land. To make matters worse, the land laws tie both landlord and tenant hand and foot.

The acts of the Irish parliament, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, offering a bounty on the exportation of corn and restricting the importation, had the immemorial consequences of such legislation. They lured men of small capital, or no capital at all, into agriculture, which had assumed a fictitious value. Having no money, the new farmers paid their laborers in rent, allowing them bits of ground whereon they would erect hovels and raise potatoes.

Now give to this squalid multitude, living on the edge of starvation, a priesthood loved and trusted by them, which shall have to depend for its living mostly on wedding and christening fees: the Roman Catholic clergy had been more than human if they had consistently discouraged early marriages or small holdings. There was another motive: they conscientiously believed early marriages desirable on moral grounds; and when principle adds its impetus to interest we all know the result.

Finally, supply this population with the very cheapest food, which shall also be food raised with very little labor in a marvelously small space; have no career outside open to the younger sons of the gentry and professional men; have a multitude of middlemen who make profit rents out of subletting their property; cap the cairn of hindrances on the body of enterprise with an absent or a ruined aristocracy, and what happens? Simply this: the ordinary movements of trade and society may go on in a feeble fashion, but any additional load will break the whole.

It is not understood how desperate the position of the Irish landlords was in 1845. Really half of them were ruined. There was a grand show on the rent-rolls, but deduct the charges on the revenues, the annuities, dower charges, marriage portions, interest on debts, and the remnant will cut a shabby figure.

Sometimes a gentleman with a nominal rent-roll of ten thousand a year had hardly two thousand. Yet he must support the position of the man with ten. Inevitably estates of this kind grew more and more encumbered. Half the apparent rapacity of the landlords is due to this frightful disproportion between their revenues and their state. When the famine came many landlords gave up the struggle. Having long paid the bulk of their income as interest to their creditors, now, there being no rents, they had nothing left to pay. The creditors seized on the rent-roll, since at that period they could not sell the land. All over Ireland there were landlords who had no more word in the management of their reputed estates than the poorest cotter. A report of the period tells of one barony where "every one of the landlords — from Mr. ——, who is in possession of 500,000 acres, to the lowest of them — was involved, lived on an allowance, and had his estate managed by the agency, so that the poor" were "placed between a landlord who" was "unable to give them any assistance and the agent who" had "no interest in giving them any." Even those landlords who had a competent income beheld it almost swept away. At one blow the income of the landlord and the subsistence of the people were annihilated.[2] The first hint that I have of the calamity which was to assume such overwhelming size, affecting D——, is in a letter written by Miss C—— to her brother, the landlord, in January, 1845. She describes the failure of the potato crop, "everywhere rotting in the pits," and regrets that she can send him so little money. Less and less money was sent, until during the year 1847–48 the landlord did not, in the words of an old friend, "get enough from the estate to buy the children a pair of shoes."

The damage to the crop this year, however, was only partial. The early crops had escaped entirely, and some potatoes of the later crop could be used. Wheat, oats, and barley were a full average crop. At D—— they planted more "green crops" — turnips, carrots, and the like — than on many estates. Miss Kate, who was her brother's agent, reduced the rents. Relief works were opened by the Government, and some of the poorest tenants earned enough on them to keep soul and body together. The

[1] During the famine people on the sea-shore lived on limpets and seaweed or died of starvation because their tackle was too poor to catch fish, although the sea was full of them.

[2] Report of British Association, Appendix A, p. 96.

relief works were mainly on the highways. Some pottering with so-called "reproductive works," such as the draining and planting of farms, and some attempts to improve the fisheries, hardly ought to count; what an Irishman understands by the "relief works" is work on the roads. The testimony is unanimous that whether the works were good for the men they certainly were not good for the roads. They leveled the hills, or rather they hacked away at the hills; but harvest time found them still standing, and they were frequently left in the condition of the celebrated hill between Castle Richmond and Castle Desmond.

Before the famine was over there was a suffocating rush on the works. This is the description of one of the board:

> The attraction of the "Queen's pay," as it was popularly called, led to a general abandonment of their other descriptions of industry. . . . Landlords competed with each other in getting the names of tenants placed on the list; farmers dismissed their laborers and sent them to the works; . . . the fisheries were deserted, and it was often difficult to get a coat patched or a pair of boots mended.[1]

The C——s were not of the landlords who thus shifted their own burden to the Government's shoulders. Miss C——'s language about the works is as caustic as her usual strictures of Lord John Russell's measures.

> They have cut up the country into a parcel of useless roads; spent more of the immense sums on hired officials than on the poor, who continue dying on the roads by hundreds, of hunger and of cold; and damaged the people still more by congregating them in idle groups and drawing them away from all agriculture — so that now the spring is advancing, no farming doing, no prospect but of a perpetuity of famine and taxes.

Government, however, closed the relief works, and planting was done, although it seems clear that the tillage did suffer on account of the works. Still, at D—— the crops were planted. The sisters told each other, hopefully, that after a scarcity there always came a year of plenty. Kate, who was the active one, brought back cheering accounts of the fields green with harvest. The D—— people had used up the narrow margin of savings, of household furniture or pigs or cows; but they had only begun to be in want. The "Queen's pay" had kept the poorest alive. In July, Ireland drew a long breath of reviving hope; by the middle of August, every Irishman knew that the potatoes were gone. Miss C—— regularly sent her brother the Cork newspapers. Late in August the little circle in America that looked with such painful interest for the Irish news must have read the Cork reporter's despairing conclusions. The crop was clean gone.

> The people are in an absolute state of bewilderment. The blast has been nearly universal; and such is the effect that the stalk and stems thus blasted break off quite rotten like, and the young potatoes that are found are mostly black. All the change has taken place within the last fortnight; until then everything was promising.

That was the shock of the calamity, it was so sudden. In July — this, too, the circle at B—— must have read — Father Mathew passed from Cork to Dublin, and "the doomed plant bloomed in all the luxuriance of an abundant harvest." On his return, a week later, he saw "only one wide waste of putrefying vegetation," and the "wretched people were seated on the fences of their decaying gardens wringing their hands and wailing bitterly." August 16 Miss C—— wrote, with bitter calm:

> Ireland is ruined. God has manifested his continued wrath against us by completely destroying the potato crop. Never was there a greater quantity planted, never a more glorious prospect of plenty, but about three weeks ago the black spots appeared, and the whole crop is gone. It is said to be worse than last year. His arm is bared to destroy us. You thought it bad enough when you were here, but ah! we little knew how happy we were then. And extreme as seemed the poverty then, it was only *seeming* to our present misery. The tide of emigration is as great as ever; all who can are flying from a land which seems doomed to destruction.

Already the times were felt by the landlords. Nearly every one she knows is cramped by loss of rents and the enormous poor-rates. Her brother has been sick, and she fears that it was from anxiety of mind. She longs to see him, but she would not wish him back to "this dismal country"; and she compares the frantic misery of the people, beginning to show itself in riots, to the state of the Jews in Jerusalem before its destruction.

While the potato crop was a total failure, the wheat crop was "barely an average one," and rye and barley were scant. On the Continent, too, rye and potatoes failed. There was famine in Scotland, in Belgium, in France. Miss C—— writes:

> The worst of it is that no one has any heart left. Kate is busy about her farming. Our crops are much better than our neighbors'. Were they not, what would become of us? It is our only resource now.

She alludes to a little farm adjoining the manor-house, which, like many Irish landlords, they farmed on their own account. Kate was the farmer — a very successful one, it appears. She had profited by her brother's American

[1] Sir Charles Trevelyan, "The Irish Crisis."

experience. The tenants stared and howled Irish ejaculations over the outlandish machines that came down from the Cove of Cork. More perplexing and awe-inspiring were the strange grains that sent emerald spikes through the meadows. Both the landlord and his sister had long realized the danger of depending upon a single crop, and that the cheapest of all foods. But it was quite another matter to bring the tenants to this way of thinking. Farmers would come to the manor-house and gaze with awe on the huge pumpkins raised under glass, they would praise the waving fields of wheat and oats, and they would exchange sly winks of amusement over the ragged rows of Indian corn which Miss Kate vainly tried to make grow under that humid and uncertain sky. They said, "Shure, thim will do for the gentry; but 't is the praties that kapes the hunger down." They resisted all innovations with the dogged obstinacy of their race. But there were other crops on the estate. Alas, in that fatal year all crops failed together!

The relief works opened in September and instantly were crowded. Over half a million of men at one time were employed. In the month of March the expenditure on the works rose to the enormous sum of £1,050,722, or something over five million dollars.[1]

Nevertheless the wages of the men did not keep their families. How could they? The wages were only tenpence a day. Besides, there was a great multitude who had no direct providers, widows and orphan children and aged creatures who might have been helped by kinsfolk or neighbors in ordinary times; but now every man's hands were full if he earned bare life for his own. There were the almshouses for such people; but in the remoter districts often they did not know about the poor-laws, and always they hated "the house" next to death.

The year before had swept the wretched cabins clean of all those things which they could sell or pawn; now they sold their pigs and chickens and ponies and cows. They sold the cloaks which the women wore, and the men's frieze coats. Presently there was nothing left to sell; they ate up the scanty harvest, they ate up the potatoes that they had laid by for seed. Then — they began to die.

Early in September Miss Kate raised what money she could on her own and her brother's credit and laid in a stock of Indian meal. This, be it remembered, was before the Government had stirred. The year before, when the crop failed, Indian corn was bought in America, and depots were established in different parts of Ireland where meal was sold under the market price to the different relief committees.[2]

But these depots had been emptied. It was necessary to start afresh. Miss C—— passionately accuses the English Government of not realizing the situation, and doubtless she only echoed the sentiments of harassed and impoverished landlords all over the country. At that time the corn laws were in force. Indian corn in 1845 had a duty laid on it so high that it was practically unknown in the United Kingdom. And it was easier to repeal the law than to remove the ignorance. She says:

> Every measure of our rulers from the beginning has been foolishness and waste. They were warned a year ago of what was coming, but they kept utterly aloof until the distress was at its utmost height and hundreds starved to death; said British commerce must not be interfered with, and though petitioned by thousands to take some step to lower prices they have refused; allow speculators to traffic in the blood of their fellow-creatures, and when, at last, shamed by the loud cry of desperate misery, they did something, it was to set up *relief works!* . . . to support the people in sloth and idleness, and taxes laid on the country that her wretched revenues can never support.

Poor lady! But the Government also was a subject of compassion, confronted by the woful problem how to feed a starving nation without ruining both Ireland and England. It would hardly have helped matters to have made all the corn merchants in the United Kingdom bankrupt.

This letter was written before the repeal of the corn laws, and before the enterprise of the Irish dealers had filled the markets and reduced Indian corn from £19 a ton in February to £13 in March and £7 10s. in August, and it was before the British Association was organized, or that vast and searching system of relief had been arranged which saved the country.

The period between August, 1846, when the Irish landlords knew that the harvest was gone, and the arrival of the first war-steamer loaded with flour and pease on the southwest coast of

[1] "In order to check the exorbitant demands which had been made during the preceding season, the whole of the expense was made a local charge, and the advances were directed to be repaid by a rate levied according to the poor-law valuation, which makes the landlords liable for the whole rate on tenements under £4 yearly value, and for a proportion, generally amounting to one-half, on tenements above that value." ("Irish Crisis," p. 37.) The former relief works expenses were half a grant and half an advance, the advance to be repaid by the barony.

[2] These relief committees were formed all over Ireland, with a central committee in Dublin. They sold meal to those who could buy, and gave it to those too poor to buy. Their funds came from private subscriptions.

Ireland, was a time of dreadful anxiety and of consequent indignation.

Miss Kate bought her Indian meal and established a store in her kitchen, where meal was sold under the market price. As long as the people could buy, they purchased. Miss C—— and her sister knew the circumstances of every family on the estate; when a farmer who still had something left approached, and, in Irish phrase, "made a poor mouth," Miss Kate stopped him briskly: "There 's the dun cow's calf, Higgins; we 'll give you the worth of that in meal. You know every penny we get will go for more meal." Soon they were obliged to guard the door of the impromptu shop. Policemen stood outside to keep back the horde of frenzied, dying creatures, lest they should rush in and fall upon the whole stock of provisions. "Never was Ireland more bloody, more riotous, than now," wrote Miss C——. They had no fear of their own people's violence,— they could be made to understand that the supplies must be husbanded,— but out of caves and bogs squalid, emaciated shapes crawled to the merciful ladies who were feeding the poor.

When they sat down to their niggardly meal, as plain now and hardly more plentiful than the portion they served to the starving, they had to have the shutters drawn in order not to see the ranks of wolfish eyes glaring in at the table.

They were always coming upon hideous sights. Once it was a mother and her two children whom they found crouched against a tree. Her husband was dead, and one child. Maybe it was the fever killed him, she said; they had some of "the yally meal" when he died, and a turnip that a neighbor gave her. With his last breath he had told her to go to the manor-house. She knew she was n't of their people, but she had no one else. They cared for her and she lived.

By this time pestilence was increasing the horrors of famine. They risked their lives by their humanity, but it was a daily risk for them and for others of the helpers in D——; because the fever did not spare the well-nurtured and clean, though it sprung out of filth and want.

The wretches died too fast for burial. Sometimes they dragged themselves almost to the house, then sank on the way. One poor lad the two sisters found with his head on a flower bed and the hydrangeas nodding above his pinched, ghastly brown face. So wasted was he that the two women picked him up and carried him to the house. When he revived enough to speak he tried to point, saying, "They 're beyant!" He meant his mother and sister. They were found and cared for. They survived; but the faithful child, whose last thought was of them, died before they could reach the house, in the arms of his kind bearers. They had no leisure to grieve over him. An awful feature of those days of darkness was that the mind, being so hurried from one scene of anguish to another, lost its capacity for separate pity, and was only sensible of the crushing weight of despair always upon it, pressing a little more heavily each time. Before that terrible winter ended, suffering that formerly the sisters would have discussed compassionately for weeks, they almost forgot in the crush of new agony at its heels.

Well might Count Strzelecki, the volunteer agent of the British Association, write to his chiefs:

> No pen can describe the distress. . . . It has actually reached such a degree of lamentable extremes that it becomes above the power of exaggeration and misrepresentation. You may now believe anything which you hear or read.

What painfully increased the difficulties of the situation was the condition of the roads and transportation. Ireland had few railroads, and as soon as winter came the highways were in a horrible condition. The relief works, so far from mending matters, often had succeeded only in turning what had been merely a bad road into an impassable one. At the same time there was an unprecedented demand for horses, and fewer horses than ever before, for horses as well as men died, and those left were so meagerly fed that they had not strength to pull. Towns were small and scattered. In the region about D—— there were districts without a mill or a granary or a single shop for the sale of provisions. The people of such districts must walk ten or twelve miles to D——. Count Strzelecki tells of men walking twenty and thirty miles to buy meal and then, such was the pressure on the scanty shops, being obliged to go empty-handed away. And twenty or thirty miles away among the bogs the wretches' starved women and children were waiting for them. In all the letters and reports of the time distances are mentioned. Always the people are walking from remote homes to the works or the village or the soup kitchen. Miles on miles, thousands of miles, must have been traversed in torment that winter. To me there is nothing ghastlier in all the famine than this vision of incessant motion; of a squalid procession whose life is dribbling away with every step. Yet what could the relief officers do? It took time to establish depots of provisions, and provisions must be hauled. By water it was no better. There were so few ships that freights jumped to an appalling fig-

ure,[1] and often vessels could not be hired at any price.[2] Bantry must have been the nearest point where the relief committee of D—— could obtain provisions in any quantity; but I am inclined to think from the letters that most of the supplies came from Cork. They sent their own cars and horses, and their own people went as escort, armed to protect the precious grain. Besides the relief committee there was a "Ladies' Association." It consisted of a number of ladies in the town and vicinity, being a branch of the general association of women which extended all over Ireland. Miss C—— was at the head of the D—— committee. Of this committee one of the agents for the British Relief Association wrote as follows:

> They reach many cases that no relief committee could, and are personally daily cognizant, for miles around, of the actual state of the inhabitants of the cottages scattered far and wide. The working is admirable.

The Ladies' Association worked with the relief committee to whom the general supervision of the K—— district belonged. The chairman was a trusted friend of the sisters, a wise, good man; happily, also, a man of wealth. His help of counsel and of money was great; it was a grievous misfortune that he died this year. The rector of the parish was an invalid, but the young Irish curate, Mr. L——, did the work of ten men. The sisters had other helpers in their own household, helpers who knew the character and necessities of the people better than any gentleman or gentlewoman could know; the servants of their house were the private soldiers in that pitiful battle with famine and the plague. It was they who carried the peat for the fire and made the beds and kept the rooms for the sick who were brought within the manor-house to die (for it came to this with the hunger, that those who succumbed very rarely could be revived), and it was they who served in the kitchen, cooking the meal and rice and soup. The head of the men was a bluff, red-faced giant who rose from a boy in the kitchen to be manager at this time, and later a large farmer. He kept the skeletons of men at work in the fields. At one time, so generally had the men gone to the relief works, that he was forced to hire girls to do the planting. Neither was his case uncommon in the southwest that year.

Of the women I see only one head out of the crowd, a square, wrinkled, honest, shrewd Irish face in a frilled cap; her short neck making her chin rest on her blue cloak. She was the cook, a servant of the old time, infinitely attached to the sisters, whom she ruled kindly but firmly, never for a second "forgetting her place," but getting her own way quite as effectually. Like all Irish servants, she had an incomparable ingenuity in makeshifts that served the whole family well. At this time she was a young woman, not cook in chief, only a kitchen maid. She made a cake of Indian meal and water very like our Southern hoe-cake, I fancy. The sisters did not share the prevalent ignorance of the gentry regarding "Indian wheat." Thanks to their brother's American training they were able to cook the new food properly. An American cannot realize the intensity of the Irish prejudice against new foods, especially the "yally male." They believed it would turn black those who ate it. Of course they did not know how to cook it — nor anything else beyond potatoes. The women used to mix the meal with cold water and eat it thus, grumbling with some reason at the "bitter bad stuff." Either from ignorance or avaricious intention some of the millers ground bits of the husk with the corn. "The back av me hand and the sowl av me fut to the yally male!" screamed one irate old woman at the relief committee. "Shure it 's scratched all up me throat is wid thryin' to swally it! It 's needles they put in it."

But before that winter ended the people considered themselves happy if they could get the "yally meal." Undoubtedly, however, its use half cooked did bring on disease.

As winter advanced the distress grew deeper and fiercer. It was a hard winter, cold rains and snows alternating. To famine and fever was added cold. Hundreds of cabins in County Cork had nothing on their earth floors save a few rotten bundles of straw — not a blanket, "not a stick of furniture." Neither could the people afford in many cases even the cheap peat fires. The men tramped barefoot through the snow to the relief works. Their rags hardly covered their bones. It was the commonest thing in the world for men to be "struck with the cold" and die in a day or two.

I find in the letters of this time constant reference to the need of clothes. Writing to a dear friend in America, Miss C—— acknowledges the receipt of two boxes of clothing. "The two boxes," she says, "arrived safely last night all right, according to the lists. Oh, if you could see the absolutely naked state of our whole peasantry, your benevolent hearts would feel a sweet reward in seeing so many comfortably clothed and hearing the bless-

[1] The freight for a barrel of flour from the United States to Ireland before the famine year was 2s. 6d.; by the winter of 1847 it was 8s. or 9s. Indian meal rose from 8s. to 18s.

[2] One gentleman offered £240 to the Cork Company for a steamer to carry a cargo of meal to Kenmare. The offer was refused. (Report of British Association.)

ings poured on your heads by the receivers." Clothing came from England as well. Often the garments were of an incongruous gentility, but the backs under them were as warm. One difficulty in this direction was that the starving people would pawn their clothes. But after a time the pawnbrokers refused to advance money. In this same letter Miss C—— speaks of their efforts to employ the hordes of idle women and children in wool spinning and making flannel. Some of the women were instructed in sewing, and altered or made garments. By this time the destitution had reached the class of tradespeople and farmers, and the terrible circle was continually widening.

I find slight mention in Miss C——'s correspondence of relief received from official sources. So overwhelming and paralyzing indeed was the distress at this time, that districts where the landlords were partly caring for their people were passed by in favor of utterly helpless regions where there was none to pity. But the efforts both of the Government and of individuals were herculean. The Society of Friends raised over a million of dollars, of which a great part came from the United States. The British Association spent £263,251. The Irish local relief committees raised £199,470, to which the British Government added a donation of £189,000. All over the world Englishmen sent money to Ireland. The Irish in America out of their poverty sent a million and a half dollars. Cargoes of corn and rice were sent from every part of the United States. I have before me a list of the freight paid by the British Government on gifts of food from America for the relief of the poor of Ireland and Scotland in the years 1846–47, and the total is more than forty thousand pounds.[1]

Yet in February Miss C—— wrote to her brother:

> No tongue can describe, no one can imagine, the horrors. Independent of hunger, fever, and death, in how many ways our comfort is utterly destroyed. Pigs, geese, fowls, horses dying everywhere; no poor man can keep his horse or cow; carriers knocked up; Indian meal and the coarsest flour 2s. 7d. a stone — how can the laborer on 10d. a day keep his family out of that? People are dying of hunger by hundreds, and the sufferings of women and young children are dreadful. Our porridge-pot and griddle are never off the fire to feed the skeletons at our door, who we fear will die after eating the bit. I have been obliged to send the newspapers with the worst accounts to England and Jamaica to try what they will do — this will cause irregularity in your getting. Kate and I are almost worn out. Since last September we have been every day selling meal in the kitchen below the market price. She works at trading, and I write for supplies of money: we have got about £100 from England by my letters alone; but that is but a drop in the ocean of misery, but I praise God for honoring me by making me in *any* way an instrument.

The work has made her ill, but she is up again, "for the loud cry of misery in the whole south of Ireland will not let us rest. And the north and part of Scotland is little better."

With the spring the tide of misery overflowed. The starving people attacked the marines landing meal on the coast. Vessels laden with provisions were detained in the harbors because no pilot dared take them out to sea. Skibbereen is a few hours' drive from D——. The agent of the Society of Friends wrote:

> This place is one mass of famine, disease, and death; the poor creatures, hitherto trying to exist on one meal a day, are now sinking under fever and bowel complaints — unable to come for their soup, and this not fit for them.

The skeletons crawled along the street and sometimes dropped dead on their way to the soup kitchen.

Another correspondent, writing from Castletown Bearhaven, a neighboring town, begged for help, saying that of twenty thousand souls in that parish the "greater part" were "suffering all the horrors of famine and of fever and dysentery." So reduced were the people that unguarded help was fatal to them. One man said to the relief agent, "If they get any strong dose at all, they die off at once." He explained that by a "strong dose" he meant "a full meal."

In County Mayo there was a more squalid and desperate misery than in County Cork. In one day in a single small town eight inquests were held on the bodies of poor people who had perished "for want of the necessaries of life."

A dreadful kind of apathy or a more dreadful frenzy possessed the starving people. There were crimes beyond any one's remembrance for number. A farmer living near D—— sold a cow. He was killed for the money as he was returning home. The assassins were arrested, and one of them immediately cut his throat with a piece of window-glass. Hope had abandoned all classes. An agent of the British Association describes his visit to one of the miserable hovels not half a day's driving from D——. Says he:

> I found three grown-up emaciated women, with three or four children. On inquiring as to whom they had to work for them they pointed to a corner, where an old man lay, their father, the only male left in the family. None of them had a fraction of money, and the only food in the house was a pannikin half full of a certain kind of thick gruel, of which they all had had a couple of mouthfuls each in the morning. Through an interpreter (the man only

[1] "Transactions during the Famine in Ireland," Appendix VIII.

spoke Irish) the old man said he had lain down to die — as also said all his daughters: there was no help for it.

In one village, "which in better times must have been prosperous, for they had grass for forty cows one side the village and for thirty-five on the other," they had "a *little* seed," that is, potatoes. They would not sow it, because "when the harvest came it would not be their property, and were they alive they would be murdered by those who had none for their crop; they would lie down and die after eating the little they had kept for putting in the land." [1]

All over the country men and women could be seen "redigging the potato grounds, in hopes of finding some few remaining." They were bending over the fields which the sheep had deserted, trying to find turnip roots. Families were known to have lived for weeks "on the flesh of horses that had died."

A Skibbereen man with a family of five had nothing for them all to eat from Saturday to Thursday except eleven and one-half pounds of potatoes and a head of cabbage. He walked several miles to the works, and the superintendent gave him a piece of bread; he tried to swallow it and dropped dead.

Such are some of the "worst accounts" in the papers which would be delayed in coming to her brother, but which did come. Again she writes to him; each letter, now, carries a deeper gloom.

> The approaching summer presents a dreadful prospect. I think half the population will be swept away, and the other half eat each other. And if the landlords do not get their rents they can neither help the poor nor themselves. Yesterday the first person was buried in K—— churchyard without a coffin — poor Davy C——, long ago a laborer of ours. We have kept all our people from starving as yet.

So the winter wore away into spring. The land was tilled somehow, but with almost hopeless hearts. Still Miss Kate sold her meal to the hungry crowds below in the kitchen, and up-stairs her sister filled page after page to go to England, to India, to America. She had asked her brother to interest his American friends. So effectually was this done that a cargo of provisions was bought, and a generous merchant gave the use of one of his ships to take it to the Cove of Cork.[2]

It came at the darkest hour.

For six weeks the kitchen fire at the manor-house had not been allowed to die down. Night and day the haggard crowd besieged the doorway where the policemen stood.

The fever was making the streets of the town horrible. Mr. L——, the curate and the parish priest, used to wrap the dead in tarred sheets and so bury them — together.

In March the agent of the British Association, announcing his purpose to visit D——, had said, "Though I do not fear that they can be suffering the intense misery and raging fever, with perfect absence of food, that they are truly suffering on the sea-coast"; but March 14, after the visit has been paid, he writes:

> I regret to say that in every place I have lately visited, and which I named as about to do in a former letter, I have found the distress, disease, and deaths have very much increased; nothing can exceed the wretchedness that is and has been existing; it is the spreading so rapidly that now principally horrifies the visitor.

The people would not plant, they said the crops would be taken from them, better to die now; and they crouched in the doorways or the corners of their cabins and looked on with dry eyes while their children died; they were a little glad when the moaning ceased, but they did not notice anything any more.

As yet the D—— people had kept famine at a little distance, but the fever and kindred diseases increased steadily. Steadily, too, those precious sacks in the pantry grew lean.

It was at this juncture that news came of the American gift; I have Miss C——'s letter of acknowledgment before me. The first words are a copy of the resolution of thanks.

> The D—— Ladies' Committee for the Relief of the Poor beg leave to make their most grateful acknowledgments to the ladies and gentlemen of Binghamton for their generous exertions on behalf of the starving people of D—— and Skibbereen, in contributing the sum of four hundred dollars for the purchase of Indian meal to be divided between those two parishes. The meal is not yet arrived, but is daily expected. They are also informed that about six hundred dollars has been sent from Binghamton to other parts of Ireland. The committee particularly express their thanks to the family of E. W——, Esq., of Binghamton, who have been actively instrumental in directing the attention of their friends to these parishes, and to the ladies who have so kindly exerted themselves as collectors. Truly our American sisters have not been appealed to in vain. May the Lord reward them as he only can; and may the blessing of those who are ready to perish be on their heads.

This is dated April 28, and signed on behalf of the D—— Ladies' Committee by Martha C——, her sister, the rector's daughter, and three gentlewomen of the vicinity.

Miss C—— continues on the same sheet to her sister-in-law:

> I have sent this according to your directions, and I have also sent the same to B—— W——, who is the kind and dear friend in Philadelphia who has done

[1] Report of Relief Association, Appendix A, p. 62.
[2] Now Queenstown.

so much for us in collecting and publishing, and I have requested him to have it published and send it to the W——s, and you can also, if you think fit, send it to Charles C——, to be published in New York. I feel so grateful to the Binghamtonians and to you that I should like to publish it everywhere. We have put it in the Cork paper, which I will send you; but you know ladies don't like to have their names in print when they can help it, therefore our committee would not sign their names for the Cork paper, but directed me to acknowledge it, as I have done. We got the paper with the account of the relief party at the W——s', and I beg you will make my most grateful thanks to all the kind friends in and about Binghamton who have stretched out the hand of compassion to Ireland in this her day of utter and hopeless misery. To you my dear, dear —— and ——, we feel most grateful. I did not at all doubt your wish to exert yourselves for Ireland, but I feared in your remote place [Binghamton is a wealthy town in the State of New York!] little could be done. How mistaken I was! I should have written this before, but was in hopes I should be able to announce the arrival of the meal — but got tired of waiting, thinking it appeared so negligent. Now when we get the meal we shall let you know by newspaper, for it is better for both you and us to save postage as much as we can; it will fill *some mouths*. We are in as miserable state as ever nation was, and the coming summer presents as dismal a prospect as that which has passed. Famine and pestilence are rioting over the land. All the best of our people are flying to America, leaving behind them an inconceivable legion of idleness, filthiness, and beggary to drag the whole nation into the gulf of pauperism. [She complains that the people hang about the roads and will not plant; and the overcharged heart brims over in wild invectives against the Government.] I have long suspected that British speculators, with Lord John Russell at their head, wish to get possession of all our lands by breaking or starving us out of them — and see when poor Paddy, who is always complaining of his own landlord, has an English one whether he will be the better for the exchange. But it is useless to complain; our tyrants have no pity, and absenteeism and popery have ruined the land. If they would only tax those wretched absentees who have drained our vitals it would be some comfort.

They are still laboring with their meal sale and their gifts of food: "Now our labors and expense are tremendously increased by having to cook rice, arrowroot, sago, stewed biscuit for the sick." Rice was valuable food, especially for those suffering from dysentery. By this time there was very little buying of food. Another soup kitchen was established in the town, but there seemed no diminution in the numbers at the manor-house door, nor to the demands on the sisters. "In fact," Miss C—— writes in this same letter, "our labors, combined with the shocking circumstances and the hurry and confusion in which we are kept, are very harassing. And not being able to *hope* for the end thereof, . . . I am glad most that those I love are in your happy land. God bless the Americans; they could send a war vessel with meal for our wants, though our own *paternal* government could not!" [1]

She continues her recital of the horrors attendant on the famine:

> The dogs are constantly digging the scarce covered bodies out of the graves. Even at K—— [part of the estate] the women carry their dead on their heads and scratch a little hole to lay them in. Whole families are laid down in fever, and as their neighbors are afraid to go near them, they die one after the other, and remain unburied sometimes until it is too shocking to describe. At D—— I do not know of anyone who has died of actual want of *any* food; but *slow* starvation, never having enough, and so often what they have bad, is killing as surely: when the creatures get the fever or *any* ailment they sink at once. Do not be unhappy about us; we are breasting the storm bravely, and the Lord supports us under all. Let us say, His will be done. If we are driven from this land we have the right of citizenship to an American home. One of our priests is just dead of fever, and poor Mr. B—— got his from a man who rushed out at him holding up two dead children. He only lived five days.

In the same letter Miss C—— acknowledges the receipt of five hundred dollars from Petersburg, Va., and "a most excellent letter from Peggy C——'s husband." "We are amazed," she says, "at the success of our appeal, and say again, God bless America!" She did not then realize how much greater was to be the American gift than she imagined. I find in the list of ships' cargoes one consigned to "the Misses C——," and entered at Cove of Cork. The fever-stricken skeletons stood in the streets as the carts loaded with meal and rice and flour rolled by, and called on God to bless the Americans.

Autumn saw the potato patches green again, and though the blight appeared, the crop was not destroyed, while oats, wheat, and barley were gathered in quantities which had not been known for years. In August, Miss C—— could write to an American friend: "I am thankful to say the pestilence seems abating. American supplies have relieved our famine and lowered the price of food." In another part of the same letter she says:

> The public papers have probably told you all. I need only say that there was not the slightest exaggeration in the appeal — no language could enlarge the horrors of our situation. I have passed through deep waters of domestic affliction; have seen the

[1] Miss C—— refers probably to the *Jamestown*, which was manned by volunteers and sent to the coast of Ireland, while the *Macedonian*, provisioned and manned in the same way, was sent to Scotland. But I do not understand the allusion, since the *Dragon*, the *Vulcan*, the *Terrible*, and half a dozen revenue cutters had been or were landing provisions on the southwest coast.

ravages of cholera which swept over D—— with peculiar and fatal malignity; have encountered the perils of flood, fire, and storm; but never did my eye see, my ear hear, such sights and sounds of misery as in the last year, and fatigue of body and distress of mind have almost worn us away. We seldom had time to think of our danger from the pestilence which crowded around our doors and windows: the Lord has graciously kept it from our dwelling, but many of the helpers have fallen, . . . all by the pauper fever, and within a very short time. Its ravages among the respectable in other places are equally great; for it is remarked that the poor don't often die *in* the fever, but of weakness and want of nourishment *after* it. The disorder caught from them is most malignant.

The famine indeed was stayed, but its effects remained, and are to be discerned to this day. The small tradesmen were bankrupt almost in a body; the middlemen were rooted out of the country; all professional people had suffered; while the gentry were three-fourths of them ruined, in fact if not in name. There is a letter from Miss C—— to her brother, written in 1848, which describes their own straitened condition and incidentally reveals the distracted state of the country.

That fatal year [she says, meaning the famine time] seems to have rung the death knell to the hopes of this doomed country. I have not written for a long, long time. But my silence has not been because my heart is grown colder to you or feels less pain on your account—far from it. I have not yet attained that privilege of old age—in my case it would be a privilege—of being weakened and indifferent in natural affection; but when I cannot write cheerfully I have no heart to write at all. . . . I wrote you last to Philadelphia and sent you an order for [word illegible] pounds, all I could save out of my pocket-money. (I have never had any to save since.) . . . Think of Lord ——'s estate being brought to the hammer of the "Encumbered Estates" courts! . . . As we grow older troubles seem to thicken about us and all our friends. I think God in mercy ordered your and the children's return to America, grief as it was to me at the time. Hundreds of gentlemen's sons and daughters, whose rank and prospects were as high or higher than theirs, are now scattered, the sons listed for soldiers or common sailors or clerks in the poorhouses, the daughters gone as governesses, waiting-maids even. . . .

Lord B—— is almost ruined by . . . the change in the times. . . . I don't know what you have heard of deaths and other changes in D——. All the old stagers are either dead or emigrated to America save John P——, who is still our faithful manager. Peggy B—— is dead, and her husband died last year in the poorhouse. Joan R—— dead, her sons all gone to America. D—— of B—— a ruined man and said to be deranged, Dan H—— sold out of all his property and become an idiot. Larry —— a ruined man, still at —— tormenting us about his rent, which we are always obliged to process him for. . . . I saw Nora L—— lately. She is settled near Ballydeman, her man farming—is very, very poor. She came to see us, driving a little donkey butt; the same lively, cheerful creature, but looking sadly wasted and worn. Poor Dr. —— is forced to resume his profession again; has twelve children and nothing else left.

And so the careless, sad gossip slips down the page, and the curtain drops on the kind, gloomy lady among her ruined neighbors. But I would lift up a corner for one pleasanter scene, since it shows the Irish heart. After better days came, the C—— tenants, headed by the parish priest (it pleases me to fancy that it was the same good fellow who worked during the famine), clubbed their shillings and purchased a splendid silver service for "the ladies of the manor-house," in recognition of their efforts during the famine time. The presentation was made by the parish priest, and the moment was one of the few bright memories in many somber days.

Long ago that tender and sorely tried heart ceased to ache. She died amid the blessings of the poor. Her life had many sharp sorrows, yet we may count her happy insomuch as she, an unworldly, elderly gentlewoman in feeble health, with no weapon but her pen, saved hundreds of humble homes, and won, as no soldier or statesman in her long line of ancestors had ever won, the wild gratitude and love of the most unhappy, intractable, and faithful of races.

Therefore it is that I, child of another age and different hopes than hers, reared to a pernicious tolerance — so it would seem to her — of the principles that she abhorred, lay this little sprig of remembrance on her grave.

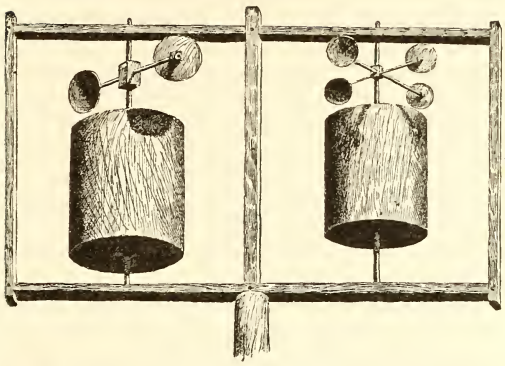
Octave Thanet.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

I DREAMED two spirits came — one dusk as night:
"Mortals miscall me Life," he sadly saith;
The other, with a smile like morning light,
Flashed his strong wings, and spake, "Men name me Death."

James B. Kenyon.

AMONG THE MONGOLS OF THE AZURE LAKE.



A WIND PRAYER WHEEL.

THERE is a legend among Mongols and Tibetans that when the saintly king of Tibet Srong-tsan-gambo, who reigned in the seventh century, attempted to build the great temple called Jo K'ang, which now stands in the center of Lh'asa, the ground sank under the weight of the walls. Again and again the work was begun, but always with the same result. So he sent out messengers who visited all the holy and wise men of eastern Asia to learn from them the cause of his failure. One of the messengers, worn out by years of travel and unavailing search, was on his way back to Lh'asa, following the road which caravans still take when journeying from Hsi-ning to that city, when the buckle of his saddle-girth broke. Seeing a tent near-by, he rode thither and asked an old blind man whom he found there to give him another so that he might continue his journey. While he was drinking a cup of tea the old man asked him whence he came, and he told him that he had been on a long pilgrimage to the great shrines of the Buddhist faith in the eastern country. "Many and beautiful are the shrines in the east," quoth the old man; "nowhere are there any to be compared with them. They have been trying to erect one at Lh'asa, but all their efforts will be of no avail, for under the ground at the spot they have chosen is a subterranean lake over which they cannot build. But should the secret, of which I am the sole depositary, ever reach the ears of a Lh'asa man, the waters will recede from their present bed and, bursting through the earth, bury this broad steppe beneath them." Then up jumped the king's messenger, and crying to the old man to flee, for he was a Lh'asa man, he dashed off at full speed.

The old man had but time to warn his people to flight and then sat praying, awaiting his doom. That same night the waters broke through the earth and rapidly spread over the country, forming what is at present the Koko-nor, "the Azure lake." To put an end to the deluge, which soon would have buried the whole broad steppe in its dark blue waves, one of the gods took the semblance of a crow, and bearing a great rock in its claws it flew over the waters and dropped it into the chasm whence rushed the flood. This rock is now known as the Lung-ch'ü tao ("the dragon colt's island") by the Chinese, and hereby hangs another tale. In olden times, when came the winter and the lake was covered with ice, the people who lived on its shores used to take their mares and drive them to the island. In the spring, just before the ice broke up,— for then, as now, there were no boats on the lake,— they went back to the island, and lo! with each mare there was a colt, and these were known as "dragon colts," and could travel three hundred miles a day. There are no more dragons or dragon colts on the island nowadays, but only a few ascetics, to whom the people carry food in the winter when they can cross over to them on the ice.

The Koko-nor is about two hundred and forty miles in circumference and is without any visible outlet.[1] Its waters are brackish and, according to Prjevalsky, of no great depth. My road lay along its northeast side over a well-watered steppe, and then through the Buha gol valley at its western extremity. We crossed a number of good-sized streams flowing into the lake, the beds of several over a quarter of a mile in width, and, though they were partly dry at that time, they showed that in the rainy season an immense quantity of water must be brought down to the lake. We saw but very few tents of either Mongols or Tibetans, certainly not fifty altogether. But no conclusion must be drawn from this as to the density of the population. The pasturage in the vicinity of the lake is necessarily poor on account of the caravans, which continually pass through, grazing on it, so that the people have to seek other spots which have the further advantage of being better protected from the wind than is the plain along the shores of the lake.

1 Its altitude above the sea level has been calculated by different travelers at from 10,000 to 10,934 feet. My observations give it as 10,900 feet.

Although the Buha gol was not the largest stream we had to cross in this part of the journey, it was one in which I took a special interest. Huc's passage of this river when journeying to Lh'asa has been considered by more recent travelers as one of the most powerful pieces of romance in a book which is supposed — most unjustly, I think — to be full of inventions. He describes in his usual graphic style the crossing of the river by the great caravan in the darkness of a November night, how the heavily laden yak broke through the ice, and the general confusion and excitement that ensued. Where I crossed the river it was not over fifty feet wide and about three deep, but its bed was over a quarter of a mile in width. The stream was fortunately free from ice; but it frequently happens in this region, where the nights are very cold and the days hot, that ice forms over the river to a thickness of several feet, but it is so rotten that it will hardly bear the weight of a man, to say nothing of a yak or a camel. Thus was the Baléma gol when we crossed it, and so we found other streams in this region. It may well have been that Huc had the same experience; there is nothing incredible in his story. In fact I have had several persons who frequently traveled this road, traders from Hsi-ning and Tankar, tell me that they had been delayed two or three days on the bank of the Buha gol from the difficulty of getting their caravans across.

Along the south bank of the river runs a chain of mountains of porphyritic rock, forming the watershed of the Koko-nor. It is a continuation of the range which skirts the great lake along its southern edge, but is less elevated, being little over a thousand feet in altitude. It was called, where I crossed it, Dagar-té-ch'en, but there is no name applicable to the whole range.

The day I passed the Buha gol I had hoped to be able to reach Dulan-kuo, the residence of the Mongol prince of the Koko-nor, on the south side of the Dagar-té-ch'en; but I had counted without my camels. Hardly had we begun the ascent of the mountain when two of them gave out, and, refusing to go a step farther, lay down. If any other animal gives out it is still possible to make it travel a few miles by a judicious use of patience and a club; but not so with a camel. When he lies down he will get up only when he feels like doing so; you may drag at the string which is fastened to the stick through his nostrils till you tear it out, he will only groan and spit. It was my first experience with camels, and I vowed that it should be my last; for, taking them altogether, they are the most tiresome and troublesome animals I have ever seen, and are suited only to Asiatics, the most patient and long-suffering of human beings. Besides their infirmities of temper, resulting, I believe, from hereditary dyspepsia, as evidenced by such coated tongues, offensive breaths, and gurgling stomachs as I have seen with no other ruminants, they are delicate in the extreme. They can work only in the winter months, for as soon as their wool begins to fall, Samson like their strength abandons them. They can travel only over a country where there are no stones, for the pads of their feet wear out and then they have to be patched, a most troublesome operation. The camel is thrown and a piece of leather stitched on over the foot, the stitches being taken through the soft part of it: in this condition it may travel till the skin has thickened again; or, what is more likely, until it refuses to take a step.

The next day we pushed on a few miles, the loads of the camels having been transferred to the backs of our saddle ponies, but we only reached Dulan-kuo on the third day after crossing the Buha gol. On the road we met a small party of Tibetans and Mongols going to Tankar. They had come from Lh'asa, which they had left in November. We stopped to have a chat with them and to hear the latest Lh'asa gossip. They said that war was still waging between the Tibetans and the English, and that all central Tibet was in arms. It appeared that the lamas had got a large body of troops from eastern Tibet and had sent them to the front, assuring them that they had nothing to fear from the English, for they would accompany them, and from a safe place recite prayers and incantations which would make them invulnerable. In the first fight a large number of these men were killed or wounded; and disgusted with the inefficacy of their employers' prayers the remainder had marched home again, leaving the Lh'asa people to fight their own quarrels. They congratulated us on having traversed the Koko-nor steppes without having been waylaid and pillaged, and trusted that they might have as good luck and reach Tankar in safety.

Dulan-kuo (meaning "Hot place") is a miserable village of adobe hovels and one wooden house built by Chinese carpenters and belonging to the Prince of the Koko-nor (Ch'ing-hai Wang). Here live some two hundred Mongols, thirty lamas, and a minor incarnate saint known as a *Gégén*. This village, like those which I saw later in the Ts'aidam, was built some forty or fifty years ago by the Mongols as a means of protecting themselves against their bullying and thieving neighbors the Tibetan Panak'a. The greater part of the inhabitants of these villages do not live in houses, but in the yards adjoining the hovels, and which are surrounded by adobe brick

walls about eight feet high. Here they pitch their felt tents, and thus have all the enjoyments of camp life with the additional security afforded by strong inclosures and the proximity of neighbors. Dulan-kuo is in a narrow valley, on each side of which the mountains rise precipitously some 1200 feet, those facing south covered in places with cedar and juniper trees. Through the valley flows the Dulan (or Hulan) gol, which a few miles below the village empties into a small lake bearing the same name as the river. These Mongols, and also those of the Ts'aidam, cultivate the soil, but just sufficiently to procure what barley is necessary to them for their daily food. They are very poor: the Prince of Koko-nor owns only one thousand sheep, forty camels, and about the same number of horses. A man who has eight or nine camels, from ten to fifteen horses, and a few hundred sheep is considered well to do; and as his wants are very few, and easily and inexpensively satisfied, I suppose he really is. The greatest luxury among Mongols is snuff, of which they use enormous quantities. They powder the dry tobacco leaves bought from the Chinese, and as without the addition of some other substance it would be too strong, they add a quantity of yak dung ashes, which makes a mild and probably aromatic mixture. Like the Tibetans, they are not very fond of smoking tobacco, but of snuff they never can get too much.

Medicines also are much sought after by them. While I was at Dulan-kuo nearly every one in the village came to see me, and most of the people asked for medicines whether they were suffering from any complaint or no. Plasters were in great demand, as all the villagers had rheumatism, and the tighter the plasters stuck the better they were held to be. I had with me a bottle of Eno's fruit salts and tried to give some to the people, but when they saw the salts boiling and fizzing they thought there must be some magic about the medicine and would have none of it. Most of their troubles, sores, and eye diseases come from dirty habits, but one can never persuade them of the necessity for keeping clean. A friend of mine was once traveling among the Mongols and an old crone came to him and begged some medicine to put on a sore. He told her that before applying the salve it would be necessary to wash herself. She gave it back to him, saying, "I am sixty-seven years old and have never washed in my life; do you suppose I am going to begin now?"

One man came to me and asked for elephant's milk, and lost all faith in my ability as a physician when I told him that this remedy had not been recognized by the profession in my country. He said that it was passing strange, for at Lh'asa, where he had twice been, it was a remedy in constant use, and that it was brought there from India.

Mongol physicians feel the patient's pulse on both wrists at the same time, and never ask any questions; or at least none concerning the origin and progress of the complaint, for if they did it would be held that they had shown ignorance in their profession. All the remedies I saw used in the Ts'aidam had been brought from Lh'asa, and were administered in the form of powders.

I remained at Dulan-kuo three days, during which time I was most hospitably entertained by the people, who invited me to their tents to dine, while the women sang choruses and some of the men played the guitar (*pi-wang*). They were all at my service while I staid there, ready to do any work for me or give me any information I might ask. Nearly all of them here and throughout the Ts'aidam could speak Tibetan, so I was able to get on without the assistance of an interpreter.

I have dwelt on the kind and cheerful disposition of these Mongols, because former travelers do not appear to have found them as genial as I did. Prjevalsky says of them that "Their eyes were dull and heavy, and their disposition morose and melancholy"; and that "The Prince of Koko-nor, a man of some intelligence, spoke of his subjects to us as only externally resembling human beings," being in all other respects absolutely beasts. "Knock out a few of their upper front teeth, set them on four legs, and you have regular cows," added he. I do not attach too much importance to the opinion of this "man of some intelligence," for a little farther on Prjevalsky states that he was twelve years old; but that of the colonel himself deserves more attention, and I am glad to say that my experience of these people — which lasted, it is true, only two months — does not bear out his very unfavorable opinion of them.

I was rather worried on the morning after my arrival at Dulan-kuo on hearing that one of the agents (*T'ung-shih*) from the Hsi-ning Amban's yamen had just arrived and was on his way to Tibet. I feared he had been sent, if not after me, at least to watch my movements, and have the roads to Tibet closed to me; so I sent one of my servants to speak to him and make him a few presents in my name, asking him to call as soon as he was rested. My man soon came back and told me that the T'ung-shih was on his way to eastern Tibet, there to collect the poll tax which the natives have to pay yearly to the Chinese in lieu of a former horse tax or tribute. Soon the T'ung-shih came to my camp. He was a handsome young man about six feet in height, with an extremely pleasing and open face. I told him

CAMPING ON THE KOKO-NOR.

that I was going first to southern Ts'aidam, then northward to Sa-Chou, and from that point to Hotien, and probably to India. Incidentally I regretted that the wars and rumors of wars in Tibet made it impossible for me to take the direct road to India (through Tibet), but that, as I had some years before been to Lh'asa, I was not sorry to have to take another route, although a much longer one. He said that he had never been to Lh'asa, though he had traveled all through eastern Tibet several times. He had many colleagues in the yamen, who had, however, gone there by the northern route (*i. e.*, the one from the Ts'aidam); and though they had only from fifteen to twenty in their parties, they had been able successfully to repel the attacks made on them by brigands and to reach their destination in safety. He believed I could do likewise if I had as large a party. As we should have to travel the same road between Dulan-kuo and the southern Ts'aidam, we decided to do so together. We soon became fast friends, and he eventually rendered me, on two occasions, important services, although I never saw him again after reaching southern Ts'aidam.

A little west of Dulan-kuo we came to the mouth of the valley and crossed a plain, some ten miles broad, in which are two small, brackish lakes, the Dulan-nor and Dabesu-nor. We camped near the mouth of a gorge which runs through the range of hills along its southern edge and marks the northern frontier of the Ts'aidam. I had hired two Mongols with three camels to go with me to southern Ts'aidam, not only to serve as guides, but for the information I could gather from their conversations around the camp-fire: one of them was a Mongolized Chinese, the other the steward of the Prince of Koko-nor. I was much interested, while camping near the Dulan-nor, watching one of these men butcher a sheep. With his short sheath-knife he first skinned it, and then, spreading the skin on the ground, cut open the carcass and disjointed it. In a few minutes the head with the backbone attached was all that was left on the ground, and half a dozen pieces of meat were already in the kettle. Among this people the sheep's tail and the brisket are considered the best pieces; but nothing is rejected, not even the intestines. They are always careful to remove every particle of flesh from the bones, and if it is a marrow-bone they crack it and eat the contents. A Mongol or a Tibetan nomad would never dream of leaving the smallest particle of food put before him, and in the case of cleaning bones of the flesh it is even looked upon by the latter people as a test of a man's ability. They say that by the care a man gives to this work one can judge what he would give to other and weightier matters in life. The shoulder-blades of sheep are much valued by these peoples for divination, and when I was wandering through the deserts of northern Tibet my Mongol guides used to divine

TIBETAN IDOL.

by them every day to see what fortune was in store for us. When the bone is dry they hold it in both hands to their foreheads while they mutter a short prayer, then put it into the fire, where it remains until thoroughly charred. Examining the cracks and crevices made on it by the fire, from their direction and location they learn what will befall both themselves and their animals. They also ascertain by this means what the weather will be, and experts can even cast a horoscope. So great is the Mongol's belief in this mode of divination, which our learned men have seen fit to call by no less formidable names than "scapulimancy" or "omoplatoscopy," that they will not undertake any work or journey if the shoulder-blade is against it. They have a number of other divinatory methods, of some of which I shall have occasion to speak later; but none of them is more popular than this one.

Having crossed the Timurté range we entered the waste of the Ts'aidam, in its northern part a sandy desert on which only a little brush grows, and farther south nearly everywhere a shaking bog covered with a crust of saline efflorescence and traversed by a few streams which are finally lost in the swamp in the center of this broad plain, some four hundred miles from east to west. The Mongols live chiefly near the mountains that border it to the north and south, where the heat is less great, and where there are no mosquitos. The average altitude of the Ts'aidam is a little over 10,000 feet above the sea level, consequently much lower than the Koko-nor and the country to the south of it, the desert tableland of north Tibet, which has an altitude of over 14,000 feet.

We were six days crossing this desert, in which we saw only a few herds of antelope and wild asses. The Mongols now and then manage to shoot some of the latter, the hides of which they sell to the Chinese, who use them to make saddle-flaps.

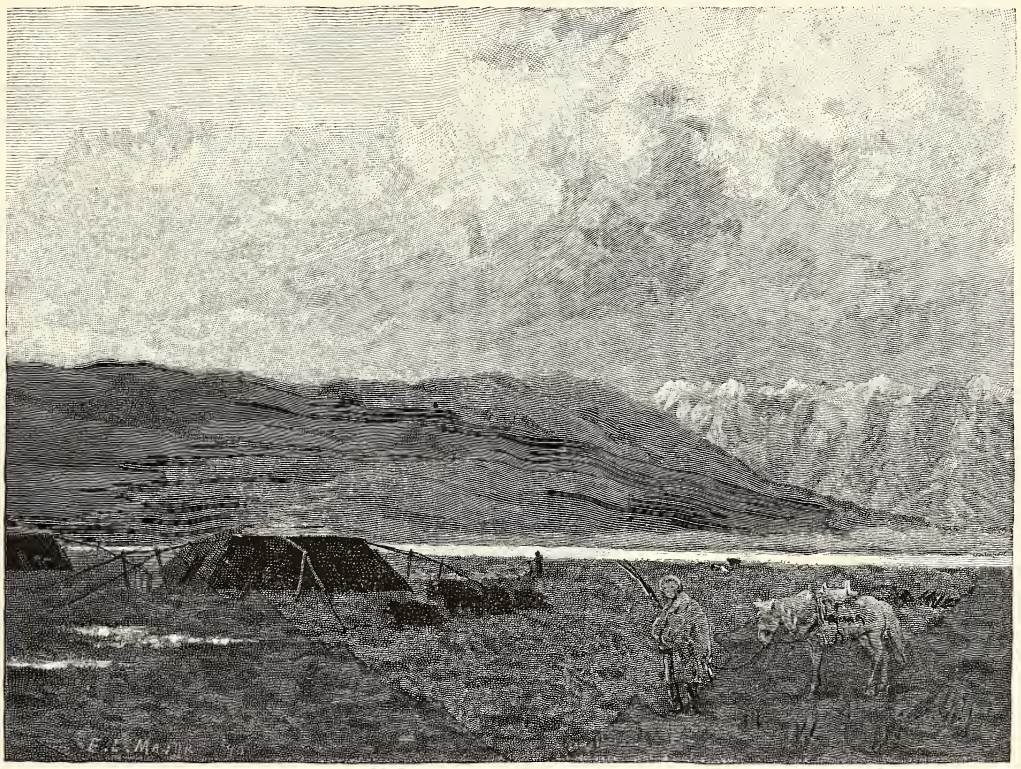
The village of Baron Ts'aidam, near which the road to Tibet begins to ascend to the great tableland, was finally reached, but I found it a miserable, tumble-down place of only twenty or thirty hovels, where nothing could be bought for either men or animals. I staid there only a day, and saying good-by to my friend, the T'ung-shih, pushed on to Shang, a large village some thirty miles to the east, which had been represented to me as a land flowing with milk and butter, where horses, camels, and yaks were plentiful and cheap.

The district of Shang, which comprises the southeast corner of the Ts'aidam, is a fief of the Talé lama, to whom it was ceded by the Mongol chiefs of this country, probably towards the end of the seventeenth century, when they transferred their allegiance from Tibet to China. Although the population is entirely Mongol, the ruler is a Tibetan lama, whom I should like to dignify with the title of Lord Abbot of Shang, but I cannot bring myself to dub with a name so fine sounding the dirty old monk filling this office whom I found living in a corner of his kitchen and eating with his fingers. The people call him *K'anpo*, or Abbot, and his rule is not, they told me, an oppressive one, save that he insists rather too much on their observance of conjugal fidelity, a virtue held in as light esteem among Mongols as is cleanliness. The village has some seventy-five or eighty hovels in it, and the people live as they do at Dulan-

IDOL WITH DRESS OF YELLOW SATIN.

kuo, some in tents in their yards, some in the houses. The country around Shang, which is several hundred feet higher than Baron and no longer an open alkaline plain, but shut in on each side by high mountains, is well cultivated, and flocks of sheep, goats, and bunches of camels and ponies graze on the hillsides.

On the tops of all the houses were little prayer wheels turned by the force of the wind, a simple arrangement like an anemometer placed on them catching the air and so keeping them



A TIBETAN CAMP.

in motion. In the hands of most of the old men and women were bronze or brass prayer wheels, which they kept continually turning, while, not satisfied with this mechanical way of acquiring merit, they mumbled the popular formula "*Om mani pémé hum*," the well-known invocation to Avalokiteshwara, the would-be savior of the world.

The abbot was very gracious at first, and I thought for a while that he would help me in organizing a party to travel southward or towards Lh'asa, and possibly give me a pass. He sent me a large Mongol tent to live in, as there were no good or large rooms to be found in the village; and his cook, who was also his prime minister, brought me from him a huge lump of deliciously rancid butter and a few other delicacies, among which were several pieces of brown sugar from India. Two or three days later, my camels and luggage having arrived from Baron, I made him some presents, and he invited me to dine with him. I found him seated on a pile of rugs in a corner of his kitchen and surrounded by his habitual cronies, his steward, his cook,—an old Mongol who had traveled in China and who now acted as his minister of foreign affairs,—and a number of village loafers, who could always get tea and tsamba in his house. I, and two of my men who accompanied me, sat down on his right with a long narrow stool or table before us, and taking our cups out of our gowns handed them to the cook, who filled them with buttered tea. After we had talked for a while, large wooden platters with chunks of boiled mutton piled upon them were put before us, and we set about devouring this Homeric meal, eating only the best part on each piece and then passing it to one of the bystanders, who finished it. After this dishes of rice, with *choma*, butter, and brown sugar, were given us, and the feast ended with vermicelli and hashed mutton, a concession to our Chinese tastes. When we had eaten as much as we could a great jug of Tibetan wine, called *néch'ang*, was brought in. In taste it is

something like small beer, or Chinese *samshu* mixed with water, and is a cheering but not inebriating drink. Tibetans have, however, a stronger liquor called *arak*,[1] on which they get royally drunk, and the abbot told me that he loved it, though any kind of liquor was good. He certainly showed his fondness for it that afternoon. Seeing him in such a happy frame of mind, I broached the subject of my journey to Tibet and asked him if he would allow some of his people to accompany me, and hire or sell me pack-animals. Then he told me the same yarns I had heard already so often about the dangers of the roads leading thither, of the brigands who infested them, of the pestilential emanations which killed both men and beasts, and gave many other reasons for my not attempting the journey. I told him that I was on my way home to India, and that I could not turn back, but must go on. Then he advised me to go to Sa-Chou, and thence by Khoten to Ladak; but I explained to him that I had not money enough to afford such a long and roundabout journey, and that, speaking Tibetan, I preferred to travel in Tibetan country. He then said that he could not help me; that none of his people had ever been over the deserts of northern Tibet, and that he would not let them risk their lives in the attempt. He added that the Mongols of Baron often went that way with caravans, and that if I asked their chief to help me I might perhaps find him willing and able to do so.

In the evening his cook and foreign secretary came to my tent and repeated to my men all the abbot's stories with embellishments of

JAMBYANG.

their own, hoping thereby to deter them from accompanying me farther. There were then

JAMBYANG.

in the village some Chinese traders from a place between Hsi-ning and Tankar, and they had been most kind and friendly to me. They came to my assistance when they saw my men despondent and afraid to stay with me,—for they had more than half believed all the stories told them,—and gave them another version of travel in Tibet; and so successfully did the traders persuade them that there was in reality very little to fear, that they one and all told me of their firm determination to accompany me anywhere. I decided at once to give them a taste of desert life, and to prove to them that the much dreaded "pestilential emanations" were only the rarefied atmosphere at high altitudes, and that the sickness was due to diminished pressure on the vascular system. I did not make them the above learned explanation, as my Chinese would not have carried me through the "vascular system" part of it, but managed to make them understand it in simple language. My plan was to follow to its source beyond the great range of mountains to the south of us the course of the river which passes at Shang, the principal one of the Ts'aidam, and then come back to the camp of the chief of Baron, a trip which probably would occupy me a week, and during which I should have to cross passes at least 16,000 feet above the sea level.

Many of the people of Shang spoke to me of Prjevalsky and his Cossacks, whom they had twice seen in the Ts'aidam. The foreign costume of the Russians had struck them very much, especially the flat forage caps of the soldiers; but of all their customs that of making the sign of the cross had appeared to them

[1] Mongols give this name to a drink distilled from fermented mare's milk which we call kumiss. I asked if it had any curative properties, but was assured that it had none, and further inquiry elicited the fact that consumption was a disease not unknown to the Mongols. They were amazed at the idea of our drinking kumiss to cure this malady.

the most extraordinary and inexplicable. They told me that Prjevalsky had visited Shang, but I can find no corroboration of this statement in his works, nor have I been able to learn of any foreigner having been to this place before me. They said that on his last journey to the Ts'aidam he was accompanied by at least forty men, and that he had gone south into eastern Tibet in the hope of reaching Lit'ang. He had never been heard of since, and had most likely been killed by the wild Golok or suffocated by pestilential emanations.

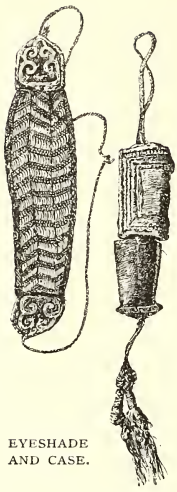
While among the Mongols I was much struck with the perfect equality of all classes. The poorest man in a tribe will enter his chief's tent, sit down, drink tea, and chat with him, and receive the same welcome as would the chief's relatives or most intimate friends, except that he will not occupy a seat beside his host, but will squat down near the door, while the host sits nearly opposite the door and a little to the right. In like manner the chief of a tribe will visit any of his people, sitting in their tents like their equal, possibly trying to beat them in a horse trade, or arranging with them some business venture on part profits.

Although the Mongols are kind-hearted and sociable, they are without any of the polite manners which characterize the Chinese and even the Tibetans. Among them there is even no expression which corresponds to our "Thank you"; so on receiving a present they cannot thank the giver, although they will sometimes with both hands raise the gift to their forehead. Their form of salutation consists in holding out both hands, palms uppermost, bowing slightly, and saying, "*Amour samběné.*"

While at Shang I exchanged my camels for ponies, which are much more serviceable pack-animals, and require less attention and care. The Ts'aidam ponies are of a very poor breed, mostly sway-backed and with such long hoofs that they are bad mountain animals; but anything was better than camels, and had I not been able to find horses I should have done as many of the Mongols and Tibetans do—ridden yaks. As it was, when ready to leave Shang I found myself the owner of fourteen ponies, eleven of which were as miserable-looking jades as ever lived.

Having secured the services of a guide to go to the source of the Bayan gol, I sent two of my men with the packhorses by the direct route to the camp of the chief of Baron, and with the other two I started out with the

BY THE VILLAGE OF BARON TS'AIDAM.



EYESHADE AND CASE.

lightest possible outfit on the 24th of April, to give them a taste of life in the desert and incidentally to try to shoot some of the bears, wild yaks, or asses with which the country to the south of the mountains was said to be alive.

After following the course of the river through a picturesque cañon for some thirty miles, we left it when half through the range, and, going up a side gorge, crossed the mountains by a steep and difficult pass, the top of which was covered with several feet of snow. In this we floundered about holding on to the tails of our horses till it was nearly dark, and only managed to get to the lower edge of the snow line late in the night, when we threw ourselves down among some rocks, and supperless awaited the dawn. This pass is called the Amnyé-k'or, and is about 16,200 feet high. On the north side of it we saw several large herds of wild yaks, also bears and wolves; but as the march was a long one and I was kept busy surveying its endless zigzags, I had not time to go after them.

The next day we once more struck the river in a fine open valley some twenty miles west of the Tosun-nor ("Butter lake"), its principal source. Here again the country was alive with game of every description, and the ground was so thickly covered with yak and wild ass droppings that it looked like a vast barnyard. While the men were getting our tea ready I saw a herd of about fifty yaks coming down to the river, half a mile away from us; so, picking up my Winchester, I crawled up to within about two hundred yards of them and let fly at the biggest one I could pick out. At the report of my rifle the herd made a rush in the direction from which the noise had come; but, as I was lying down behind some stones, they could see nothing and soon stopped. When I wished to reload my rifle I found the magazine empty, and I had no cartridges about me. Then, like the hero of "Happy Thoughts," I remembered all that had been said about the danger of this kind of sport — how the bull when wounded charges his assailant, that one's safety lies in keeping on firing at him, etc.; so I slunk away by a circuitous route as fast as I could without ever again looking at the yak. What was my amazement, an hour or two later, when riding by this spot with my men, to find the yak lying dead on the ice and the vultures already pecking it.

Shooting wild asses is a much more exciting sport, for these handsome beasts are extremely wild and their sight and hearing wonderfully acute; hence it is very difficult to stalk them. In size they resemble the domestic ass. Their color is invariably a bright fawn, running into white on the neck, belly, and legs. The head, which they carry very erect, is too heavy for the body, and the tail is short, with little hair. The flesh is coarse and tough, but not so bad as that of the yak, in comparison with which bull beef is a delicacy.

I spent four days in this valley, which is about seventy miles long, tracing the two branches of the river to their sources in the Tosun-nor and the Alang-nor; and then, turning northward again, I recrossed the range by another difficult pass called the Nomoran Pass, and found my men and luggage at the camp of the chief or Dsassak of Baron, on the north side of the pass, in the pretty little cañon of Narim.

I found the Dsassak a good-natured, fat fellow, about twenty-eight years old, whom I had met several times in Peking two years before, when he was there on his triennial visit or tribute mission to the emperor. He showed himself most kindly disposed and ready to assist me; although my lacking a pass from the Amban at Hsi-ning, a document that every traveler has to carry in these parts, made him at first fear that he might get himself into trouble with the Chinese authorities if he did anything for me. His steward, when he heard where I wanted to go, volunteered his services. He had been three times to Lh'asa and once through eastern Tibet, spoke Tibetan like a native, and was considered the most energetic man in his tribe. This was a good beginning, but when I tried to get seven or eight more men to go with me — without whom Dowé, the steward, declared that it was impossible to attempt to reach Lh'asa — I found neither the men, nor the money in my pocket to pay them if they had offered. The only man who tendered his services wanted forty ounces of silver, a very moderate

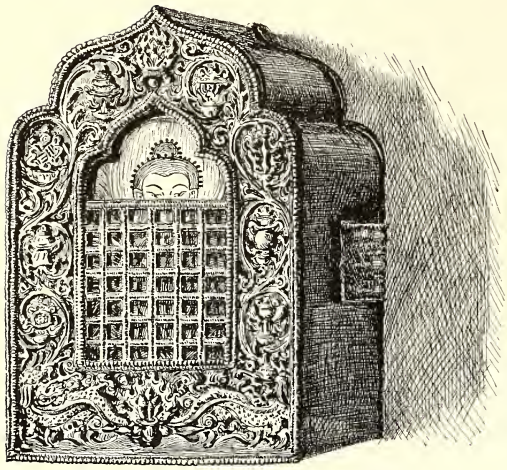
A TIBETAN CAP.

sum in reality, but at that rate I should have been left penniless before starting. It was not to be thought of. Another reason which made me relinquish with less chagrin the attempt to reach Lh'asa was the news of the arrival there, in January of that year, of a Russian expedition. The Dsassak assured me of the truth of this story, which he said he heard from a party of traders who had recently passed through on their way to Tankar. At Shang the same story had been told me, so it was not an invention of this chief, and later I heard it again from a Tibetan chief south of the sources of the Yellow River. How this report had been spread through the country I cannot conceive even now, unless it was that the Chinese authorities had informed the Tibetan government of the start of Prjevalsky's last expedition for Tibet, and of the permission they had given him to visit Lh'asa, if he could. The rumor had probably been noised about the country and had finally become the tale told to me. At all events I was inclined to believe it, although the recent fiasco of the great British expedition to Tibet under Colman Macaulay tended to prove that so large a party as that of Prjevalsky would meet with strenuous opposition at every step of its progress through the country.

Finding that I could not possibly undertake this journey, I resolved to try to go through eastern Tibet and reach either Assam or Ssu-

IN A MONGOL TENT.

ch'uan in China. All this country was unexplored, and I knew from Chinese works that it was full of interest both to the geographer and to the ethnologist. The Dsassak did his best to dissuade me from attempting it, for he declared this to be quite as dangerous a journey as that to Lh'asa. Especially did he dwell on the nearly insurmountable difficulty I would experience in crossing the Dré ch'u, as the Yang-tze-kiang is called in Tibet. He said that in 1884 Prjevalsky — he called him the Russian Amban — had attempted to do so, and had gone with about eighteen men and some fifty camels as far as the bank of the river. But the lamas who lived in a convent on the farther shore had, by their prayers and incan-



SILVER CHARM BOX FROM LH'ASA.

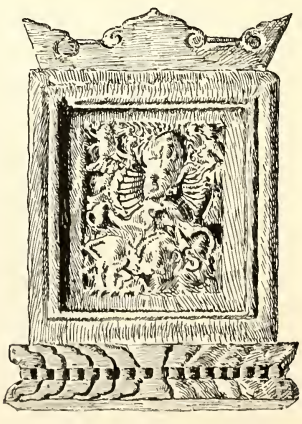
tations, raised the wind and the waves so that he could not effect a passage, and he had had to turn back. Then he was attacked by the wild Golok who roam over these desert steppes in search of caravans to pillage, and in a nearly destitute condition he returned to the Ts'aidam.

In a tent near that of the Dsassak dwelt a living Buddha, a man whom all the Mongols held to be a most wonderfully endowed saint. He was a native of eastern Tibet, and was known as the Lab jyal-sé-ré. He passed his time in prayer, thus warding off all calamities from the country, the people, and their flocks and herds. Especially was his wonderful foreknowledge of use to all those who were about to start on journeys or to undertake perilous expeditions, for he could foretell all that was to befall them. Taking a few presents, and accompanied by the two Mongols who had offered me their services, I went to the Gégén's tent, and having given him a long blue silk scarf called a *kata*,—the indispensable accompaniment of any present or request,—together with the other presents, which comprised a convex and concave looking-glass, a razor, and a piece of soap, I begged that he would deign to disclose to me the fate of my expedition; should I be able to cross the terrible Dré ch'u and eastern Tibet, or should I be obliged to retrace my steps and fail in my attempt? He took up from beside him a little gold box in which were dice, held it up to his forehead while he muttered a prayer, opened it, and looked at the dice. Then he took a book, and turning over the leaves till he reached one whose number corresponded with that turned up on the dice, he conned it for a while and then delivered himself of this remarkable prophecy: "You want to go through Ch'amdo? Well, between this place and the Dré ch'u you will perhaps have trouble and fall in with brigands, or perhaps you will not. As to the Dré ch'u, it is a terrible stream to cross, and you may cross it, or you may not. But as to traversing all eastern Tibet and reaching Jyagar [India] or Ssuch'uan, I cannot tell; it is beyond my ken. Be careful, be careful."

My Mongols listened with bated breath and awed and reverent silence while he thus foretold the fate of my undertaking; and when the lama had spoken they declared that nothing could be more satisfactory than this; they were ready to go anywhere with me; my luck would evidently be good.

Then the Gégén, who was a youth of not over nineteen, very handsome, and, wonderful to relate, quite clean (he was not a Mongol), turned his attention to the presents I had brought him. But all his science, accumulated through his many incarnations, was not enough to disclose to him the use of the piece of soap. He did not like to confess his ignorance, but finally he had to pocket his pride and ask me what that queer stuff was.

The next day we were occupied in buying food for our journey,—mutton, butter, and tsamba,—in arranging the pack-saddles and loads for the ponies, and in overhauling our slender kits. In the tents of the two Mongols who were to accompany me lamas were busy reciting prayers with beat of drum and ring of bell, in writing out charms for them to carry on their persons, and in examining charred shoulder-blades of sheep. Nearly every man in the valley came to my camp and gave me some advice about the journey; among others the Dsassak and his brother, who told me that it would be prudent for me to say wherever I went that I was a T'ung-shih from Hsi-ning or Peking, as they were the only men who could travel through these wild parts of Tibet without let or hindrance, and that, though I had no pass from the Amban, the simple fact of my being employed in his or in a similar office would greatly facilitate my progress. A little later on in the day the Buddha sent one of his lamas to tell me the same thing. I followed their advice with the most happy results. My men clung with such persistency to this fiction that I never had to tell the lie direct myself; they took that trouble



WOODEN CHARM BOX FROM EAST MONGOL.

off my shoulders. The fact was that they did not believe they were making any important misstatement, for though they knew that I had held an official position at Peking, they could not conceive that it was independent of the Chinese government; they simply thought that I and the other men employed with me in the legation were regular T'ung-shih, or agents in the pay of the Chinese to facilitate the transaction of business, the presentation of tribute from our people. This is the opinion of nearly all Chinese as regards foreigners; for them foreigners are but frontagers of the great empire, of the Chinese world, and tributaries of the emperor. I have often been questioned in China as to the form of government in my country, and when I replied that our sovereign was changed every four years, that his title was Pi-li-shih-tien-te (the best transcription our treaty makers have been able to coin for the word President), and that he had a council of about four hundred members, they expressed astonishment that there was still in the world a people sunk in such savagery.

But to return to the Mongols. We remained in the Narim Valley for five days, during which time snow fell heavily (we were then in the first days of May), so that they doubted whether we could cross the Nomoran Pass again for some days to come, and Dowé, my new guide, proposed that we should try the Hato Pass, a little to the east of it. This road was very rocky, but a little snow was usually found on it at this season of the year. The Dsassak did his best to make me stop a few days longer with him, sending me every day a big bottle of *arak*, and *tarak*, or sour milk, by the bucketful; but even these luxuries had not the power to delay me, and on the 5th of May I broke up my camp and moved about fifteen miles in the direction of the Hato Pass, which we did not cross until the third day after leaving Narim, as snow had again fallen on our way up to it. I found this pass a great deal easier and lower than the two others I had crossed in this range; its altitude is 15,290 feet, and there was hardly any snow on it. The descent on the south side was extremely steep though short, and we soon found ourselves near my old camp, some ten miles east of the Alang-nor. And now began the most fatiguing portion of my whole journey, across the desert tableland to and far beyond the sources of the Yellow River, amid snow and piercingly cold winds, with starving horses, the sickening effects of the rarefied air, and the constant fear of falling in with some party of Golok, the Bedouins of northern Tibet.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

THE MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND.[1]

INTRODUCTION BY THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO FRANCE.

TALLEYRAND has been dead fifty-two years. Within two months the first volumes of the memoirs he left are to be issued. He himself forbade their publication till thirty years after his death, and at that date his literary executors found a further postponement necessary. He was thought to be the depository of more secrets than any other man of his day, with greater power over the reputations of more men, living and dead. Naturally these memoirs were long awaited with a singular mixture of curiosity and alarm. Not the least element of the absorbing interest which still attaches to them arises from the desire to see how much of the piquancy and flavor of a famous man's recollections may evaporate in half a century.

The career these memoirs portray was and remains unparalleled in modern Europe for length and variety of distinguished service Beginning with Louis XVI., from whom he received his first appointment, and from whom he went later with a letter to the king of England, Talleyrand served in all eight known masters — besides a great number of others who were at one time or another said to have him secretly in their pay. He became President of the Constituent Assembly which organized the French Revolution. He was sent to London on a secret mission with a passport from Danton. He was Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory, under the Consulate, under the Empire, under Louis XVIII., and under Louis Philippe. In diplomatic skill and success contemporary public opinion held him the first man of his period — that is to say, for half a century the first man in Europe. As to real influence on affairs, it is doubtful if any minister since can be said to have exerted as much, with the exceptions only of Bismarck and Cavour. Even they did not cover so wide

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a range, or deal with such a bewildering variety of negotiations, extending over so great a time, and furthering the views of so many masters.

Sir Henry Bulwer has a phrase that, in a way, measures him: "He was the most important man in the Constituent Assembly after Mirabeau, and the most important man in the Empire after Napoleon." But to gage fairly his extraordinary public life it must be remembered that he held place and gained in power for forty years after Mirabeau's death; and that he had been one of the leading men of France before Napoleon was heard of, and remained a minister and an ambassador of France long after Napoleon had eaten out his heart at St. Helena.

Yet, in spite of his amazing career, his countrymen have not been generally disposed to speak well of him. Napoleon called him a silk stocking filled with filth, and on occasion addressed the same epithet directly to him. Chateaubriand said of him: "When Monsieur Talleyrand is not conspiring, he is making corrupt bargains." Carnot said: "He brings with him all the vices of the old régime, without having been able to acquire any of the virtues of the new one; he has no fixed principles; he changes them as he does his linen, and takes them according to the wind of the day — a philosopher, when philosophy is the mode; a republican now, because that is necessary in order to become anything. To-morrow he will declare for an absolute monarchy, if he can make anything out of it. I don't want him at any price." Mirabeau called him "this vile, base trickster"; and again wrote: "It is dirt and money that he wants. For money he has sold his honor and his friend. For money he would sell his soul — and he would be right, for he would be trading muck for gold." The very member of the Assembly who secured his recall from exile, Chénier, wrote of him:

> This letter of the Abbé Maurice proves to me that after having been anarchist and Orleanist, and not having been Robespierreist only because Robespierre would n't have him, he has now become a partizan of the Directory. This limp-foot, without respect for his bishopric, is like a sponge, which sucks up every liquid into which it is dropped, but, unlike the sponge, he never gives anything back. Here he is, recalled from exile yesterday, and proposing proscriptions for to-morrow. If the Directory wants blood, look out for your head; Maurice will not refuse it.

Modern French writers, while, of course, less passionate, have been apt to agree in admitting his extraordinary venality, his treachery to his chiefs, and his lack of veracity. Lamartine admired him, but Louis Blanc was as severe as the bitterest of his contemporaries. Guizot said he was a man of the court and of diplomacy — not of government; that he was indifferent to means and almost indifferent to the end, provided he found in it a personal success. And, to quote but one opinion not coming from his countrymen, Gouverneur Morris said of him: "This man appears to me polished, cold, tricky, ambitious, and bad."

Few men, indeed, spoke well of him. Towards the close of his life, when he was Ambassador in London, an attack was made upon him in the House of Lords by the Marquis of Londonderry. The Duke of Wellington offered a spirited defense. "He had held official relations with M. de Talleyrand in most critical periods. Never had he encountered a man more vigorous and skillful in protecting the interests of his own country, or one more upright and honorable in his attitude towards other countries." Talleyrand was found the next day reading the report of this debate with tears in his eyes; and he said to his visitor, "I am all the more grateful to the Duke, since he is the one statesman in the world who has ever spoken well of me."

The evil in a public man's life is apt to attract wider attention than the good, and certainly no exception to the rule has been made in Talleyrand's favor. Yet, taking his career from the records of his countrymen prior to this issue of his own memoirs, what an extraordinary picture is presented! Here are a few of the lines in it:

A profligate priest, who owed his start in life to an ill-flavored joke about the immorality of Paris, made in the drawing-room of Mme. du Barry, the king's favorite.

A bishop who was forced into the public journals to explain that the money he had recently made in gambling was not won in gambling-houses, but in clubs; and that it was not so much as reported — being only thirty thousand francs, instead of six or seven hundred thousand.

A confidential friend of Mirabeau, who was accused of poisoning him.

A minister, and for years the intimate, of Napoleon, and yet accused of a plot to assassinate him.

A great statesman whose enormous and continuous receipt of bribes from the beginning to the end of his long career is unquestioned.

A trusted Minister of Foreign Affairs who, while in office under the Directory, thwarted their measures and plotted for the *coup d'état* of Napoleon; who, while in office under Napoleon, intrigued with the emperors of Russia and Austria to defeat his plans, and plotted for the return of the Bourbons; who, while in office under Louis XVIII., plotted for his overthrow, and for the accession of Louis Philippe.

The Constituent Assembly forbade his return to France. Pitt expelled him from England. Washington refused to receive him in America. The Pope excommunicated him.

And yet he lived to be summoned back to France, and appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Revolutionary Government; lived to return to England as Ambassador from France, with the prestige of the most distinguished living diplomatist, to meet with a reception which could scarcely have been more respectful if he had been a crowned head; lived to give notice to the American Ministers Plenipotentiary in Paris that they must buy peace or leave the country; lived to have the Pope's excommunication withdrawn, and died in the odor of sanctity, with his king at his bedside, and the blessings of the Cardinal of Paris.

Many of the lineaments in this strange portrait, drawn by the French historians, are not likely to be much changed. There seems little chance to erase the licentiousness, the treachery, the deceit, the monstrous venality. In recalling them, however, it must always be remembered that he can only be fairly judged by the standard of his century, which was lax to a degree we can hardly comprehend, especially with reference to the first of these faults, and the last. When the American commissioners resented Talleyrand's demand for a bribe of $250,000 for himself, and a bigger one, called a loan, for the Directory, his representative said naïvely: "Don't you know that everything is bought in Paris? Do you dream that you can get on with this government without paying your way?"

It must be further remembered, and to his honor, that while he betrayed her rulers, he never betrayed France. On the contrary, when he was secretly thwarting his masters he was often helping his country. On several notable occasions he rendered her service of incomparable value, and may almost be said to have saved her from destruction as a first-class European power. It was a touching, and in the main a just, eulogy pronounced on him at his death in varying phrases by both Thiers and Mignet, that he had always shown an aversion to persecutions and violence, and that he had never done harm to anybody. In the main this praise is deserved. "But," exclaims Sainte-Beuve, in protest (writing in 1867), "there are three points in his life which raise terrible doubts — the death of Mirabeau, the affair of the Duke d'Enghien, the affair of Maubreuil." This last was the alleged plot for the assassination of Napoleon.

Talleyrand was perfectly aware of the shocking charges against himself in connection with the death of Mirabeau, but he makes no reference whatever to them in the portion of his memoirs treating of that period. The fact that they were believed at the time only shows the estimate then placed on him by some of his contemporaries. On the other hand, it must be said that many things make the story improbable, and that the evidence is circumstantial, vague, and inconclusive. The second charge, to which great weight has been attached, was the alleged responsibility for the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. This Napoleon repeatedly, in conversation and in writing, fastened directly and positively upon him. Talleyrand devotes one chapter to repelling the accusation, and fixing the responsibility for the crime on Napoleon himself. As to the third charge, that of trying to have Napoleon assassinated, even Talleyrand's enemies must admit that, while some circumstances were certainly suspicious, the evidence is fragmentary and not convincing.

No portrait of the man can be just which does not relieve by many light touches the somber colors in which his countrymen have generally depicted him. He had the uniform courtesy and dignity of the old régime. He was the most accomplished of courtiers, the most correct of masters of ceremonies. He spoke well, and he wrote better — his few appearances at the Academy really being events. In the brilliant salons of the court circles before the Revolution he was a social lion. Women always liked and helped him. His witty sayings were the talk of Paris. In prosperity he was not arrogant; in times of trouble he bore himself with unruffled dignity and composure. When Napoleon denounced him in the presence of others, for treachery and venality, he merely said, as he went down the staircase, "What a pity that so great a man should have been so badly brought up." At another time when Napoleon, then First Consul, asked him how he had become so rich (he was said at this period to be worth thirty millions of francs), he replied, "Nothing could be more simple, General; I bought Rentes the day before the 18th Brumaire [the day on which Napoleon seized power], and I sold them the day after." He had taken office under Louis XVIII., and was representing France at the Congress of Vienna, when Napoleon suddenly came back from Elba. He merely discovered that his liver was a little out of order, and he must go to Carlsbad. "The first duty of a diplomat," he observed, after a Congress, "is to take care of his liver." When things went wrong, says Sainte-Beuve, he always had trouble with his liver. In fact, a few months later, after Waterloo, there were fresh symptoms of the same disease so long as Louis XVIII. regarded him

askance; but the moment he was reappointed Minister of Foreign Affairs all was well.

The harm Talleyrand did was chiefly to individuals. The good he did was to France. His public action in the Constituent Assembly was most important and in the main most judicious. The French writers of that period, and even down to the day of his death, habitually ascribed sinister motives to every act, and professed to find his hidden hand in many excesses of the Revolutionary party. But he can only be fairly judged now by what he is known to have done; and by that standard there is no Frenchman who might not be proud of his record in the Constituent Assembly. He was the pioneer in the establishment of the metric system. He opposed the issue of the assignats, and accurately foretold their end. He presented an elaborate and judicious plan for the reform of the finances and the establishment of a sinking fund. He urged the suppression of lotteries. He presented, in a comprehensive and in the main a judicious report and bill, a system of national education, including a plan for the secularization of the schools. He favored the policy of peace and alliance with England. Bishop as he still was, he presented the measure for selling the property of the clergy, and thus secured for the almost bankrupt treasury of Louis XVI. two milliards of francs. He carried the measure for abolishing the oppressive tithes of the clergy. In effect this representative of the old nobility of France showed himself among the earliest to recognize the inevitable changes, and loyally endeavored at first to introduce reforms which would enable the monarchy to adapt itself to them without too violent a wrench. As time went on he became convinced of the incapacity of the king to meet the crisis. Thenceforward he went with the tide, but strove rather to moderate and restrain it. The address to the people of France which the Assembly chose him to prepare breathed throughout a spirit of genuine and almost republican devotion to the rights of man as we now understand them.

In other and widely differing occasions his influence was exerted to promote peace, and to discourage wars of mere ambition. He faithfully warned Napoleon against his Spanish policy, and fell into disgrace for a time through efforts to thwart it. With that Spanish policy the downfall of Napoleon began. At Erfurt he protested against the scheme of wanton aggression against Austria, and even maintained private relations and had nightly interviews with the Czar Alexander to keep him from being led into it by Napoleon's importunities. At another stage in Napoleon's wild aggressions he protested, "I do not want to be the torment of Europe." He lost his place in the Cabinet of Louis XVIII. because that king would not tolerate his plans for an alliance with England. Later on he went to England as the ambassador of Louis Philippe, and there negotiated the treaty of 1834, which secured his country many years of peace and prosperity. He rendered useful service at the peace of Amiens. At the Congress of Vienna his efforts were directed to an English rather than to a Russian alliance, and for this Thiers and others have criticized him; but there is no proof that his policy would not have resulted as well. After the hundred days, he did everything in his power to protect French property and preserve French territory.

To close this cursory recital, two other acts of Talleyrand's may be cited, which this generation should not allow to be forgotten. He proposed under the Consulate a practical system of civil service for the Department of Foreign Affairs. He was permitted to introduce it in part only, but his remarkable memorandum on the subject can be read with profit to this day. He defended the liberty of the press under Louis XVIII. against the tendency of the king and the court. Twice in the Chamber of Peers, in successive years, he faced the reaction on this subject, and exposed the fatal path on which they wished to enter.

> Let us take for granted [he once said] that what has been desired, what has been held good and useful by all the enlightened men of a country, without variation, during a succession of years of various governments, is a necessity of the time. Such, gentlemen, is the liberty of the press. . . . I do not say that governments ought to hasten to recognize these new necessities. But when they have been recognized, to take back what was given, or — which comes to the same thing — to suspend it indefinitely, that is a rashness which, more than any one, I hope may not bring a sad repentance to those who have conceived the convenient but pitiful thought. You must never compromise the good faith of a government. In our days it is not easy to deceive for a long time. There is some one who has more sense than Voltaire, more sense than Bonaparte, more than any Director, more than any Minister, past, present, or to come. That is — everybody. To undertake or even to persist in a controversy where all the world is interested against you is a fault; and to-day all political faults are dangerous.

Students of current American politics are accustomed to the phrase, "Everybody is wiser than anybody." It may interest some of them to note from the above that Talleyrand said so, before the American politicians.

The forthcoming memoirs have been expected to clear up some of the dark charges against him, and to do much towards clarifying our views of that extraordinary epoch.

They are sure to leave a better impression as to the character and work of Talleyrand himself. One of his critics, Sainte-Beuve, judiciously says: "I am persuaded that everything to be found in the letters and other writings of Talleyrand will give one a more favorable idea of him. People of genius like his never put the worst of their thoughts or of their lives on paper." His relation to the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, and his treachery at one period or another of his service to almost every master he ever served, are all likely to appear in a new and more favorable aspect. He will shed a new light on the career of Napoleon, and on the secret motives which controlled the Emperor at critical moments. He may disclose his real opinions of the religion he preached in his youth, and he will certainly disclose his real opinions about the monarchy which he helped to overturn and to reëstablish. But he will make no attempt to explain away his unfortunate relations to America, on both sides of the water, and there is no sign that he will make the slightest reference to his constant acceptance of bribes.

Whitelaw Reid.

THE MEMOIRS.[1]

A STRANGE CHILDHOOD.

[The opening volumes of the Memoirs are noticeably wanting in references to the private life and domestic associations of Talleyrand. He does, however, give some details of his neglected childhood, and with these the extracts from the first volume may properly begin.]

I WAS born in 1754; my parents had a very small fortune, but held at court a position which, if properly taken advantage of, could secure for themselves and their children the highest offices.

Louis XV. was then enjoying universal respect. The first subjects of the Crown still considered obedience to the sovereign as glorious; they did not conceive of any other power or luster than that proceeding from the king's majesty.

The queen was reverenced, but the very melancholy of her virtues did not prepossess people in her favor. She was wanting in those outward charms that caused the nation to be so proud of the fine features of Louis XV. Hence the mixed feeling of justice and indulgence which, on one hand, led people to pity the queen, and, on the other, induced them to excuse the inclination shown by the king towards Madame de Pompadour. M. de Penthièvre, the Maréchale de Duras, Madame de Luynes, Madame de Marsan, Madame de Périgord, the Duchesse de Fleury, M. de Sourches, Madame de Villars, M. de Tavannes, Madame d'Estissac, doubtless grieved at the fact, but were then afraid of disclosing by censure what was looked upon as one of those open family secrets, that nobody dares to deny, but everybody hopes to palliate by hushing them up and behaving as though one were not aware of their existence. All the personages I have just mentioned would have considered that they were forfeiting their honor by admitting too openly the failings of the king.

My relatives held various positions with the royal family. My grandmother was lady of the queen's household, and was treated with especial regard by the king; she always resided at Versailles, and kept no house in Paris. She had five children. Like that of all persons connected with the court, their early tuition was rather neglected, or, at least, devoted to few important branches of knowledge. As to their subsequent education, it was to consist merely in imparting to them what were termed the usages of society. Their outward appearance was prepossessing.

My grandmother had noble, refined, and reserved manners. Her piety won universal respect for her, and the fact of her numerous family caused the frequent steps she took towards securing and promoting the future of her children to be regarded as quite natural.

My father held the same views as his mother, concerning the education befitting children whose parents enjoyed a position at court. Thus mine was rather left to take care of itself; not through any indifference towards me, but owing to the special disposition of the mind which leads some people to consider that the best plan is *to do, or to be like everybody else.*

Too much care would have seemed pedantry; affection, too openly expressed, would have been regarded as quite unusual and therefore ridiculous. Children, at that time, inherited their father's *name and title.* Parents considered they had done enough for their progeny by opening a career to them, and securing for them advantageous posts; by marrying them, and increasing their allowance.

Paternal care had not yet come into fashion; the fashion was, indeed, the reverse, when

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I was a child; thus, my early years were cheerlessly spent in an outlying district of Paris. At the age of four, I was still there, when I accidentally fell from the top of a cupboard, and dislocated my foot. The woman to whose care I was intrusted only informed my family of this several months afterwards. The truth became known only when my parents sent for me to go to Périgord to visit Madame de Chalais, my grandmother, who had expressed a wish to see me. Although Madame de Chalais was my great-grandmother I always called her grandmother, very likely, I think, because that name implied a closer relationship. The dislocation of my foot had been neglected too long to be remedied; even my other foot, having had to bear alone the whole weight of my body, had grown weaker, and thus I remained lame for life.

That accident had a great influence over my after-life. It, indeed, led my parents to think I was unfit for a military career, or, at least, that, in such, I should labor under great disadvantages; they were thus induced to seek for me some other profession, which, in their eyes, would be best calculated to serve the interests of the *family*. For, in great families, the *family* was far more cared for than its members individually, chiefly those young members who were still unknown. These considerations are rather painful to my mind, so I will not dwell further on them.

Madame de Chalais was a most refined and distinguished lady; her mind, her language, the dignity of her manners, the sound of her voice, were most winning. She retained what was still termed the wit of the Mortemarts; indeed, she was a Mortemart by birth.

My appearance pleased her; she acquainted me with feelings heretofore unknown to me. She was the first member of my family who displayed any affection towards me, and also the first who taught me the sweetness of filial love. God bless her for it! Indeed, I was fondly attached to her! To this day, her memory is still dear to me. Many a time have I regretted her! Many a time have I bitterly conceived how priceless is the sincere affection of some member of one's own family. Such affection affords immense comfort through the trials and troubles of life, when those who inspire it are near us. When they are away, it soothes both the heart and the mind, and enables us to collect calmly our thoughts. . . .

I am perhaps dwelling too long on those details, but I am not writing a book, I am only noting my impressions. The recollection of what I saw and heard during those early years of my life is extremely sweet to my mind. "Your name," I was daily told, "was always held in veneration in our province. Our family," people affectionately said to me, "was at all times serving some member of yours. This piece of ground we received from your grandfather—he it was who built our church—my mother's cross is a gift from your grandmother—he who comes from a good stock cannot degenerate! You will also be kind, will you not?" I am very likely indebted to those early years for the general spirit of my conduct in life. If I displayed affectionate and even tender feelings without too much familiarity; if in various circumstances I showed pride without haughtiness; if I love and respect old people, it is at Chalais, by the side of my grandmother, that I imbibed all the good feelings which surrounded my relatives in that district, and which they enjoyed with delight. For feeling constitutes an inheritance which increases from generation to generation. For a long time to come people whose fame or fortune is of recent origin will be unable to appreciate its sweetness.

[The neglect with which Talleyrand's parents treated him, and the measures taken to drive him into the priesthood, for which he felt no inclination, stung him through life, and the bitterness he felt is shown in many passages like the following:]

I was struck with the sudden manner in which I was sent off to school without being previously brought to my father and mother. I was eight years old, and I had never yet felt my father's gaze rest upon me. I was told—and I took it for granted—that imperative reasons had caused this precipitate step to be taken. I obeyed.

Once each week I was brought home to dinner by the Abbé Hardi, and taken back to school as soon as we rose from table, after hearing on every occasion the selfsame recommendation: "Be good, my son, and give satisfaction to Monsieur l'Abbé." I worked pretty well; my schoolfellows were fond of me, and I took kindly to my new life. I had led it for three years when I was afflicted with small-pox. . . . The principal informed my people, and they sent a sedan-chair to have me conveyed to Madame Lerond, a nurse employed by the school physician, M. Lehoc, who lived in the Rue Saint-Jacques. At that time, patients attacked with small-pox were still shut up inside double rows of curtains; the windows were hermetically closed; a huge fire was lit in the room, and efforts were made to bring out the fever with very potent draughts. Many a man has been killed outright by this fiery cure; I recovered; I was not even marked. . . .

I was now in my twelfth year; during my convalescence I began musing over my situation with a feeling of surprise. The little interest that had been shown in my illness, the

fact of my having been brought to school without even an interview with my father and mother; these and other sad memories pained me at heart. . . .

No visit home was permitted me before my departure for Reims, and—let me say it once for all, and, I trust, never more think of it—I am perhaps the only man of noble birth, and scion of a large and respected family, who never experienced for one week in his life the bliss of feeling himself under the paternal roof. . . .

All the care with which they surrounded me was planned to impress profoundly upon me the conviction that, my lameness making service in the army impossible, I must necessarily enter the Church—a man of my name having no other career. . . .

No means of defense had I against this; I was alone, and all my surroundings seemed to tell me, as though with preconcerted uniformity of language, that I had no chance of escaping the plan adopted by my parents on my behalf. After a year's sojourn at Reims, seeing I could not possibly avoid my fate, I wearily gave way to it, and allowed myself to be led to St. Sulpice.

TALLEYRAND AND PARISIAN SOCIETY.

[He tells how he settled in Paris after taking holy orders, cultivated the acquaintance of people who might be useful, and went into society. But he does not tell how he secured the abbey of Périgord by so pleasing Madame du Barry with a questionable joke about the immorality of Paris that she asked the king to give him a lucrative appointment.]

I SETTLED in Bellechasse in a snug little house. My first thought was to gather the nucleus of that library which afterwards became valuable for the selection of the books, the scarcity of the editions, and the elegance of the bindings. I cultivated the acquaintance of such men as were most distinguished by their past lives, by their works, by their ambition, or by the prospects held out to them by their birth, their connection, or their talents. Placed thus, by my own act, within that vast circle where so many superior men shone with such various lights, I indulged in the proud consciousness of being indebted for what I was to no one but myself. Indeed, it was a happy moment for me when, having been appointed by the king to the abbey of Saint-Denis, at Reims, I was able to use my first year's income in handing to the Harcourt College a large portion of my fees which was still unpaid, and thus make a return to M. Langlois for the kindly care he had bestowed upon me in my early years. . . .

The cold manners, the outward show of reserve I had adopted had made some people assert that I was a clever man. Madame de Gramont, who disliked any reputation of which she had not been the prime mover, proved useful to me, at my *début*, in endeavoring to embarrass me. It was on the occasion of my first supper at Madame de Bouffler's, at Auteuil. I was seated at one end of the table, barely venturing an occasional word with my neighbor. Suddenly, in a loud and harsh voice, Madame de Gramont calls me by my name and asks me what had struck me so forcibly, when entering the room after her, as to make me say: *Ah! Ah!*—"Madame la Duchesse," I reply, "has not heard me rightly; what I said was not *Ah! Ah!* it was *Oh! Oh!*—" My answer, poor wit though it was, raised a laugh; I went on with my supper, and said no more; but, on rising from table, I was greeted by several of the guests, and received for the following days various invitations which enabled me to make the acquaintance of persons whom I was very anxious to meet.

[The following is an exquisite portrait in miniature of one of Talleyrand's early friends.]

Nobody ever appeared to me to possess a conversational charm comparable with hers. She had no pretentiousness; her words never bore, if I may say so, any striking color; she spoke in delicate shadings; no witticism ever fell from her lips; that would have been too violent. Witticisms are remembered, whereas she only sought to please, and to let the words be forgotten. An abundant stock of facile, new, and ever delicate expressions supplied the varied requirements of her intelligence.

This lady has inspired me with a thorough aversion for people who, in order to speak the more accurately, use none but technical terms. I have no faith in the brain power, or in the science, of persons who are ignorant of equivalents, and go on for ever defining; it is to their memory alone they are indebted for what they know, and, accordingly, they know it badly. I am sorry that this remark should have occurred to me during M. de Humboldt's stay in Paris; but now it is penned, let it remain. . . .

The power of what is called "Society" in France was prodigious during the years which preceded the Revolution, and even throughout the whole of the last century. Those light and varied forms which are peculiarly its own have probably hindered our historians from noticing the origin and following up the effects of this outcome of modern civilization. I have often thought of it. The following are my views in this connection. In those countries where the origin of the present forms of government is lost to view in the mist of ages, the influence of "Society" must needs be immense. Where,

on the contrary, the constitution is but of recent date, and, consequently, still present before men's eyes, this influence is null. Thus it is, that Athens and Rome in ancient times, England and the United States of America in our own day, have had, and have, no "Society."

[He disapproved of the increasing number of literary men in society.]

Society, under Louis XV., had all the weaknesses of his reign; it opened its sanctuary, a few literary men entered. Conversation, first, and works of taste, subsequently, were benefited thereby. M. de Fontenelle, M. de Montesquieu, M. de Buffon, President Hénault, M. de Mairan, M. de Voltaire, all brought up under the influence of the century of Louis XIV., preserved in the world that mutual regard, that freedom, that noble ease, which were the charm and the fame of the Paris literary gatherings. That was the lofty standard which should have been kept up.

But, under the reign of Louis XVI., members of all the different grades of literature spread themselves through "Society." No man kept in his own place, confusion extended through the ranks, pretensions were boldly displayed and the sanctuary was violated. Then, the general tone of "Society" underwent modifications of every kind. Knowing everything, probing everything, judging of everything, was the aim of all. For sentiments were substituted philosophical ideas; for passions, the analysis of the human heart; for the desire of pleasing, personal opinions; for recreations, plans, schemes, etc.— Everything became unnatural. I say no more, for I fear I am too strongly foreshadowing the French Revolution, from which several years and numerous events still separate me.

LA FAYETTE — THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[He did not like La Fayette; and he thought the true interests of France lay in cultivating close relations with Northern Africa rather than with America.]

M. DE LA FAYETTE belongs to a noble family of Auvergne, boasting of but little luster; under Louis XIV. the intelligence of a woman had brought the name into some renown.

He was born to a large fortune, and had married a lady of the house of Noailles. Had not an extraordinary occurrence drawn him out of the rank and file, he would have been ignored all his life. M. de La Fayette had not enough in himself to come to anything; for he is below the standard at which one is reckoned a clever man. In his desire to distinguish himself, as well as in the means he uses, there is something that seems taught. What he does looks as though it did not proceed from his own self; he gives one the idea of a man following the advice of somebody else. Unfortunately no one will boast of having offered him any at the most important moment of his life. . . .

Sympathy for the cause of America was kept up in France by the report of all the deliberations of Congress, published each week by a newspaper named "Le Courrier de l'Europe." This, I believe the first really political paper we ever had, was edited by a man who belonged to the police; his name was Morande, and he was the author of an infamous lampoon known as "Le Gazetier Cuirassé."

Frenchmen, brought to the colonies on military expeditions, came home with glowing descriptions of the wealth contained in the New World. America was on every lip. In my youth great lords had one peculiarity; they attributed to themselves the discovery of anything that was new to them, and the interest they felt therein increased in proportion. "*What should we be were it not for America?*" everybody wanted to know. "She gives us a navy," stated M. Malouet; "she extends our trade," the Abbé Raynal proclaimed; "she gives work to our overcrowded populations," repeated the administrators of the day; "she welcomes all restless spirits," said the ministers; "she is the refuge of all dissenters," remarked the philosophers, etc.— Nothing more useful, nothing more pacific, in appearance. There was no topic of conversation but the glory attached to the discovery of America. And yet, let us sift matters to the bottom. What has been the result of all our communications with the New World? Do we see less misery round about us? Have all our disorganizers disappeared? Have not the longing looks we have cast abroad lessened our love for fatherland? These newly discovered parts of the globe having given England and France additional points of irritation, are not wars more frequent, longer, of greater extent, and more costly? The history of mankind supplies this sad conclusion: that the spirit of strife rushes to every spot on earth to which communication is opened. . . .

When we examine the geographical situation of that solid, compact body, called France, and carry our eye all along its coast line, we cannot refrain from feeling surprised that the Mediterranean Sea has not always been considered as part of its domain. This basin, the only access to which is an opening a few miles in width, is inclosed on all sides by countries that have no considerable sea trade. France gathering by herself, and through Spain, her ally, all the resources that may be supplied by the ports of Toulon, Marseilles, Carthagena, etc., ought to have in the Mediterranean any

preponderance she may choose to acquire. The immense advantages which might result therefrom have been neglected. . . .

Have we a greater interest in reëstablishing our former relations with the New World than in seeking fresh ones with the Old? It is important that this political problem should be solved. If it were proved that agriculture is less difficult and not more expensive in the Old World than in the New, that the produce is equally good, and that the great shipping interests will not be injured by the new state of things, the solution would be complete. . . .

That is the reason why, at a time in my life when I had the power to do so, I introduced into the Amiens Treaty — merely as a philosophical view, so as to give umbrage to nobody — certain points which aimed at the civilizing of the African coast. If the government had followed me up; if, instead of sacrificing all that was left of the splendid army of Egypt to the vain hope of reconquering San Domingo, this imposing and already acclimatized force had been directed against Barbary, it is probable that my philosophy would have become a practical fact, and that France, instead of destroying a fine army at San Domingo in a few months, would have established herself firmly on the African shore of the Mediterranean and would have spared us the gigantic and disastrous continental system. . . .

[Later on, in discussing the growth of the spirit of equality before the Revolution, Talleyrand shows more plainly his feeling against the French assistance to the American Revolution.]

I must repeat it once more, that portion of the army which had been so incautiously sent to the help of the American colonies struggling against the mother-country, had in the New World imbibed doctrines of equality. The men returned full of admiration for these doctrines, and perhaps with a desire to put them in practice in France; and, by a kind of fatality, this was the very time hit upon by Maréchal de Ségur to reserve for the nobles all the officers' posts in the army.

[Talleyrand's enemies have denied that his rapid promotion in the Church, before the Revolution, was crowned by an actual offer to the young man of a cardinal's hat. Here is his own account of it, following his story of loss of favor at court.]

I look back on that period of my disfavor at court with greater pleasure than on many fortunate situations in which I have been in my life, and which have left no trace, either in my mind or in my heart. Hardly do I still remember that the queen would not let me have the benefit of a very gracious act of Gustavus III., who had obtained a cardinal's hat for me from Pope Pius VI. She desired M. de Mercy to induce the Vienna court to oppose the appointment of a French cardinal before the promotion of the crowns. Her wishes were complied with; the papal appointment was suspended; and, since then, my cardinal's hat is likely to have spent a few years in French fortresses.

BEGINNINGS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[His account of his part in the Constituent Assembly is brief and almost apologetic. He wanted to resist the movement; failing in this, he wanted to make the best of it. He scarcely speaks of his brilliant personal successes, or of his presidency, but does speak of his devoting the last exercise of his religious functions to the service of the Revolution.]

I WAS a member of the delegation of the order of the clergy. My opinion was that the States-General should be dissolved, and then convoked again according to certain plans. I suggested it to the Count d'Artois who, at that time, showed me a certain amount of kindness, nay — if I dare use his own expression — of friendship.

My idea appeared too hazardous. It was an act of violence, and there was no one about the king able to make use of violence. I had several appointments by night at Marly; but all of them having proved fruitless, the conviction was forced upon me that I could do no good, and that, such being the case, I should be a madman if I did not think of my own self.

The composition of the States-General evidently rendering null the first and the second orders,[1] there was but one rational course open — to yield before we were compelled to do so, and while we might yet claim credit for our action. Thereby we might prevent things being carried to extremities; we imposed a certain regard for us on the third estate; we preserved the means of influencing the common deliberations; we gained time — which frequently means gaining everything — and if we had any chance of reconquering lost ground, this was the only course that presented it. I therefore felt no hesitation in joining those who set the example in this direction. . . .

I resolved, accordingly, not to leave France before I was driven away by personal danger, not to do anything to provoke this danger, not to struggle against a torrent which it was impossible to stem; but to keep within reach and in a position to help the saving of what could be saved; not to raise any obstacle between the opportunity and myself, and to reserve myself for the opportunity.

The deputation of the third order, before its triumph over the two others, had been busy drafting a declaration of rights similar to that which the American Colonies had drawn out

[1 The three orders were the nobility, the clergy, and the people.]

when they had proclaimed their independence. This declaration continued to be discussed after the fusion of the orders. It was but the development of a theory of equality. . . Those who had the keenest presentiment of its ravages were reduced to playing, as far as prudence permitted, a passive part in the proceedings.

That is what I did generally. Still, I thought it my duty to speak on several questions of high finance. I opposed the creation of assignats, the reducing of the interest of the public debt. I laid down, somewhat fully, the principles on which, in my opinion, a national bank should be founded. I proposed the decreeing of a uniform standard of weights and measures. I likewise took charge of the report of the Constitutional Committee on public instruction. For the proper carrying out of this great work, I consulted the most learned men, the most noted savants of the period — a period boasting such men as M. de Lagrange, M. de Lavoisier, M. de la Place, M. Monge, M. de Condorcet, M. Vicq d'Azir, M. de la Harpe. All came to my aid. The reputation which this work has acquired demands that I should name these men.

One circumstance presented itself in which, in spite of all my repugnance, I deemed it necessary to come to the fore. These are the motives by which I was urged.

The Assembly claimed to regulate, of itself and by civil law, that which hitherto had been regulated only by the concurrence of the spiritual and the temporal powers, and a blending of canon and civil laws. It planned a special constitution for the clergy, and required that all ecclesiastics in office should take an oath of compliance with it, under penalty of being considered as having resigned their functions. Most of the bishops declined to do so, whereupon, their sees being held vacant, the electoral bodies appointed successors to them. The new elects would readily have done without the "institution" granted by the court of Rome, but they could not do without the episcopal character which could be conferred upon them only by men who had received it themselves.

Had there been no one to confer it on them there would have been every reason to apprehend, not the proscription of every kind of worship (which came to pass a few years later), but an eventuality which struck me as more dangerous because it might be more lasting; and that was, that, through the doctrines it had sanctioned, the Assembly might soon drive the country into Presbyterianism (more in accordance with the then prevailing opinions), and that it might become impossible to bring France back to Catholicism, the hierarchy and external forms of which are in harmony with those of the monarchical system. I therefore lent my assistance to consecrate one of the bishops elect, and he, in his turn, consecrated the others. That being done, I resigned the bishopric of Autun, and thought only of leaving the career I had hitherto followed; I placed myself at the disposal of events; provided I remained French, I was ready for anything.

The Revolution held out fresh prospects to the nation; I followed her in her progress, and went through its vicissitudes. I offered her the tribute of all my abilities, determined as I was to serve my country for its own sake, and I founded all my hopes on the constitutional principles which we thought we were so near attaining. This explains why and how, several times over, I entered, left, and reëntered the world of public affairs, and it accounts also for the part I played therein.

[But Talleyrand makes no mention of his share in the famous celebration of the 14th of July, 1790, on the Champ de Mars, when, in his capacity of Bishop of Autun, he officiated at the altar, in the presence of the immense crowd, before swearing the multitude to allegiance to the new constitution. Bastide, author of a French life of Talleyrand, which appeared within a few years after his death, recites that, at the very moment of mounting the altar, Talleyrand turned to the Commandant of the National Guard, General La Fayette, with the words: "Come, now, don't make me laugh." There is a letter published by the same author, written by Talleyrand on the 15th, to his friend, the Comtesse de Flahaut. In this he calls the solemn religious ceremony "Yesterday's ridiculous fête," and quotes Sieyès as having asked him, in the presence of sixteen persons, with a sardonic smile, how he was enabled to keep a sober face in executing his dexterous buffoonery on the Champ de Mars, and how many Christians he believed there were among the hundred thousand spectators who received the national and Christian oath. After saying that he professed ignorance in his reply to Sieyès, he adds: "I share the opinion of Voltaire, whether we ourselves believe in a God or not it would be dangerous for all society that the multitude could think that, without punishment in this world, and without fear of chastisement in the other, it could steal, poison, and assassinate." And then he continues: "I hope that your penetration has not failed to make you feel to what divinity I yesterday addressed my prayers, and my oath of fidelity. You alone were the Supreme Being whom I adore, and always will adore." The rest is simply a love-letter of a rather bold character.

In beginning his account of the Constituent Assembly, Talleyrand speaks of his consultation with the Count d'Artois. M. de Bacourt gives in a footnote the following account of this effort by Talleyrand to induce the younger brother of Louis XVI. (afterwards Charles X.) to influence the king to more decided measures, and how, when Louis XVIII. was coming to the throne, Talleyrand reminded him of the interview:

"The most important, and the last, of these interviews took place at Marly during the night from the 16th to the 17th of July, 1789, that is to say a

few hours before the prince left France. When M. de Talleyrand presented himself at the residence of the Count d'Artois, the latter was already in bed; he admitted his visitor, however, and there, during two hours' conversation, M. de Talleyrand again explained all the dangers of the situation, and entreated the prince to lay them before the king. The Count d'Artois was moved at this intelligence; he got up, repaired to the palace, and returning after a pretty long absence declared to M. de Talleyrand that there was nothing to be done with the king, determined as he was to give way rather than to have one drop of blood shed through his resistance to the popular movements. 'As to myself,' added the Count d'Artois, 'my mind is made up; I am off in the morning, and will leave France.'

"M. de Talleyrand vainly besought the prince to give up such an intention, and pointed out to him the inconveniences and dangers it might have for him in the immediate present, and for his rights and those of his children in the future. The Count d'Artois was obstinate, and in the end M. de Talleyrand said to him: 'In that case, Monseigneur, there is nothing now left for each one of us but to think of his own interests, since the king and the princes desert theirs as well as those of monarchy.' 'Quite so,' replied the prince; 'that is what I advise you to do. Whatever may happen, I can never blame you; always reckon on my friendship.' The next morning the Count d'Artois emigrated.

"In the month of April, 1814, it befell to M. de Talleyrand, as president of the Provisional Government, to announce to Count d'Artois (who was then awaiting events at Nancy) that Louis XVIII. was called to the throne, and that the prince himself was invited to come to Paris and assume the reins of government in the capacity of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. He entrusted this mission to the Baron de Vitrolles; and, pacing up and down with him the first floor of his residence in the Rue Saint-Florentin, while the prince's dispatch was being sealed, he related the above conversation to him, adding the request: 'Pray do me the pleasure to ask the Count d'Artois if he remembers this little incident?'

"M. de Vitrolles, after fulfilling his important mission, did not fail to communicate M. de Talleyrand's query to the prince. 'I have a distinct recollection of the occurrence,' answered the Count d'Artois; 'M. de Talleyrand's account of it is accurate in every point.'"]

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS — ORIGIN OF THE REVOLUTION.

[Talleyrand paints a terrible picture of the Duke of Orleans, grandfather of Louis Philippe, and great-grandfather of the Count of Paris. He seems to have been intimate with him before and during the Constituent Assembly, and he describes him as "destitute of ability, ignorant to the verge of illiteracy, without heart and without principle. All his actions had the characteristics of thoughtlessness, frivolity, and trickery." In this sketch, for the first time, occurs a significant gap, for which the editors offer no explanation, excepting that — "Here eight pages are missing in the manuscript."]

In 1788, after a friendship of twenty-five years' duration, he displayed the most heartless indifference at the death of one of his principal *habitués*, the Marquis de Conflans, a man always remarkable, first by his handsome cast of features, his noble bearing, his gait, his skill, and also by his faults when he kept evil company, by his qualities when he was among military men, by the accuracy of his judgment when he spoke on serious matters and, at every period in his life, by the frankness of his tastes, his feelings, and his hatreds. M. de Conflans, afflicted with a lingering disease which was fated to have a sudden termination, would not believe that he was ill, and went about in the world as usual. On the day of his death, he was to dine, with the Duke of Orleans and several others, at M. de Biron's, at Montrouge. They were all waiting for him — the Duke more impatiently than the rest, as he wanted to go to the theater. At four o'clock, the company being all together, one of M. de Conflans's servants arrived with the news that he had just died. Every person in the room, according to his more or less intimate acquaintance with M. de Conflans, expressed his sympathy. The only words the Duke of Orleans pronounced were: "Well, Lauzun, as we are no longer expecting any one, let us go on with our dinner so that we can get to the opera in time for the beginning."

[And here is Talleyrand's conclusion as to the Duke of Orleans, and as to who were the authors of the French Revolution.]

After the instructions he gave to his bailiwicks, the Duke of Orleans ceased to be an active political personage; his weak character and his equivocal, disquieting position were obstacles to his becoming one again. After the crime he committed by his vote, he was henceforth without purpose or aim — a nobody; he remained in the rank and file, and as that was not his place, he became a nonentity, a degraded being, a dead man.

What now becomes of the opinion, so loudly asserted, that the Duke of Orleans was the author of the Revolution; that his name served as a rallying standard for a large number of citizens; that he was urged by the ambition of a few restless minds to turn his views to the throne itself? This opinion cannot be maintained in the face of his actual life. For immorality, extreme frivolity, want of thought, and weakness are quite sufficient to explain his moments of activity as well as his fits of inaction. Moreover, the impulse having once been given, the rapid and violent movement of the public mind left no room, at any period in the Revolution, for the development of individual ambitions. As all thoughts, from the very start, verged towards the establishment of equality and the weakening of power, high personal ambitions were necessarily discon-

certed. Much later only, and after terrible ordeals, did the need of a chief begin to be felt, who would modify the existing state of things; it was then that Bonaparte appeared.

The Duke of Orleans could not possibly have been the last man to observe the tendency I have just alluded to; and accordingly the real aim of his ambition has always remained open to doubt. He was, as I said, neither the principal, nor the object, nor yet the motive of the Revolution. He, like all the rest, was carried along by the raging torrent.

The Duke of Orleans began to turn his attention to himself, his own tastes, his wants. Thence sprang the secret thought which made him consent, after the 6th of October, 1789, to undertake the shameful trip to England which all parties have reproached him with. It is from that time that may be dated the dwindling of his immense fortune; which, being more easily convertible, left still fewer traces than the splendid picture gallery of the Palais Royal, now scattered so far and wide. All the available funds of the Duke of Orleans found their way to England by underhand means, and through secret agents who, thanks to their obscurity, may have been dishonest and quietly enjoyed the proceeds of their dishonesty. Such is the opinion of the men who were then at the head of affairs.

Should historians ever puzzle themselves to find out the men to whom they can attribute the honor or the blame of having started, or directed, or modified the French Revolution, they will give themselves very needless trouble. It had no creators, no leaders, no guides. The seeds were sown by the writers who, in an enlightened and enterprising age, when aiming a blow at prejudices, upset religious and social principles, and by the unskilled ministers who increased the deficit of the treasury and the discontent of the people.

[The time was now come when the prudent spirit of Talleyrand sought a refuge from the impending storm. A few extracts show the English experiences to which this purpose led, and his feeling about the bloody drama enacted in his own land, which he watched from the English coast.]

What was left of the royal prerogatives after the vote of the Constituent Assembly was but a shadow, growing fainter daily. It was, therefore, of paramount importance to save from further ruin the frail power of the king, which all efforts made in view of restoring to it its lost reality only tended to diminish. The men who still affected to be afraid of it, such as it was, only sought a pretext to complete its destruction. The great point would have been not to have offered them any. They were not satisfied that the king should imitate the reed, that withstands the fury of the wind, simply because it is incapable of offering any resistance to it: they wished his supporters both at home and abroad to remain in utter inaction, and to abstain from expressing any opinion he might have been accused of sharing. But who could be induced to adopt such a spiritless policy? The revolutionary impulse had been given and stirred all classes.

The cabinet of the time, of which M. Necker was no longer a member, then understood the necessity for royalty to obtain from the chief courts of Europe the promise that they should either disarm or not arm at all. The leaders of the second Assembly, known as Girondists, had insisted on this step with the belief that the king's ministry would decline to take it. Their hopes were deceived. M. de Lessart, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs, took up that suggestion, and proposed that I should go to England in order to open negotiations on the subject. I was anxious to leave France for some time; I was tired and disgusted, and, though I felt sure that my mission had little chance of success, I accepted. The king wrote to the king of England a letter of which I was the bearer. . . .

At that stage, it was no longer a question whether the king should reign, but whether he himself, the queen, their children, his sister, should be saved. It might have been done. It was at least a duty to attempt it. At that time France was only at war with the Emperor, the Empire,[1] and Sardinia. Had all the other states concerted in offering their mediation by proposing to recognize whatever form of government France might be pleased to adopt, with the sole condition that the prisoners in the Temple should be allowed to leave the country and retire wherever they liked — though such a proposal, it may be supposed, might not have filled the demagogues with delight, they would have been powerless to reject it.

So little were the demagogues inclined to general hostilities, that they hastened to make pacific declarations to all the governments with which France was still at peace. Indeed, very few amongst them thirsted for the blood of Louis XVI.; and if they shed it afterwards, that was owing to reasons not one of which would have existed had Europe taken the course indicated above. The royal family might therefore have been saved. A war of twenty-two years might have been prevented.

TALLEYRAND IN ENGLAND.

After August 10, 1792, I solicited from the provisional executive a temporary mission to

[1 The Emperor of Austria was the head of the Holy Roman Empire, of which the German States were an integral part.]

London. As the object of my mission I chose a scientific question with which I was somewhat entitled to deal, seeing that it related to a motion previously made by me in the Constituent Assembly. The point was to establish for the whole kingdom a uniform system of weights and measures. When the exactitude of that system should have been ascertained by the most competent men of Europe, it might subsequently have been adopted by the different nations. It was therefore advisable to confer with England on the subject.

My real object was, however, to leave France, where it seemed to me useless and even dangerous to stay any longer, but I only wished to leave the country with a regular passport, in order that it should not be shut to me for ever. . . .

I resided in England during the whole of the dreadful year 1793, and a portion of 1794. There I was welcomed with the utmost kindness by the Marquis of Lansdowne, whom I had known in Paris; he was a nobleman of lofty views, gifted with abundant and lively powers of elocution. He was still free from the infirmities of old age. Some people brought against him the commonplace accusation of being *too clever* — an accusation by means of which, in England as well as in France, people keep at a distance all the men whose superiority gives them umbrage. That is the only reason why he never was in office again. I saw him often, and he kindly sent me word every time he received the visit of some distinguished person of whom he thought I should be pleased to make the acquaintance. It was at his house that I met Mr. Hastings, and Doctors Price and Priestley. There also I formed an intimacy with Mr. Canning, Mr. Romilly, Mr. Robert Smith, M. Dumont, Mr. Bentham, and Lord Henry Petty, the son of Lord Lansdowne, who at that time was already looked upon as one of the hopes of England. All the friends of Mr. Fox, with which gentleman I had, on several occasions, been on intimate terms, did their best to render my stay in London as pleasant as possible. . . .

My absence from France during the most terrible years of the Revolution left me in ignorance of the details of its dreadful events; scarcely could I, at that distance, discern their broad outlines. On the other hand, I too often turned away from those hideous scenes, in which so much abjectness was mingled with so much fierceness, to be able to depict them. The reign of Henri IV. and that of Louis XIV. are known to us in all their details, but these recent events appear confused and problematic even to the very men who played a part in them; they followed each other with such rapidity that each in turn almost stamped out the recollection of what occurred before. Perhaps also the mob leaves too slight an imprint on what it does; its deeds have but a transient effect, and the character of the men who serve it is such as to make no impression on one's memory. Having lived in obscurity until such day as they appear on the scene, to obscurity they return as soon as their part is played.

I confess that it would not cause me the slightest concern if the details of that awful calamity were to leave no trace in men's minds, for they are of no historical importance. Indeed, what teachings could men derive from deeds performed without aim or plan, and which were merely the outcome of ruthless and unruly passions?

Instruction of every kind is rather to be sought in the knowledge of the facts preceding the catastrophe, and for the investigation of which every material exists; that knowledge will disclose the numerous and weighty causes of the Revolution. . . . The study of those already distant days possesses, methinks, the invaluable advantage of cautioning us against every form of intolerance. When considering the last twenty years of the old monarchy, there is no man of any elevation of mind and good faith who, on remembering what he did or said, what he wrote, what he blamed or approved, will not find some fault with himself — if that man possessed any influence at all: I might almost add that no one knows all the examples — good or bad — he must have set. I thus deny that it is in the power of any of the men I have known, whether princes or simple subjects, to decline all share of responsibility in the subsequent outbreak.

[Talleyrand tells very briefly his expulsion from England, and at the moment of setting out for America gives a pitiful glimpse of a certain well-known American.]

It was not my intention to stay long in England. Though being nominally an outlaw in France, I yet did not wish to place myself in the category of *émigré*, which I really was not. However, the English Foreign Minister thought it advisable to emphasize his zeal for the general cause by displaying at first his antipathy towards the *émigrés*. With that object he availed himself of the alien bill, which he had wrenched from Parliament, to send me orders to leave the country within twenty-four hours. Had I acted on the first impulse, I should have started off at once, but my dignity required of me to protest against the unjust persecution of which I was the victim. In consequence, I applied to Mr. Dundas, to Mr. Pitt, and to the king himself; being unable to obtain satisfaction in any quarter, I had but to submit, and therefore went to sleep on board

a ship which, I had been told, was the first to start for the United States. . . .

On the second day of our voyage, just after having left the Thames, we met with a violent storm. I was then between England and France — a most critical situation. I could see France; there my head was in danger. Though I ran no immediate risk by returning to England, it would have been repugnant to me to solicit the hospitality of a government which had tried to injure me.

Fortunately the danger we were running was noticed on shore, and induced some Falmouth lightermen to brave the fury of the sea and come to our assistance. With their help, we managed to reach the harbor. Whilst our ship — all the rigging of which was much damaged — was being repaired, a rather striking incident added an impression of a special kind to the many I was to experience in the course of this voyage. The innkeeper at whose place I had my meals, informed me that one of his lodgers was an American general. Thereupon I expressed the desire of seeing that gentleman, and, shortly after, I was introduced. After the mutual exchange of greetings, I put to him several questions concerning his country, but, from the first, it seemed to me that my inquiries annoyed him. Having several times vainly endeavored to renew the conversation which he always allowed to drop, I ventured to request from him some letters of introduction to his friends in America. "No," he replied, and, after a few moments of silence, noticing my surprise, he added, "I am perhaps the only American who cannot give you letters for his own country,— all the relations I had there are now broken,— I must never return to the States." He dared not tell me his name. It was General Arnold! I must confess that he excited my pity, for which political puritans will perhaps blame me; but I do not reproach myself, for I was a witness of his agony.

TALLEYRAND IN AMERICA.

We had been sailing for several weeks, when one morning, the word I feared, "Land! Land!" loudly shouted by the people on board, roused me from my sleep. The captain, the crew, and the passengers, all displayed the most lively joy. On reaching the deck, I saw the pilot who was to take us up the Delaware, and, at the same time, I noticed an outbound ship steering round the headland. Having ascertained from our pilot that the other ship was bound for Calcutta, I immediately despatched a boat to her captain, in order to inquire whether he had room for one more passenger. The ship's destination was of no consequence to me; she was going on a long voyage, and my object was, if possible, to avoid landing. Unfortunately, the captain being unable to accommodate me, I had no choice left but to submit to be taken to Philadelphia.

[He stayed for a short time in Philadelphia, encountering there a Dutchman, whom he had known in Paris, Mr. Cazenove; and he subsequently found other Dutch and French friends. With some of these he made a journey into the interior.]

Only twelve years had elapsed since the United States had ceased to be a colony, and the years of their independence had been lost for their prosperity, owing to the inefficiency of their first Constitution. The bases of public trust not having been properly defined, a paper money more or less discredited roused everybody's cupidity, encouraged bad faith, disturbed all transactions, and caused the institutions necessitated by the recent independence of the country to be lost sight of. It was only in 1789, at the time of the new Federal Constitution, that property in the United States began to rest on truly solid foundations, that social guarantees securing the safety of foreign intercourse were shaped, and that the government of the young nation was admitted to rank with older powers. That is the true date of the foundation of the United States. . . .

Intending to tire myself I made up my mind to leave Philadelphia, and thus proposed to M. de Beaumetz and to a Dutch gentleman, of the name of Huidekoper, to travel with me inland. They both accepted, and I must confess that from the beginning I was pleased with the undertaking. I was struck with astonishment. Less than a hundred and fifty miles distance from the capital, all trace of men's presence disappeared; wild nature in all its pristine vigor confronted us; forests old as the world itself; decayed plants and trees covering the very ground where they once grew in wildness; others shooting forth from under the *débris* of the former and like them destined to decay and rot; thick and intricate bushes that often barred our progress; green and luxuriant grass decking the banks of rivers; some large natural meadows; some strange and delicate flowers quite new to me; and here and there the traces of former tornadoes that had carried everything before them. Enormous trees all mowed down in the same direction, extending for some considerable distance, bear witness to the wonderful character of those terrible phenomena. . . .

Agriculture is the basis on which all states are founded. It is this,— I say it with all economists,— that forms the chief wealth of the social state, that teaches the respect of property, and warns us that we are blind to our interests

whenever we interfere with those of other people. . . .

The American government allowed itself too easily to be influenced by the geographical situation of the States; it gave too much encouragement to the spirit of enterprise, for, in order to increase its population, America annexed Louisiana; it will now be obliged to annex the Floridas. Commerce requires ports and harbors from Sainte-Croix River, near the Saint-Lawrence, to the Gulf of Mexico, yet nine-tenths of the five hundred millions of acres composing the territory of North America are still untilled. Too much activity is devoted to business, and not enough to farming; and that first direction given to all the ideas of the country unsettles its social establishment. You need only travel hardly a hundred miles inland to see, in the same spot, people paying in kind for whatever they buy, whilst others draw bills on the first markets of Europe: the contrast is really too shocking; it is the symptom of a social disease.

I saw, sixty miles from Boston, six thousand feet of timber exchanged for a bullock, and in Boston itself twenty pounds paid for a Florence straw hat.

At Frenchman's Bay, on the border of the Eastern States, a violent storm having compelled me to stop at Machias, I questioned the man at whose house I was staying. That house was indeed the best in the district, and, as people say in the country, the landlord was *a most respectable man*. Having exhausted the chapter relative to the value and price of land, I asked him whether he had ever been to Philadelphia. He replied that he had not yet done so. He was a man of about forty-five years of age. I scarcely dared to ask him whether he knew General Washington. "I have never seen him," he said. "If you should go to Philadelphia," I went on, "you will be pleased to see the great man?" "No doubt I shall, but," he added with beaming eyes, "I should very much like to see Mr. Bingham, the man who they say is so rich."

Throughout the States I met with similar love for money, and often as coarsely expressed. This country is too soon acquainted with luxuries. The latter are, indeed, shocking when men can hardly provide themselves with the necessaries of life. I recollect having seen, in the drawing-room of Mrs. Robert Morris, the hat manufactured in the birthplace of the master of the house, carefully laid on an elegant Sèvres china table, bought at Trianon by some American. Hardly would a European peasant have consented to wear such a hat.

On the banks of the Ohio, Mr. Smith possesses a residence known in the country by the name of *log-house*. The walls of it were formed with rough trees. The drawing-room contained a pianoforte enriched with most beautiful bronzes. M. de Beaumetz, having opened it, Mr. Smith said to him: "Please do not attempt to play on it, for the man who tunes it lives a hundred miles from here, and he has not come this year.

TALLEYRAND AND HAMILTON.

[The above is almost, or quite, the only reference Talleyrand makes to Washington. The explanation is simple. Talleyrand was armed with an extremely cordial letter of introduction to Washington from Lord Lansdowne, telling how he had sacrificed his ambition in the church to public principle, eulogizing his moderation, and attributing his exile to the wish of courts, which can never pardon in a bishop a desire to promote the general freedom of worship. In spite of this appeal, Washington flatly refused to receive him, and Talleyrand never forgot, or forgave it. He saw much, however, of Hamilton who was very kind to him, and of whom he always spoke, during his after life, in terms of the utmost admiration.]

During the two winters I spent either in Philadelphia or in New York, I availed myself of the opportunity thus afforded me to see the chief personages whose names the American Revolution gave to history — especially General Hamilton, whose mind and character placed him, I thought, on a par with the most distinguished statesmen of Europe, without excepting Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox.

As remarked above, I had noticed, whilst traveling in the States, that agriculture was less encouraged than commerce, that, having to choose between two sources of prosperity, government had caused the scale to fall in favor of commerce, and, still recently, emphasized its intention by adding to all the real wealth of their country the fictitious one procured by all the banking establishments which have sprung up everywhere in the States, and serve exclusively the ends of commerce. Such direction, once adopted, vanity and cupidity could not help soon to denounce wisdom, moderation, or simple probity, as narrow views. By upsetting the barriers formerly raised by the metropolis which centralized on its markets all the products of its colonies, and set its own rules to their speculations, the United States take able advantage of the position and power their independence obtained for them. They send to all the markets of the Old World unexpected quantities of all sorts of goods, which, by altering prices, bring about commercial crises impossible to avoid. The chief cause of all those perturbations proceeds from the great distance existing between the eastern and southern ports of the States, whence thousands of ships loaded with similar products start every year, on almost the same day, bound for all the ports of

Europe. Thus will, for a long time to come, the commerce of America with Europe be left to chance. . . .

All these considerations make it most difficult to foresee the future, and well-nigh impossible to direct its course. Yet everything seems easy to a man driven from his country and obliged to put up at an inn or reside in indifferent lodgings: not so to him who is quietly seated under his own roof. I then took advantage of the disposition in which my narrow quarters placed me to indulge myself in high politics, and set the world to rights. . . . I even fancy that I was on the very point of applying the system of the economists to free trade and the abolition of customs, which must needs be comprised in my speculative ideas, when, at the very moment I was engaged in trying to solve the problem, a new customs-tariff, adopted by the American Congress, on the motion of my friend Hamilton, came into force. The early conversations I had with him dwelt on that branch of the American administration. "Your economists," he said to me, "invented a beautiful dream; it is the chimerical exaggeration of people whose intentions were good. Theoretically," he added, "their system might perhaps be contested, and its unsoundness be exposed; but we must leave them their sweet illusions; the present state of affairs of this world suffices to prove that, at least for the nonce, their plan cannot be carried out; let us be satisfied with that fact." I did not make a very firm stand in favor of the economists, yet I could scarcely make up my mind to abandon the idea that there could exist some generous combinations that would result in mutual advantages for all commercial nations. Philanthropic ideas rush to the mind when one is an outlaw.

Mr. Hamilton did not seem to me to reject so peremptorily the possibility of all industry being, some day, divided in a permanent way between all the nations of the world.

Europe, I said to him, is acquainted with and cultivates all branches of art, and excels in the manufacture of all articles of luxury, as in everything that tends to make life more pleasant and agreeable. The New World possesses a kind of wealth peculiar to it: its crops will always surpass in quantity those of any rival nation.

Might not, therefore, the distribution of those two modes of applying men's abilities serve, at least for a considerable time to come, as the measure and basis of the relations that must necessarily spring up between nations, some of which daily require to buy, at a moderate cost, the most usual necessaries of life, whilst others are anxious to acquire all that tends to make life more pleasant and sweet?

Might not that natural balance furnish a vast ground for intelligent exchange, which, being ruled by international conventions, would constitute the commercial intercourse of the different powers?

"Your idea," Mr. Hamilton said to me, "will only be practical the day when — and it is perhaps not very remote — great markets, such as formerly existed in the Old World, will be established in America.

"You have four chief markets concentrating all the products of the world: that of London, which, notwithstanding our commercial successes, will yet be the first for a long time to come; that of Amsterdam, which, if things do not mend in Holland, will soon be removed to London; that of Cadiz, which will eventually pass into the hands of our northern or southern ports; and that of Marseilles, which owed its flourishing state to Levantine trade, but is now on the eve of being lost to you Frenchmen.

"As for us, we only need two markets, but they are indispensable to us: one for the Northern and one for the Southern States.

"When those large markets are established, commerce will be able to resume its regular course; commercial enterprise will no longer rely on mere chance, it being the interest of each market to publish the real price and quality of the various goods that find their way to it; excessive fluctuations will be thereby avoided, thus keeping within reasonable bounds the losses and gains of all speculations. Then will sailors of all nations bring in confidence their cargoes to the various ports of the world."

I admired the large-mindedness always apparent in the private views expressed by Mr. Hamilton respecting the prosperity of his country. I do not know whether they will ever be realized, but, if they are, it will only be when the American desire to encroach and invade will have ceased to alter the general relations of the American people with other nations, and when, by a judicious regard for its own interests, it will endeavor to conquer its own country by turning to every possible advantage the vast extent of territory belonging to it.

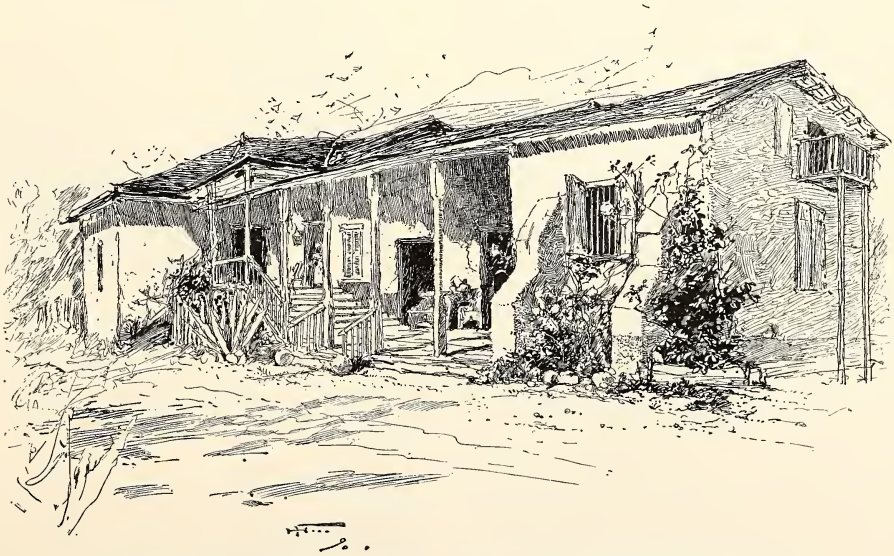
I had acquainted myself with almost all I wanted to know in America; I had been spending nearly thirty months in that country, without any other aim than that of being away from either France or England, and impelled by the sole interest of seeing with my own eyes the great American nation whose history is only beginning.

PIONEER SPANISH FAMILIES IN CALIFORNIA.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE VALLEJOS.

DON ARTURO BANDINI IN THE OLD SPANISH RIDING DRESS OF HIS FATHER.

THE most attractive literary material left in California is to be found in the recollections and traditions of descendants of the pioneer Spanish families. But these men and women must be met with sympathy for their misfortunes, and with an unfeigned interest in the old ranch and Mission days. As soon as their confidence is fairly won they tell all they know, with almost childlike eagerness to help in the restoration of the past. One immediately observes the great stress laid upon family connections, the pleasure taken in stories of former times, and the especial reverence for the founders of the province, the governors and other officials, and the heads of the Missions. Politics, though of course on an extremely small scale, occupies a large part of the recollections of the older men, and the animosities of the petty revolutions of half a century ago, of the years just before the American conquest, and of the conquest itself, still divide families from each other. A glance at the subjoined list of the governors of California will show the reader how closely united were the social and political features of the life of the province. At first the governors had much power; the great families were hardly established in their almost feudal relations to the soil; and the long terms of office,—fourteen years in one case,—and the peaceful progress of events, show that it was the age of settlement. As the Mexican revolution of 1835 approached the Californians grew restive and gave their governors more and more trouble; at last every noted ranchero family had a different candidate for the governorship, and that "year of revolutions," 1836, saw four successive occupants of the office. Picos, Castros, Alvarados, and a dozen other families, with



THE CAMULOS RANCH,—THE SCENE OF H. H.'S "RAMONA,"—ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE MILES FROM SAN BUENAVENTURA.

DON JUAN B. CASTRO.

their adherents and relatives, were struggling for social and political supremacy.[1]

The great families of the Spanish pioneer period have mostly representatives at the present day; some of them have retained wealth and influence, especially in the southern counties. Don Romualdo Pacheco, whose mother was Ramona Carrillo, became State senator, lieutenant-governor, and one of the leaders of the Republican party. The grandson of Captain Antonio del Valle, who came from Mexico to California in 1819, is now one of the most prominent politicians in the State. Don Juan B. Castro has held many offices of trust and profit in Monterey County. Don Ignacio Sepulveda, a thoroughly educated lawyer, married an American wife, and was long a superior judge in Los Angeles. A number of similar cases might be mentioned in which individuals of the conquered race have found their opportunity in the material development of the Pacific coast. Still, these were but exceptions; most of the old families sank into obscurity, and it is now difficult to trace their connections. Only about thirty Spanish families of California have retained any wealth or influence.

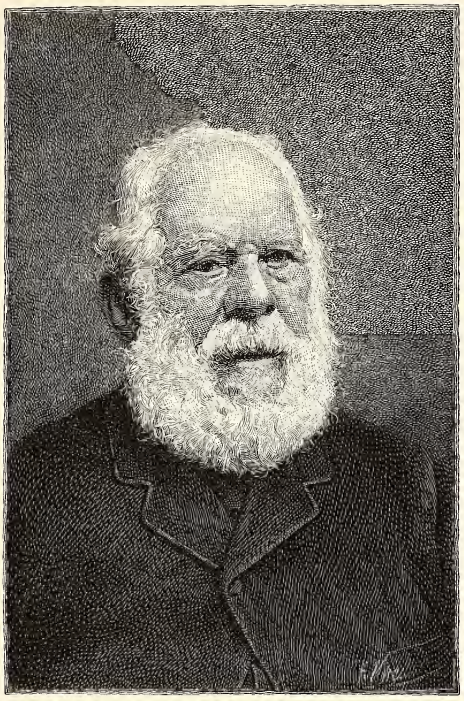
Among the families of the first rank as regards wealth, influence, dignity, and pride of birth were the Castros, Picos, Arguellos, Bandinis, Carrillos, Alvarados, Vallejos, Avilas, Ortegas, Noriegas, Peraltas, Sepulvedas, Pachecos, Yorbas, and their numerous connections. The Estradas, for instance, were relatives of the Alvarados, and Don José Abrego, of Monterey, treasurer of the province from 1839 to 1846, married an Estrada. This made the Abregos allies of the Alvarados. Don José's son married a daughter of Jacob P. Leese, the American, son-in-law of General Vallejo; his daughter married Judge Webb of Salinas: the Alvarado-Vallejo connection had drawn the Abregos towards the Americans. The founder of the Alvarado family was Juan B., a settler of 1769, whose son José was sergeant at Monterey, and whose grandson was the governor. The mother of the governor was Maria Josefa Vallejo; his wife was Martina Castro. The founder of the Arguello family was Don José Dario, who arrived in 1781; his wife was a daughter of the Moragas, and their children intermarried with the best families of the province. One daughter was the famous Maria de la Concepcion Marcela, born in 1790, and remembered because of her romance, of which Bret Harte has told the story. There is little to add to the outlines of the poem, except that the tale of the lady Concepcion Arguello is familiar to all the Spanish families, and one often hears it used to illustrate the "simple faith of the ancient days." One of the ladies of the Vallejo family retired to a convent. The lady Apolinaria Lorenzana, of Santa Barbara and San Diego, whose lover died, devoted her

DON MANUEL CASTRO.

life to teaching and to charity, and was known for half a century as "*La Beata*," to whom all doors were open and all sorrows brought. She

[1] The Spanish and Mexican governors of California and the dates of their accession were as follows: Gaspar de Portola, 1767; Felipe de Barri, 1771; Felipe de Neve, 1774; Pedro Fages, 1782; José Antonio Romen, 1790; José J. de Arrillaga, 1792; Diego de Borica, 1794; José J. de Arrillaga, 1800; José Dario Arguello, 1814; Pablo Vicente de Sola, 1815; Luis Antonio Arguello, 1823; José Maria de Echeandia, 1825; Manuel Victoria, 1831; Pio Pico, 1832; José Figueroa, 1833; José Castro, 1835; Nicolas Gutierrez, 1836; Mariano Chico, 1836; Nicolas Gutierrez, 1836; Juan B. Alvarado, 1836; Manuel Micheltorena, 1842; Pio Pico, 1845.

planted the famous grapevine of Montecito, long known as the largest in the world, and bearing six thousand clusters in a single season.

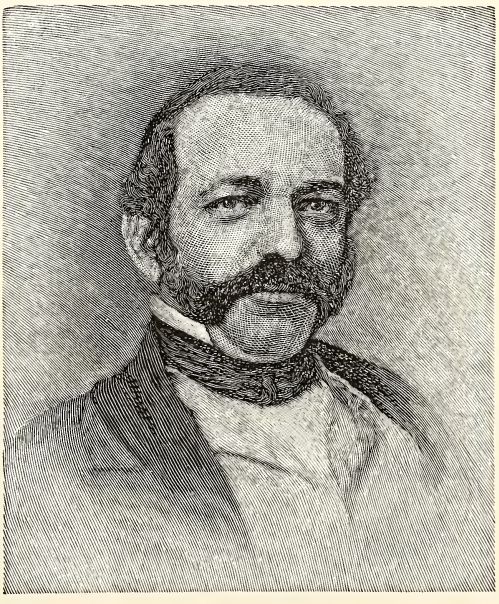


PIO PICO, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA IN 1845.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BUTTERFIELD & SUMMERS.)

There were other women as worthy of saintship, of whom the elders still speak.

The well-known family of Pico was founded in 1782, by Don José Maria, the father of the governor. The northern branch of this family sprang from Don José Dolores, who arrived in 1790. The first of the Sotos was Don Ignacio, a pioneer of 1776; and the Moraga family date from the same year, their founder being Comandante José Joaquin, of San Francisco Presidio and San José Pueblo. A large and prominent Los Angeles family, that of the Avilas, was founded by Cornelio Avila in 1783. Alcalde Avila was killed in the revolution of 1836. Several daughters married Americans. The Lugos are often spoken of in histories. They descend from a Mexican soldier, Francisco Lugo, who arrived in 1769, the date which ranks among Spanish Californians as 1849 does among American pioneers. His four daughters married into the four prominent families of Ruiz, Cota, Vallejo, and Carrillo. The town of Martinez, near Monte Diablo, takes its name from the Martinez family, whose founder was an early alcalde of San Francisco, and three of whose daughters married Americans. A far later arrival was the Jimeno family, one of whom was Governor Alvarado's Secretary of State, whose widow became the wife of Dr. Ord, and whose two sons were taken to the Atlantic States by Lieutenant Sherman in 1850 to be educated. An intimate friend of this famous secretary was Don José M. Romero, the most widely known teacher and author of the province, who wrote and printed the "Catecismo de Ortologia" at Monterey in 1836, and established an advanced school, the best in California until the days of Enrique Cambuston and José Maria Campina, whom Governor Alvarado brought from Mexico.

The Bandinis descended from an Andalusian family of high rank, and were in California by 1771. Old Captain José Bandini was the first to raise the Mexican flag, which he did on the ship *Reina*, at San Blas, in 1821. His son Juan married Dolores Estudillo, and, after her death, Refugio Arguello, and was very prominent in the province from 1825 to 1845. The extensive Carrillo family and also the great Ortega family date their Californian record from 1769. The Ortegas founded Santa Barbara. The Carrillos in the second generation married into the Vallejos, Castros, Pachecos, and many other proud families. At the time of the conquest they had connections in every part of the province. The late Judge Covarrubias, of Santa Barbara, one of the most prominent jurists of Southern California, was connected by marriage with the Carrillos. Captain Noriega, of Santa Barbara, also married a Carrillo, and when he died, in 1858, he left more than a hundred descendants. There were large families in those days of simple,



GENERAL ANDRES PICO.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF PIO PICO.)

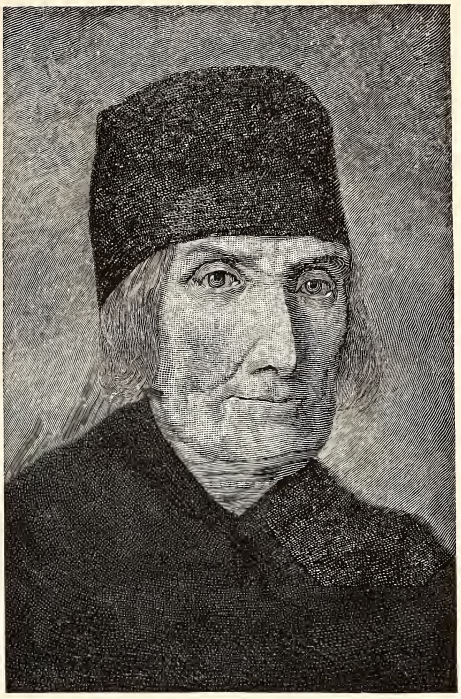
healthy outdoor life; one often reads in the old documents of from twelve to twenty sons and daughters of the same parents. Don Cristobal Dominguez, who owned the Las Virgenes ranch, left fourteen living children, and one hundred and ten living descendants.

The founders of the early families came from all parts of the Spanish dominions. The Castros were from Sinaloa, and so were the Lugos. Old Don Aguirre, a wealthy ship-owner and merchant, who first came in his vessel the *Guipuscuana*, was a Basque, and his family is still represented in San Diego and Santa Barbara. Another Basque pioneer was Don José Amesti, a rough, honest fellow, alcalde of Monterey, and afterwards the governor's secretary, who married Prudencia Vallejo. General Castro once told me that Don José "would even say 'carajo' before his children," a thing which "astonished all his friends," for it was not seemly; no other Californian did so. The officer who founded Branciforte, Colonel Pedro Albertia, was a Catalan. The first of the Alvisos, the Valencias, and the Peraltas were from Sonora. José Mariano Bonilla, from the city of Mexico, was one of the first lawyers in the province. The Vacas, descendants of the famous *conquistadore* Captain Vaca, who was under Cortez, came from New Mexico. Don Manuel Requena of Los Angeles came to California from Yucatan. The Suñols, who owned one of the most beautiful of valleys, were from Spain, and the sons were sent to Paris to be educated. Lieutenant Valdez, who was in the Malaspina expedition of 1791, returned to Europe and was killed at Trafalgar. This noted expedition, under Alejandro Malaspina, consisted of two royal corvettes of Spain, which left Cadiz in 1789, reached California in 1791, and went around the world. In ways like these, and from a thousand channels of commerce and adventure, every province of Spain and Mexico became represented among the pioneer families of California.

MARIA DE JESUS VALLEJO (SISTER MARIA TERESA).

THE Vallejo family traces its descent from soldiers and nobles of the heroic days of Spain, and is as well known in the mother country as in California. A copy of the genealogical record of the family, which has been kept with great precision, was filed in 1806 in the Spanish archives of Alta California. It states that Don Alonzo Vallejo commanded the Spanish troops on board the vessel which brought the royal commissioner Bobadilla to America with orders to carry Columbus a prisoner to Spain. Another famous Vallejo was a captain under Cortez, followed that illustrious cutthroat to the complete conquest of Mexico, and became governor of the province of Panuco, lord of great silver mines, and master of peons innumerable.

Bilbao, the ancient capital of Burgos, Spain, was the place from which the branch of the Vallejos that is known in California started for the New World. Of this branch came Don

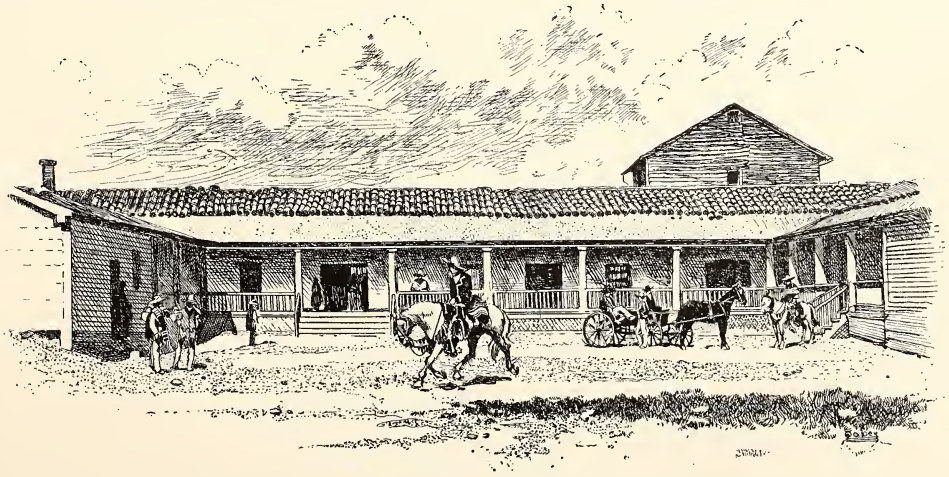


THE MOTHER OF GENERAL VALLEJO, BORN MARIA ANTONIA LUGO.

Ignacio Vicente Vallejo, born in 1748, in the city of Guadalaxara, Mexico, and designed, as were many of the family before him, for holy orders and the service of the Church. The young man rebelled, volunteered under Captain Rivera y Moncada in Padre Junipero Serra's famous expedition, landing at San Diego in 1769, and thus became a pioneer among the Spanish pioneers themselves. He soon became prominent in the colony, and was not only made military commander of various towns, but was long the only civil engineer in the province, laying out most of the greater irrigation works of the Missions and pueblos, and becoming the owner of extensive and valuable estates.

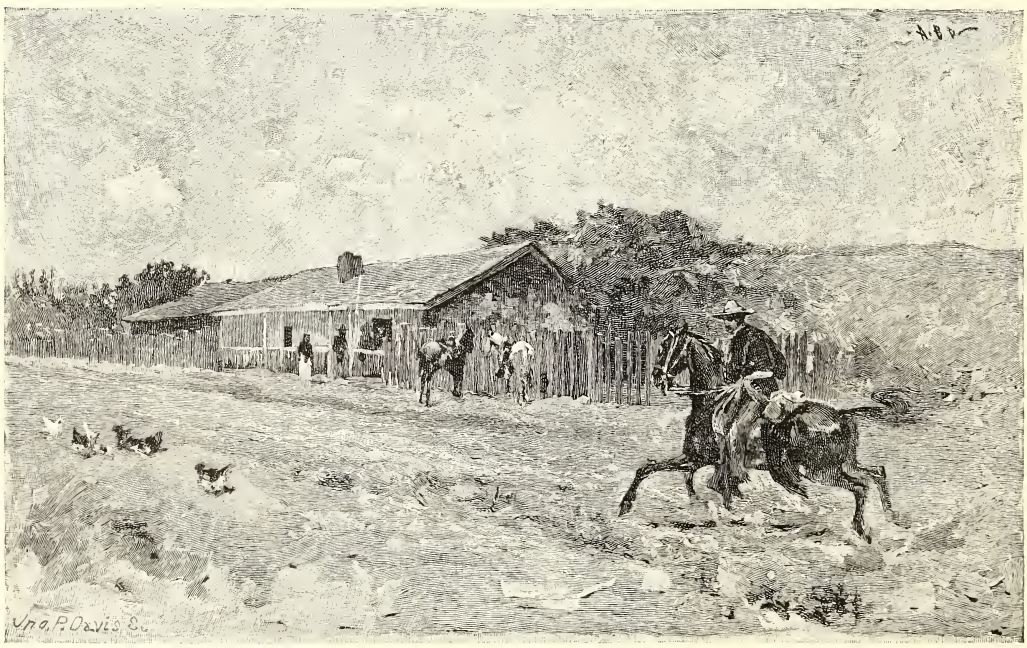
Don Ignacio's engagement and marriage are noted in most of the chronicles of the period. The great Missions were being founded, and, outside of priests and Indians, few people were in the country; California, as late as in the "golden prime of '49," was a masculine community, and women of the better sort were hard to find. When, therefore, the young soldier of fortune saw, at San Luis Obispo, in 1776, on the day of her birth, an infant daughter of the Lugo family, then as now prominent among the Spanish families of Southern California, he did not delay his wooing. Using all the dignity and formality that the aristocratic *gentils de razon* of the period considered essential in such matters, he obtained an interview with the parents, and negotiated a solemn contract of engagement with the day-old Señorita Maria Antonia Lugo, subject to the girl's future consent. She grew up to be an exceedingly attractive and intelligent young woman, and in due season they were married. It proved an extremely happy and fortunate union, and the success of the founder of the Vallejo family in California in speaking for an infant in arms became almost a family proverb from San Diego to Sonoma. Don Ignacio's home was notable, even in that pioneer age, for its patriarchal simplicity, and he maintained to the day of his death, in 1831, a noble and dignified leadership of the family. Señora Vallejo survived her husband until 1851, and a painting made a short time before her death shows the almost puritanical severity and strength of character of this old Spanish lady of the Arcadian period of California.

None of the Spanish pioneer families have more carefully preserved the traditions and



DE LA GUERRA MANSION.

relics of the past than have the Vallejos. With them, as with others, the time of greatest prosperity was between 1820 and 1846. Among the great families with which they were closely connected by marriage or friendship were the De la Guerras, whose founder, Don José de la Guerra y Noriega, was born in Santander, Spain, of a family which dates back to the Moorish wars. Early in the century the family owned no fewer than eight large ranches, and as late as 1850 Don José sold nearly $100,000 worth of cattle annually, and was one of the great men of the pastoral period, with hundreds of herdsmen scattered over leagues of territory. His wife, Maria Antonia Carrillo, the daughter of Don Raymundo, one of the first commanders at San Diego and Santa Barbara, was called in common speech "that most benevolent lady." The seventh of their eleven children was several times mayor of Santa Barbara. The eldest daughter married W. P. Hartnell, of London. The youngest daughter, Antonia, afterwards Mrs. Oreña, was called in her day the greatest beauty on the Pacific coast.



ADOBE HOUSE, SONOMA, ERECTED BY GENERAL VALLEJO, 1834.

It is remarkable how many of the daughters of the best families of the old Californian towns married Americans and Englishmen of standing. In the Carrillo family four daughters married foreigners; the Ortegas, Noriegas, and many others showed a similar record. The grace, beauty, and modesty of the women of the time were the admiration of every visitor. The freedom from care, the outdoor life and constant exercise, and the perfect climate of California had re-created the Andalusian type of loveliness. In the Ortega family, for instance, the women, who all had brown hair and eyes and were of pure Castilian stock, were so renowned for their beauty that their fame extended to the city of Mexico, and General Ramirez came from there with letters of introduction to win a daughter of the Ortegas. Another of the famous beauties of her day was the Señora Maria Isabel Cota de Pico, who was born in 1783 and died in 1869, leaving over three hundred living descendants. Señorita Guadalupe Ortega married young Joseph Chapman, a New Englander who landed on the coast in 1818 from the Buenos Ayrean privateer which Bouchard commanded, and who was captured by Corporal Lugo, whose sister married Don Ignacio Vallejo. With true Spanish hospitality Lugo made him a guest of the family, and in a year or two secured his social recognition among the leading families. Chapman became prominent at the Mission San Gabriel, and at Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, where he died in 1849.

A multitude of stories of the social life of the Spanish period might be told here, but it is sufficient to give the outline as told by the descendants of those old families. Each town on the coast was the center of the hide and tallow trade for a hundred miles or more. The

low adobe stores there held piles of costly and beautiful goods in the days of which Farnham and Dana wrote — the days when the great cattle princes came from their ranches to hold festival. The young cavaliers rode in on fiery but well-trained and gaily caparisoned horses, and all the wonderful feats of horsemanship of as fine a race of riders as the world has ever seen were performed daily on mesa and sea-beach and plaza. But the home life of these great families was simplicity itself. In many a Spanish house there was no fireplace, window, or chimney. The fire for cooking was built on a clay floor, partly roofed, outside of the main building. The household utensils were few — a copper or iron kettle, a slab of rock on which to pound corn or wheat, a soapstone griddle for the tortillas. Dishes, tableware, and furniture came slowly, and were of the most simple description. For years a raw hide stretched on the floor with a blanket spread over it formed the usual bed in early California. Everything was kept exquisitely clean, and though the Spanish families learned to spend more on their houses and belongings, they seemed to look upon such things as only affording opportunities for a more generous hospitality.

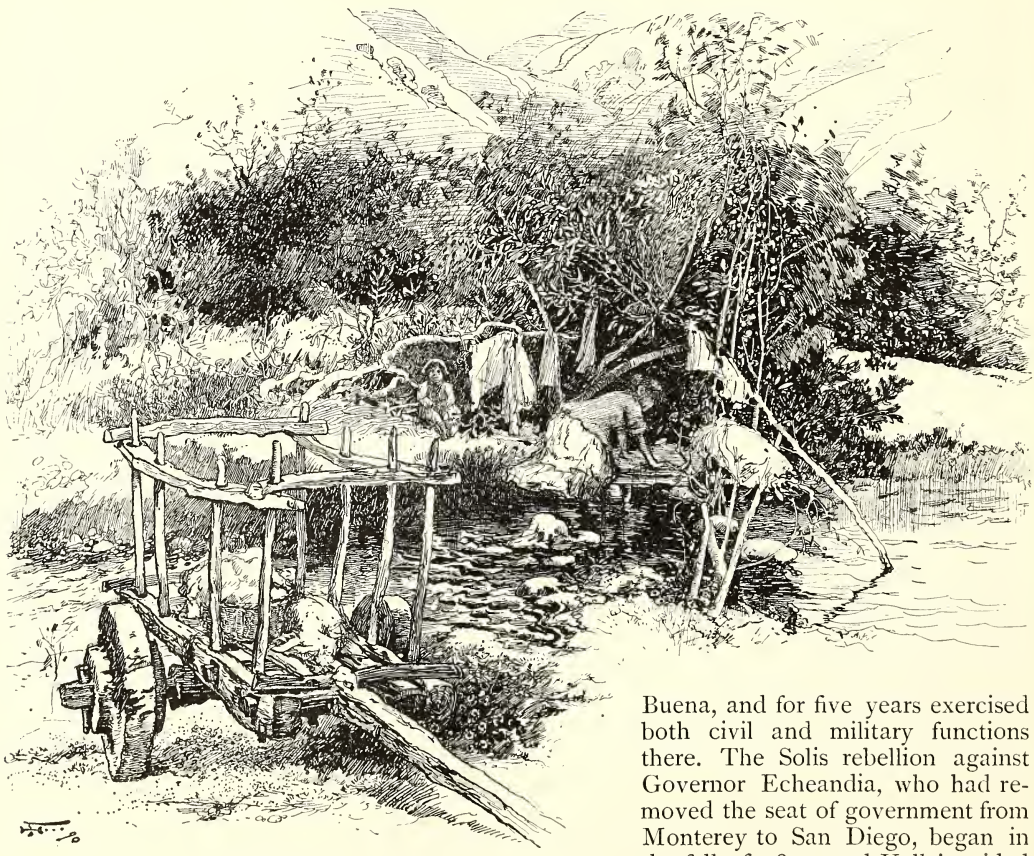
DOÑA VALLEJO, WIDOW OF GENERAL VALLEJO, BORN FRANCISCA BENICIA CARRILLO.

In the old days there was not a hotel in California, and it was considered a grievous offense even for a stranger, much more for a friend, to pass by a ranch without stopping. Fresh horses were always furnished, and in many cases on record when strangers appeared to need financial help a pile of uncounted silver was left in the sleeping apartment, and they were given to understand that they were to take all they needed. This money was covered with a cloth, and it was a point of honor not to count it beforehand nor afterwards. It was "guest silver," and the custom continued until its abuse by travelers compelled the native Californians to abandon it. Among themselves no one was ever allowed to suffer or struggle for lack of help. The late Dr. Nicholas Den, of Santa Barbara, who married into the Ortega family, once needed money to carry through a speculation, and thought of going to Los Angeles to borrow it. Old Father Narciso, hearing of the matter, sent his Indian boy to him with a "cora," or four-gallon tule basket, full of gold, and the message that he ought to come to his priest whenever he needed help.

The collections of "Documents relating to the History of California" made by General Vallejo and his brother Don J. J. Vallejo, and now in the Bancroft library, and the very graphic and careful series of manuscript notes and memoranda by General Vallejo, entitled "Historia de California," all cast light upon the social and economic conditions in these Arcadian days. A very large number of the old families, such as the Castros, Picos, Arces, and Peraltas, and many of the Americans who had married native Californians, furnished manuscripts, letters, and various documents of permanent value. In fact it may be doubted if

the pioneer period of any other American State has had a more complete mass of original authoritative data made ready for the historian's use. Much still remains to be collected from first hands, and many minor historical questions will probably be solved by documents still held by the native Californian families, who treasure every scrap of written paper.

The link between the old and the new, between the quiet and happy pastoral age of the beginning of the century and the age of American growth and change that followed fast on the conquest, was that remarkable man, General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo,[1] whose children, as he once told me, "were born under three administrations — Spanish, Mexican, and American." One of his daughters said, "Two of us, when we were small, were called by our brothers and sisters 'the little Yankees.'" General Vallejo, the eighth of the thirteen children of Don Ignacio, was born in 1808, in the old seaport town of Monterey, long the capital of the province, and died January 18, 1890, in Sonoma, once the northern fortress of the province and guarded by the young general's soldiers. At the age of sixteen he was an officer in the army and the private secretary of the governor of California. In 1829, when only twenty-one, he became lieutenant-commander of the northern department, which included all the country north of Santa Cruz, and made his headquarters at the presidio. Here he organized the first town government of Yerba Buena, and for five years exercised both civil and military functions there. The Solis rebellion against Governor Echeandia, who had removed the seat of government from Monterey to San Diego, began in the fall of 1829, and Vallejo aided in the defeat of the insurgents at Santa Barbara. He was a member of the territorial deputation in 1831, and brought articles of impeachment against Governor Victoria, who was defeated and driven from California in the revolution which followed. The next year General Vallejo married Señorita Francisca Benicia Carrillo, by whom he had seventeen children, nine of whom are now living.[2]



WASHING-DAY ON A RANCH.

By 1840 the young lieutenant had reached

[1] See portrait in THE CENTURY for December, 1890.

[2] The eldest became the wife of General John B. Frisbie; the others are the wife of Dr. Frisbie, Mrs. Attila Haraszthy, Mrs. E. Emperan, Mrs. J. Henry Cutter, Dr. Platon Vallejo, Andronica Vallejo, Ulla Vallejo, and Napoleon Vallejo.

THE FANDANGO.

the rank of lieutenant-general, and was the one man in California to whom the entire province turned with perfect confidence in every emergency. When Gutierrez was deposed Vallejo took control of affairs, and he made his nephew Alvarado civil governor, retaining military control himself. Micheltorena, who succeeded him as governor, confirmed all his acts, and appointed him military commander of the whole territory north of Monterey. Vallejo then founded the town of Sonoma, making it his military headquarters, and spent more than a quarter of a million dollars there. He sent to Mexico for a printing press and type, set up with his own hands his orders and proclamations, and printed and bound several pamphlets. This was in 1839. The famous Zamorano press of Monterey, which began work in November, 1834, with carnival ball invitations, had printed the "Catecismo" and many public documents, which are much prized by collectors. Paper was so scarce that the proof-sheets and defective prints were saved and used for fly-leaves of the curious little *arisméticas* and other text-books that were issued a few years later for the schools of the province.

One has to go back to the days of the famous Spanish "marches," or frontier towns built and defended in Spain's heroic age by her proudest knights, to find a fit parallel in history to the position held by General Vallejo during the closing years of the Mexican rule in California. He had absolute sway for a hundred miles or more, and he "kept the border." His men rode on horseback to Monterey and to Captain Sutter's fort on the Sacramento, bringing him news and carrying his letters. Spanish families colonized the fertile valleys under his protection, and Indians came and built in the shadows of the Sonoma Mission. He owned, as he believed by unassailable title, the largest and finest ranch in the province, and he dispensed a hospitality so generous and universal that it was admired and extolled even among the old Spanish families. J. Quinn Thornton, who visited the coast in 1848 and published his experiences, says: "Governor-General Vallejo owns 1000 horses that are broken to the saddle and bridle, and 9000 that are not broken. Broken horses readily bring one hundred dollars apiece, but the unbroken ones can be purchased for a trivial sum." More and more in the closing years of the epoch and the days of the conquest General Vallejo became the representative man of his people, and so he has received, among many of the old families, the reproachful name of a traitor to California and to his nation. The quiet intensity of this bitterness, even to-day, is a startling thing. I have seen men of pure blood, famous in provincial history, leave the room at the name of Vallejo.

In 1844–45 the native Californians drove out Governor Micheltorena, and began to discuss the feasibility of establishing a separate government. In 1846 the famous Santa Barbara convention of leading ranchers occurred, and, according to General Vallejo's memo-

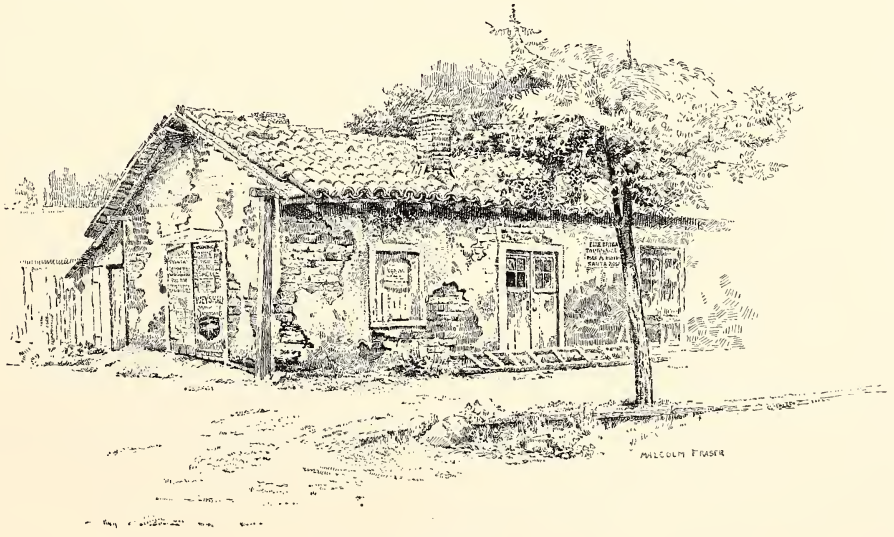
OLD SWISS HOUSE OF GENERAL VALLEJO AT SONOMA, IMPORTED IN PARTS FROM SWITZERLAND.

randa, English influences were very strong. He exerted all his personal influence, and secured an adjournment of the convention to Monterey, where that fine old American, Consul Thomas O. Larkin, helped him in his struggle. Here Vallejo made a bold speech against an English protectorate, against a separate republic, and in favor of annexation to the United States and ultimate statehood. He was thoroughly equipped for the task, the best educated man among the native Californians, and inspired by the American ideal. The convention closed with its leaders, such as his nephews Castro and Alvarado, ready to adopt the views of Vallejo, and the way seemed prepared for a hearty welcome to the Americans. But the Bear Flag episode followed, Vallejo was carried a prisoner to Sutter's Fort, and the opportunity of peaceful conquest was lost. Nevertheless, as soon as he was released he threw himself heart and soul into the work of organizing a government. He aided in framing a temporary code of laws, and in securing its support by the Spanish population. He laid out the town sites of Benicia and Vallejo on the strait of Carquinez, and he was a leading member of the constitutional convention. General Vallejo's whole career showed that he was actuated by a large and noble ambition to be recognized as the foremost citizen of the State. Nothing marked this element in his nature more clearly than the magnificent plans for his proposed capital at Vallejo. He offered to construct public buildings and give large areas of land. The long-forgotten scheme, which was laid before the legislature of 1850, who accepted, and was ratified by the people, was in every respect worthy of his magnificent liberality. He began to build his new city, but, contrary to the pledges of the State, the capital was removed to Sacramento at the next session of the legislature. Squatters began to settle upon his great Suscol and Petaluma ranches, and ultimately the Supreme Court of the United States rejected the title to the larger part of his estates. He spent the rest of his life on a comparatively small homestead, "Lachryma Montis," near the old town of Sonoma.

Lachryma Montis is one of the few historical mansions of the Pacific coast. The dwelling house, built in 1850–51, cost nearly $60,000 and came from all parts of the world — the mantelpieces from Honolulu, the iron from China, the bricks from South America. Carpenters' wages were then seventeen dollars a day, and the great redwoods that were hewn in the Sonoma forests were "whip-sawed" by hand for the plank required. The spring on the mountain side that gave the mansion its name was walled in, and a lake which supplied the town with water and fed fountains in the orange, lemon, and olive groves was thus formed. More nopal hedges were planted, and the old ones extended. A chalet imported in parts from Switzerland was erected near the man-

sion. Farther away were the old adobes. A pavilion of iron, glass, and bamboo, imported from China, cost, as members of the family tell me, more than a hundred thousand dollars. When the estates were lost the beautiful grounds began to fall into ruins, through lack of means to keep them up, and in 1890 General Vallejo died a comparatively poor man.

Sonoma Valley is full of stories of his generosity. Father Lorenzo Waugh, an early Methodist circuit-rider of the region, saw the squatters taking up land in the valley while waiting for a decision respecting Vallejo's title. He went to the general, and was told to go ahead and settle on a quarter-section, and he would do all in his power to secure him a title. Father Waugh did so, and nine years later, while Vallejo was away, the lines of this particular district were settled, and his lawyer, against orders, sold the tract on which Waugh lived. As soon as Vallejo learned this he gave him a title to three hundred acres of better land, a part of the home estate. No one will ever know how many hundreds of American pioneers owed their start in the world to General Vallejo, even while he was struggling against immense financial difficulties and losing his lands, not by acres, but by square leagues.



AN ADOBE IN SONOMA.

Many others of the old Californians made a distinction between the "Gringo thieves" and the pleasant, manly pioneers who were good neighbors. A volume could be written about the unsolicited gifts of land — fifty acres here, a hundred there — made to young Americans to whom the great rancheros had taken a fancy, or who had rendered them a service. "Take the land," said Don Alviso to a Connecticut man in 1849, in Alameda County. "You can keep it; I cannot."

After General Vallejo found his estate slipping away he devoted himself more and more to horticulture and to the education of his children. He occasionally appeared in public, and the greatness of his services to the commonwealth was recognized by every thoughtful citizen. The general's name is mentioned in nearly every book of travels or magazine article relating to early California. In his later years he gathered up and put on record a surprising wealth of material relating to the old Spanish days of California. From him the historians have drawn most of their important details. His manuscript, now in the Bancroft collection, is written with such exquisite care and fidelity to truth that, like General Bidwell's recollections of early days in the Sacramento Valley, it has become the primary authority upon all within its range.

General Vallejo's readiness of apt anecdote was always remarkable. Patti once dined with him, and asked the old soldier if he enjoyed the first opera he ever heard.

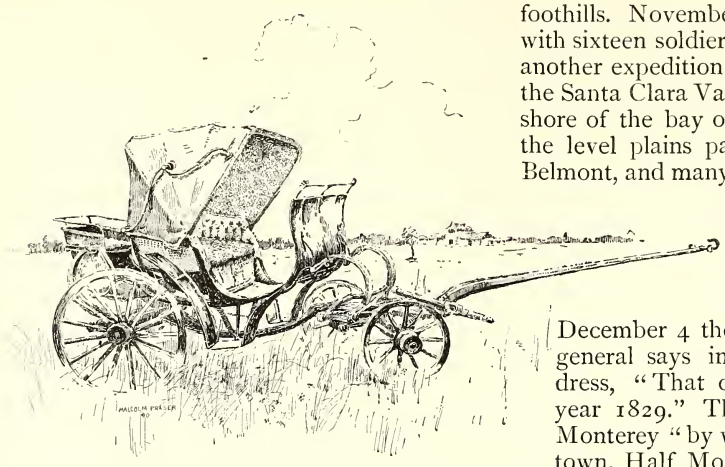
"Why, no," said Vallejo; "and yet I confess I shall never forget it."

This reply aroused Patti's curiosity, and she demanded when and where the event took place.

"In 1828, on the site of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco."

"Indeed! And who was the prima donna so long ago as that?"

"Well, I can't say," was the smiling answer; "but there were at least five hundred coyotes in the chorus."



THE VALLEJO CHARIOT FOR POSTILION AND FOOTMAN, BROUGHT FROM MEXICO EARLY IN THIS CENTURY.

A volume of description could not give a more complete picture of the loneliness of the peninsula at that time.

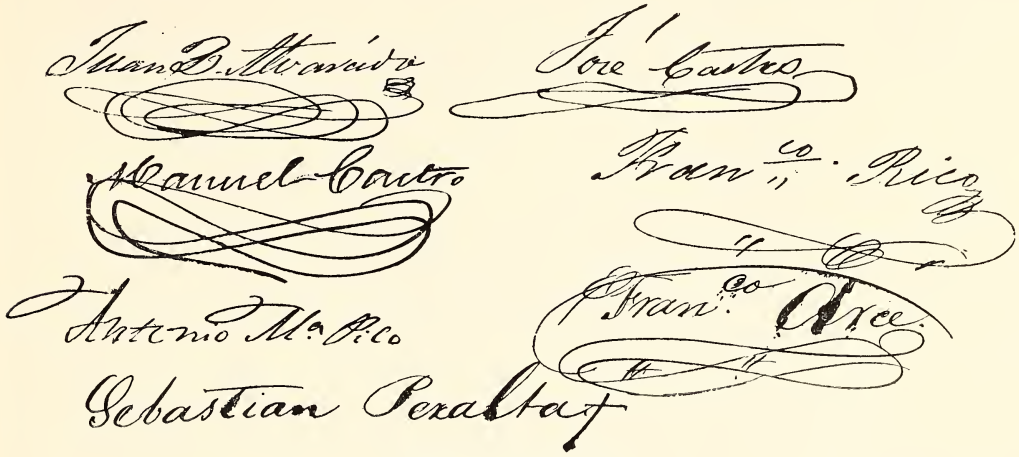
In his younger days General Vallejo not only knew almost every one of the five thousand Spanish Californians in the province, the greater part of the Mission Indians, and the chiefs of the wild tribes, but he gathered up, even in his youth, the traditions of the pioneers, and tested their accuracy by every possible documentary and other evidence. His journals are full of variety, and form a complete picture of the entire Spanish period. One of his memoranda speaks of the galleon *San Augustin*, which was wrecked in Tomales Bay in 1595, and of which portions drifted into the Golden Gate in 1830, where they were found by Don José Antonio Sanches and identified by General Vallejo! He has traced the track of every exploring expedition from the earliest settlement, and determined most of their camps. His story of the discovery of San Francisco Bay illustrates the slowness of the progress of settlement. It was late in 1769 that the Portala party and Captain Rivera, with whom was Don Ignacio Vallejo, worked northward from San Diego, past Monterey, and down the San Mateo peninsula, till, on November 2, two hunters of the expedition first looked upon the bay of San Francisco, and November 4 the whole party saw the great bay. In March, 1772, Captain Fages and Father Crespi made that notable exploration which extended from Monterey across the Salinas Valley, through the hills to the Santa Clara Valley, up the east side of the bay past San José and Oakland, and along the shores of San Pablo and Suisun to where Antioch now stands. The San Joaquin River was crossed at this point, and recrossed by the expedition, which returned to Monterey through the Monte Diablo foothills. November 23, 1774, Captain Rivera, with sixteen soldiers and Father Palou, made another expedition to the bay. They entered the Santa Clara Valley and skirted the western shore of the bay of San Francisco, following the level plains past the sites of Palo Alto, Belmont, and many other towns of to-day, and crossing to the ocean beach at Laguna de la Merced, they reached Point Lobos, and climbed the cliff to look down on the Golden Gate. December 4 they planted the cross. The general says in his commemoration address, "That cross I saw myself in the year 1829." The expedition returned to Monterey "by way of San Pedro, Spanishtown, Half Moon Bay, Point New Year, Santa Cruz, Watsonville, Castroville, and Salinas." In 1775 Captain Ayala sailed the *San Carlos* into the bay of San Francisco, and "remained forty days, exploring it in all directions." In the spring of 1776 Colonel Anza and Lieutenant Moraga led another land expedition to the region and returned to Monterey.

Then came the foundation of the Mission and the Presidio. The military force, under Lieutenant Moraga, consisted, says General Vallejo, of one sergeant, two corporals, and ten soldiers, with their wives and children. These conveyed Fathers Palou and Cambon, with two Indian servants and three neophyte Indians, who cared for eighty-six head of Mission cattle, partly their own, partly belonging to the king. June 27, 1776, they camped at the lagoon or lake of Dolores, near where the Mission was soon afterwards built. The soldiers erected barracks of tule, soon replaced by wood. The day of the foundation of the Mission was fixed at October 4, the day of St. Francis, and October 8 the actual building was begun. Among those present were Don Ignacio Vallejo, Lieutenant Moraga, and members of the families of Briones, Galindo, Castro, Pacheco, Bojorques, Bernal, Peralta, Higuera, and others of prominence in Spanish California.

The historians of Spanish Californian days must draw on such traditions as these, obtained from General Vallejo's conversations, or written in his memoranda. A single magazine article can contain only a small part of the wealth of tradition that has gathered about the old Sonoma homestead of the Vallejos — that homestead which is in the highest degree typical of all Spanish homesteads of the first rank on the Pacific coast. Everywhere, in the most picturesque portions of California, are the old adobes that once were social centers of the stately life of nearly a century ago. Most of them are merely ruins, but many are still the homes of the descendants of the first fami-

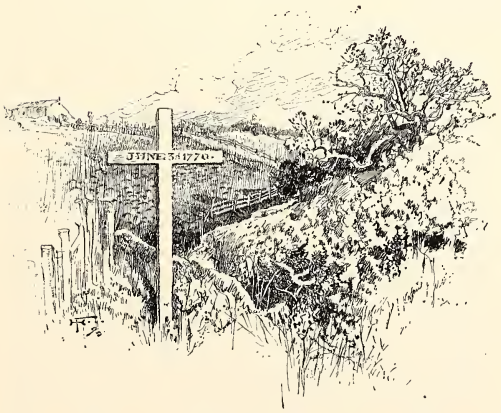
lies of the province. The years that brought such change and wreck to the old days have now carried them so far back into the mists of tradition that they seem centuries away. Vallejo's fortress on the frontier is now a town, as dull and unromantic as Yonkers. About the ancient pueblo of Los Angeles has sprung up an intensely modern city. A railroad extends through the very graveyard of San Miguel Mission. Much needs to be done by Californians to preserve the memorials of the past that was so fair and so fruitful a beginning of the story of the commonwealth. The agency through which this is to be accomplished is likely to be the association known as the Native Sons of the Golden West, under whose public-spirited direction was conducted the recent successful celebration of the admission of California.

Charles Howard Shinn.



FROM AN OLD DOCUMENT.

THE MISSIONS OF ALTA CALIFORNIA.[1]



CROSS AT MONTEREY MARKING THE LANDING PLACE OF JUNIPERO SERRA.

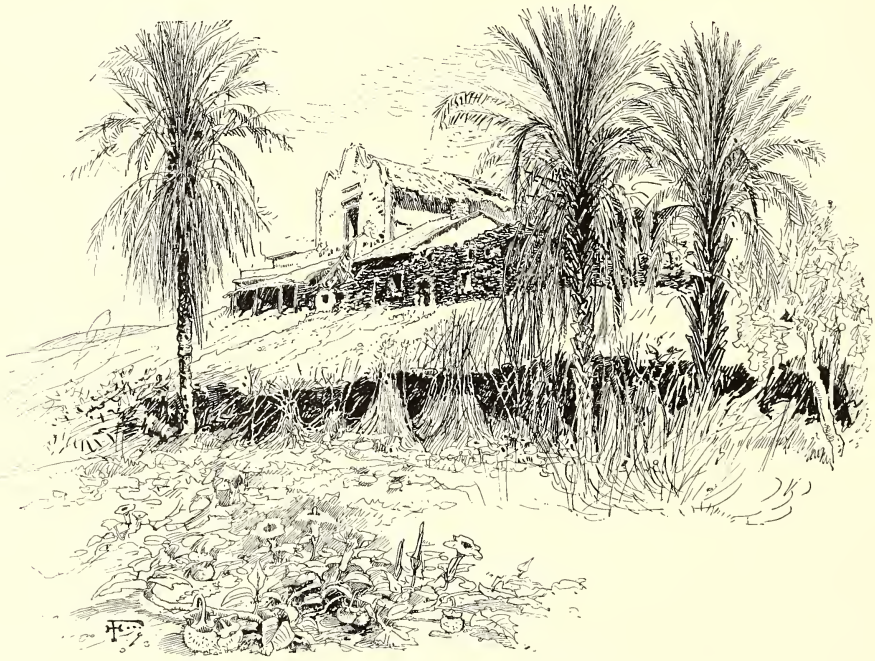
ALTHOUGH the peninsula of Lower California was discovered as early as 1534, and many attempts were made to colonize it, it remained wholly unoccupied by Spain down to 1697. In February of that year two Jesuit fathers, Juan Maria Salvatierra and Francisco Eusebio Kino, asked permission to attempt the spiritual conquest of the country, which was granted on condition that the king should not be called on for any part of the expense involved, and that possession should be taken distinctly in the name of the Spanish crown. Armed with this authority and the sanction of their superiors in the order, the two missionaries set about collecting funds for their undertaking, and in a short time succeeded in obtaining sufficient means to commence it. These funds, subscribed by charitable individuals, whose names and contributions the gratitude of the fathers has preserved for us to this day, increased, in progress of time, to an aggregate of sufficient importance to find frequent mention in Mexican legislation and history, under the name of the "Pious Fund of the Californias." It constituted afterwards the endowment and support of the Missions on all the west coast of the continent as far north as claimed by Spain, the whole of which was called by the general name of the Californias.

The thirteen Missions founded by the Jesuits

[1] See also "Father Junipero and his Work: A Sketch of the Foundation, Prosperity, and Ruin of the Franciscan Missions in California," by "H. H.," in this magazine for May and June, 1883.—EDITOR.

in Lower California extended from Cape San Lucas, at the extremity of the peninsula, northwards. Details regarding them are deemed out of place here: they were in a flourishing condition at the time of the expulsion of the order in 1768, and the establishments remain to the present day; ruined indeed and deserted by the population that once clustered round them, but attesting still the pious zeal of their founders.

In 1767 the Spanish monarch, by a "pragmatic sanction," directed that the Society of Jesus should be expelled from his dominions. With a refinement of cruelty this decree was directed to be put into force in every part of the kingdom at the same instant. At a given hour of the night, long after the inmates were in profound sleep, a train of vehicles was drawn up at the door of every Jesuit college, novitiate, or other establishment of any kind, and the porter was roused from sleep and directed, in the name of the king, to summon all the members of the community to instant assembly in the chapel or refectory. Hastily putting on their garments, the members obeyed the summons, bewildered to conjecture its cause. The roll was called, the laggards, if there were any, were brought in, and the assembled members were then informed that his Majesty had been pleased to banish them forever from his dominions. Carriages were awaiting them below, and relays of animals were provided for their transportation to the nearest seaport, where vessels were prepared to convey them abroad. A few moments only were allowed to them to snatch their breviaries, beads, prayer-books, and necessary clothing, and within an hour after the first knock at the door of the establishment the whole body of inmates was in motion towards the coast, where they were with equal suddenness and despatch shipped off to Rome. During their journey to the point of embarkation no intercourse was allowed either with friends or with persons casually met on the road. They vanished from Spain, and from all the European possessions of Spain, as silently and as rapidly as a morning mist.



THE FIRST MISSION IN CALIFORNIA (SAN DIEGO).

It was not possible to enforce this barbarous decree with the same cruel precision in California. The place was too remote, and its resources inadequate. It was necessary to supply the Missions with other missionaries, else the Indians, who had been with so much trouble and effort reduced to habits of civilization, would infallibly have relapsed again into savagery and paganism, and the whole work of conquest would have to be recommenced. Thus the necessities of the situation somewhat modified the cruelty of the proceedings in California. The missionaries were assembled in La Paz in February, 1768, and amid the tears and lamentations of their Indian flocks, who, from every Mission in the peninsula, sent delegations to accompany their spiritual fathers, they finally embarked, and, after a toilsome pilgrimage across Mexico, finally took ship at Vera

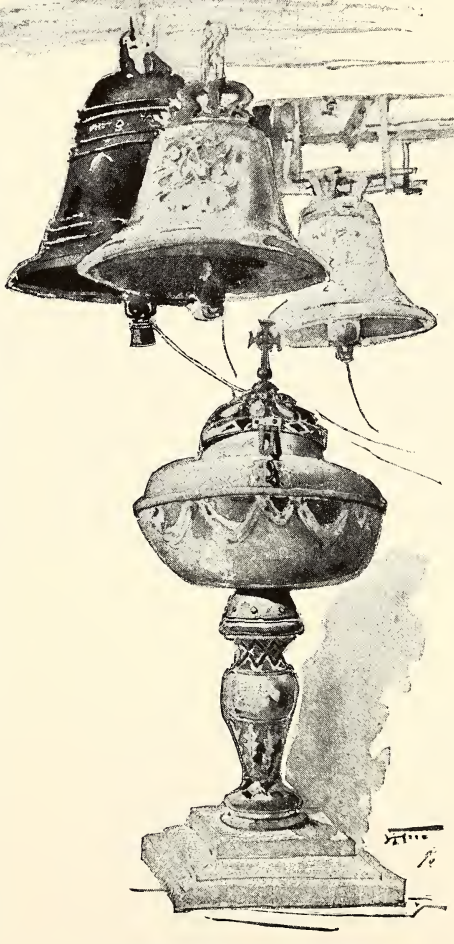
MISSION OF SAN JOSÉ. (DRAWN AFTER A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN IN 1853, NOW OWNED BY J. L. BEARD.)

Cruz on the 13th of April. From the magnitude of the Pious Fund the hungry politicians, who hoped to profit by their expulsion, looked for large amounts of money from the plunder of the California Missions. The total of all sums found at them proved less than a hundred dollars.

Arrangements had been made by the viceroy by which Franciscan friars, drawn from the convent of San Fernando de Zacatecas, took the place of the expelled Jesuits in the several Missions; and adopting the rules and practices of their predecessors they gradually slid into the confidence of the simple-hearted natives, and carried on the work as it had been commenced.

At this time the Marquis de Croix was Viceroy of New Spain, and José de Galvez was sent over from the mother country as Visitador General, armed with extraordinary powers. Apprehensions of an attempt by the English to enlarge their possessions in America and to obtain a foothold on the Pacific made it appear unsafe to permit the northwest coast to remain longer unoccupied, and Galvez determined to colonize it on a large scale. He was a man of immense zeal and untiring industry, well chosen for an occasion requiring energetic action. Fortunately he met with an ecclesiastic to second his movements who possessed the same qualities in as high a degree, perhaps in a higher, and who joined to them a humble piety, a zealous devotion to duty, and a self-abnegation even more remarkable. This was Father Junipero Serra, president of the Missions.

Father Michael Joseph Serra was born in the island of Majorca, in the year 1713. After pursuing his studies in the Lullian University there he evinced a preference for a religious life, and



BELLS AND FONT AT SAN JOSÉ.

was admitted to the order of St. Francis, taking instead of his baptismal names that of Junipero, by which only he is known in history. The Franciscans and Dominicans were, about that period, extending their Missions among the Indians of America in rivalry with the Jesuits, and Father Serra with three of his fellow-mem-

bers became inflamed with the desire to take part in these pious enterprises. The other associates were Fathers Rafael Verger, Francisco Palou, and Juan Crespi. They obtained permission to join a body of missionaries which in 1749 was assembled at Cadiz to embark for the New World, and after a ninety-nine days' voyage they landed in Vera Cruz. Palou has left us a quaint history of their journey, which in these days of rapid transit is rather amusing. The voyage from Majorca to Malaga was made in a small English coaster,

the captain of which [says he] was a stubborn, cross-grained heretic, of a disposition so aggravating that, during the fifteen days our passage to Malaga lasted, he gave us not a minute's peace. We scarce had time to read our office, from his everlasting and

missionaries overboard, and on one occasion clapped a dagger at Father Serra's throat, threatening his life. It is not surprising that the missionaries rejoiced at again reaching *terra firma* after fifteen days of tossing in a Mediterranean vessel and enjoying from the officers these social amenities.

After many years' successful missionary efforts in the Sierra Gorda, Father Serra was selected to take principal charge of the Missions of California, now confided to the Franciscans, and he arrived at the port of Loreto with fifteen associates on the 2d of April, 1768. After having made the necessary dispositions for occupying the various establishments of the peninsula — a task which occupied many months, as they extended over a territory seven hundred

MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO OF PADUA, ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM MONTEREY.

persistent craving to dispute about religion and wrangle over doctrinal points. He understood no language save English and a mere smattering of Portuguese, and in the latter he conducted his disputations. With the English version of the Bible in his hand he would read a text of the Holy Scripture and proceed to interpret it according to his own ideas. But our Father Junipero was so well versed in dogmatic theology and so familiar with the Holy Scriptures that he would at once point out the error and misinterpretation, and frequently refer to another text in confirmation. The captain would thereupon rummage his greasy old Bible, and when he could find no other escape would declare that the leaf was torn and he could n't find the verse he wanted.

The captain, as Father Palou states, remained "doggedly perverse" till the last, and in fact the disputes waxed so hot at times that he more than once threatened to throw the

mile. in length — he was ready to coöperate with Galvez in the subjection of Upper California to the practical dominion of the crown of Spain and the Christian religion. Two expeditions were organized for the purpose, one by sea and the other by land. The latter was formed into two detachments, which, after a toilsome march from San Fernando de Vellicata, on the Indian frontier of Lower California, were, on the 1st of July, 1769, reunited at the bay of San Diego, where the schooners *San Carlos* and *San Antonio*, which had come up the coast to meet them, were also safely anchored. San Diego was a place of which at that time nothing more was known than that there was an excellent harbor, which had been visited by Sebastian Vizcayno in his voyage of 1601–2. This journey to San Diego occupied ninety-three days, during which Father Serra suffered

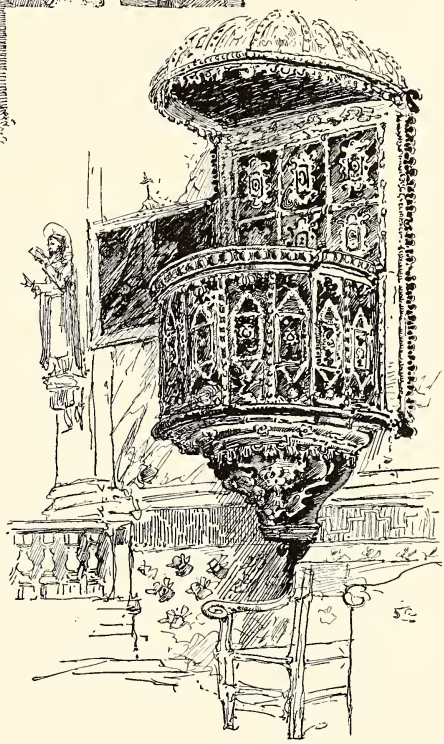
MISSION OF SAN BUENAVENTURA.

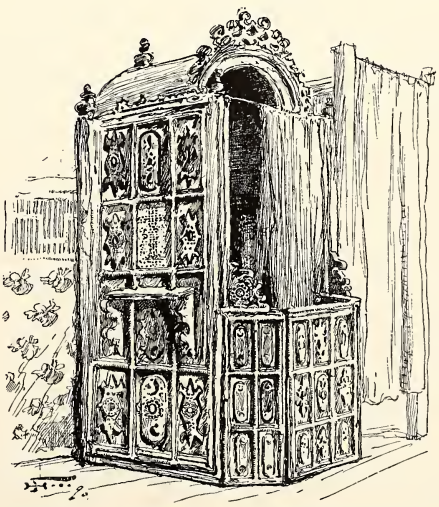
excruciatingly from an injury to one of his legs, so that at times he could neither walk nor ride.

The first Mission of Upper California was founded at San Diego, and before the lapse of a fortnight a second expedition was organized, under Don Gaspar de Portola, which was directed to proceed up the coast as far as Monterey and to found a Mission there. Monterey was also a place made known to Spanish geographers by Vizcayno's voyage of 1602, in his report of which he had described it in glowing terms as a magnificent harbor, fit to shelter the navies of the world. Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez were the chaplains of this expedition, which was also to have the coöperation of the two schooners, which were directed to the same destination.

How this land expedition toiled up the coast from San Diego, of its "moving accidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth 'scapes, ... of antres vast and deserts idle, rough quarries, rocks and hills," of how in its search for Monterey it stumbled on the bay of San Francisco and first made known to civilized man the garden of the present State of California, I have related elsewhere and will not here repeat. Suffice it to say, that having penetrated as far up the coast and over the Coast Range as to look down from the crest over what is now Searsville on the broad expanse of the Santa Clara Valley, and on the great estuary which its historian described as a "Mediterranean sea," the expedition, compelled by the approach of winter, the scarcity of food, and the increasing hostility of the aborigines, turned on the 11th of November to retrace its steps to San Diego.

On again reaching Point Pinos and the supposed place of the bay of Monterey, nearly a





PULPIT AND CONFESSIONAL OF SAN BUENAVENTURA.

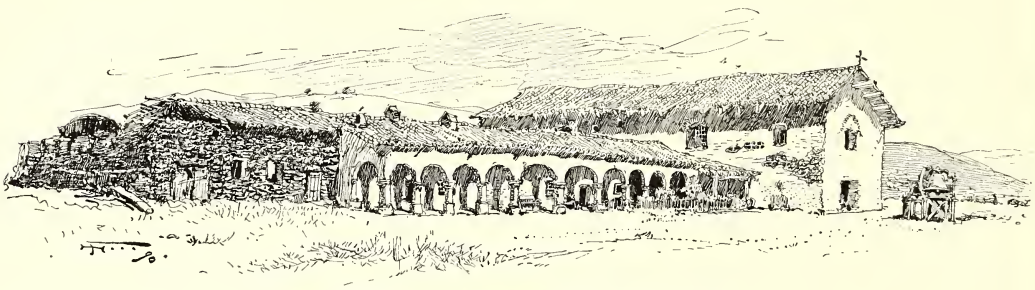
fortnight was devoted to a vigorous exploration of the rugged coast in search of the magnificent port described by Vizcayno, but in vain. The locality did not correspond in any degree to the traveler's glowing description of it. Failing to discover the harbor they were looking for, the leaders concluded it had been either destroyed by some convulsion of nature, or filled with silt, and so obliterated. They erected a large wooden cross at the north and another at the south side of Point Pinos as a memorial of their visit, and for the purpose of attracting the attention of the expedition by sea, which had been despatched to coöperate with them. On the cross erected at the south side was cut the legend: "Dig at the foot of this and you will find a writing"; and at its foot accordingly they buried a brief account of their journey. Its text is set forth in the diary of Father Crespi as follows:

The overland expedition which left San Diego on the 14th of July, 1769, under the command of Don Gaspar de Portola, Governor of California, reached the channel of Santa Barbara on the 9th of August and passed Point Concepcion on the 27th of the same month. It arrived at the Sierra de Santa Lucia on the 13th of September, entered that range of mountains on the 17th of the same month, and emerged from it on the 1st of October. On the same day caught sight of Point Pinos and the harbors on its north and south sides without discovering any indications or landmarks of the bay of Monterey. Determined to push on farther in search of it, and on the 30th of October got sight of Point Reyes and the Farallones at the bay of San Francisco,[1] which are seven in number. The expedition strove to reach Point Reyes, but was hindered by an immense arm of the sea, which, extending to a great distance inland, compelled it to make an enormous circuit for that purpose. In consequence of this and other difficulties, the greatest of all being the absolute want of food, the expedition was compelled to turn back, believing that it must have passed the harbor of Monterey without discovering it.

Started on return from the estuary of San Francisco on the 11th of November, passed Point Año Nuevo on the 19th, and reached this point and harbor of Pinos on the 27th of the same month. From that date until the present, 9th of December, we have used every effort to find the bay of Monterey, searching the coast thoroughly notwithstanding its ruggedness, but in vain. At last undeceived, and despairing of finding it after so many efforts, sufferings, and labors, and having left of all our provisions but fourteen small sacks of flour, we leave this place to-day for San Diego. I beg of Almighty God to guide it, and for you, traveler, who may read this, that he may guide you to the harbor of eternal salvation.

Done in this harbor of Pinos, the 9th of December, 1769.

NOTE.—That Don Michael Constanzo, the engineer, observed the latitude of various places on the coast, and the same are as follows.



MISSION OF SAN MIGUEL, SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY.

Here follow the latitudes of various points, after which the letter continues:

If the commanders of the schooners, either the *San José* or the *Principe,* should reach this place within a few days after this date, on learning the contents of this writing, and the distressed condition of this expedition, we beseech them to follow the coast closely towards San Diego, so that, if we should be happy enough to catch sight of them, we may be able by signals of flags or firearms to apprise them where succor and provisions may reach us.

"Glory be to God," says the pious chronicler, "the cross was erected on a little hillock, close to the beach of the small harbor on the south side of Point Pinos, and at its foot we buried the letter."

The cross erected at the north side of the Point bore the simple inscription, cut on its transverse arm with a razor: "The overland expedition from San Diego returned from this place on the 9th of December, 1769, starving."

Their prayer for succor was in vain; it never reached those to whom it was addressed. The schooners, after beating up the coast as far as the latitude of Monterey, were driven back by adverse winds, and, after months of fruitless effort to make port there, returned to San Diego, arriving just in time

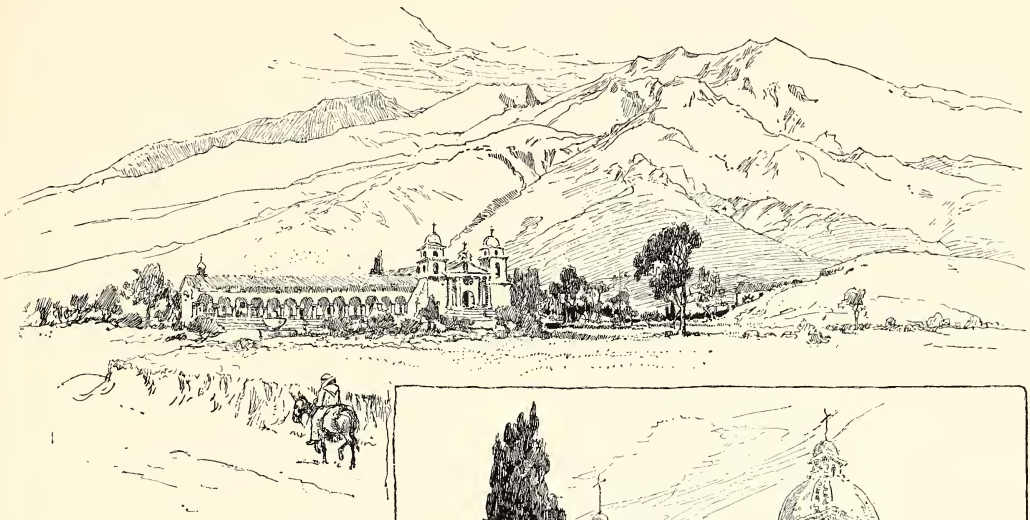
[1] The bay of San Francisco of the old Spanish geographers and navigators was what we now call "Sir Francis Drake's Bay."

to relieve the infant colony from starvation. The land party plodded its weary way down the coast, encountering sickness, suffering, privation, and occasionally death, until on the 21st of January, 1770, its surviving members reached San Diego, whence it had set out six months and twelve days before.

The effort at missionary colonization was not, however, abandoned. In 1770 another expedition moved up the coast, following the track of the first explorers, whose diary was their guide, and founded the Mission of San Carlos on the bay of Monterey, close to which was established the presidio of the same name. The place first selected proved unsuitable for the site of a Mission, and before the close of 1771 the establishment was removed a few miles to the southward and planted on the banks of the Carmel River, overlooking the charming little bay of the same name. This new foundation was called "El Carmelo." The presidio retained its site and subsequently became the capital city of the department.

Monterey has become in our day a famous watering-place frequented by visitors from the ends of the earth, and the ancient Mission, El Carmelo, now little better than a ruin, continues to attract the attention of travelers from its picturesque site and from the fact that it contains the remains of the venerable men whose pious efforts created the Missions and laid the foundations of civilization in California. There were interred the remains of Fathers Junipero Serra, Juan Crespi, and Rafael Verger.

San Diego and Monterey served to mark the extremes of the first Spanish occupancy; the interval was filled up and the area of missionary conquest gradually extended by other similar establishments. The names of these institutions, founded in rapid succession, are as follows:

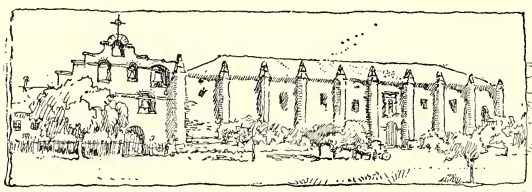


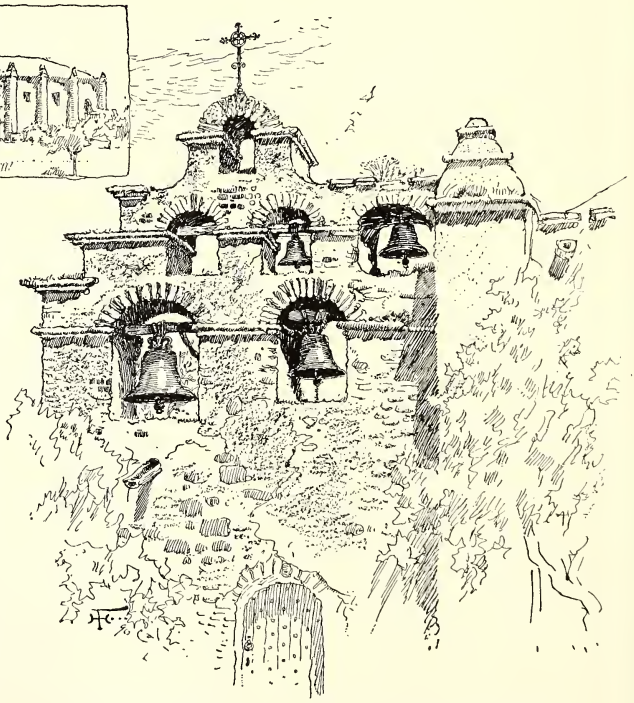
MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA.

1771.—San Gabriel, San Fernando, San Antonio.
1772.—San Luis Obispo.
1776.—San Juan Capistrano, San Francisco de Assisi.
1777.—Santa Clara.
1782.—San Buenaventura.
1786.—Santa Barbara.
1787.—La Purissima.
1791.—La Soledad, and Santa Cruz.
1797.—San Juan Bautista, San José, San Miguel.
1798.—San Luis Rey.
1802.—Santa Ynez.

After this missionary efforts seem to have relaxed, but a revival at a later date led to the foundation of San Rafael in 1817, and San Francisco Solano in 1823. Sonoma, at which this last was located, was as far north as the missionaries penetrated.

These Missions were, of course, designed for the instruction of the rude aborigines in the truths of Christianity and in the arts of civilized life. The scheme of life and discipline was devised by the Jesuits, who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries organized and carried on the most extensive system of missions in every quarter of the heathen and pagan world. India, China, Japan, both coasts of Africa, a large part of Central Asia, and both North and South America were the scenes of their indefatigable labors.





MISSION AND BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL, NEAR LOS ANGELES.

The Franciscans, who succeeded the Jesuits in California, followed their system. In order to induce the Indians to abandon their nomadic tribal life, and to exchange their reliance for food on the fruits of the chase and the spontaneous products of the forest for the ways of civilized men, they were at first supplied by the missionaries with food and clothing and afterwards taught to cultivate the earth and support themselves. Timber was felled wherever accessible and transported to a suitable site, where, with unburned brick and tiles, the Mission church and buildings were erected. The following description of San Luis Rey, condensed from the account of an intelligent traveler who saw it in its palmy days, will convey a fair idea of the establishments of which it was a type.

The Mission building is in the form of a hollow square of about one hundred and fifty yards front, along which a gallery extends. The church forms one of the wings. The edifice, a single story in height, is elevated a few feet above the ground. In the interior is a court adorned with a fountain and planted with trees, on the corridor extending around which open the apartments of the friars and the major-domo as well as those used for workshops, schoolrooms, and storehouses, and the chambers set apart for the accommodation of travelers and guests.

The male and female infirmaries, as well as the schoolrooms, are placed in the most quiet portions of the premises. The young Indian girls occupy a set of apartments secluded from the rest and commonly called the "nunnery," and they themselves are familiarly styled the "nuns." They are thus entirely protected from intrusion, and, being placed under the guardianship of staid and trustworthy matrons of their own race, are taught to spin and weave wool, flax, and cotton, and do not leave the nunnery until marriageable.

The Indian children attend the same schools with those of the white colonists, and are educated with them. Those who exhibit the most talent are taught some music, as the plain chant of the church, as well as the violin, flute, horn, violoncello, and other instruments. Such as attain superior proficiency, either as carpenters, smiths, or even agricultural laborers, are made foremen, by the name of alcaldes, and placed in charge of the other workmen.

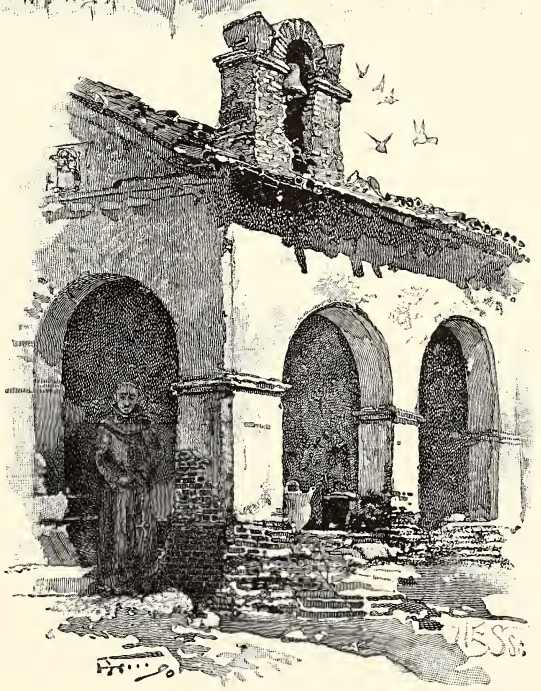
Two ecclesiastics are stationed at each Mission; the elder is charged with the internal administration and the duty of religious instruction, the

MISSION OF SAN FERNANDO, LOS ANGELES.

younger, with the direction of the agricultural and mechanical labor. The Franciscans assiduously cultivate the study of the Indian dialects, of which they have compiled dictionaries and grammars, some of which are still extant.

Industry is inculcated and encouraged by the constant example of the Fathers, who are always the first to put their hands to the work; and considering the meagerness of their resources, and the absence of European labor, the works they have executed with the aid of unskilled savages, of low intelligence, are marvels of architecture and mechanical skill. These comprise mills, machinery, bridges, roads, and canals for irrigation, besides extensive agricultural labors. For the erection of nearly all the Mission buildings large beams had to be transported from the mountains eight and ten leagues off, and the Indians taught to burn lime, cut stone, make bricks, tiles, etc.

Opposite the Mission building is usually a guard-house for lodging the escort of the priests, consisting of four cavalry soldiers, under command of a sergeant, who act as couriers, carrying correspondence and orders from one Mission to another, besides protecting the Mission from the incursions of hostile Indians.



CLOISTERS AND BELL OF SAN FERNANDO.

The following is a summary of the ordinary day's work at a Mission. At sunrise the bell sounded for the Angelus and the Indians assembled in the chapel, where they attended morning prayers and mass and received a short religious instruction. Then came breakfast, after which, distributed in squads as occasion required, they repaired to their work. At 11 A. M. they ate dinner, and after that rested until 2 P. M. Work was then resumed, and continued until an hour before sunset, when the bell again tolled for the Angelus. After prayers and the rosary the Indians supped, and then were free to take part in a dance or some such innocent amusement. Their diet consisted of fresh beef or mutton in abundance, with vegetables and tortillas made of flour or corn-meal. They made drinks of the same ingredients, which were called *atole* and *pinole* respectively. Their dress consisted of a shirt of linen, a pair of pantaloons, and a woolen smock. The alcaldes and head workmen had also cloth clothes like those of the Spaniards; the women received every year two changes of underclothing, a smock, and a new gown.

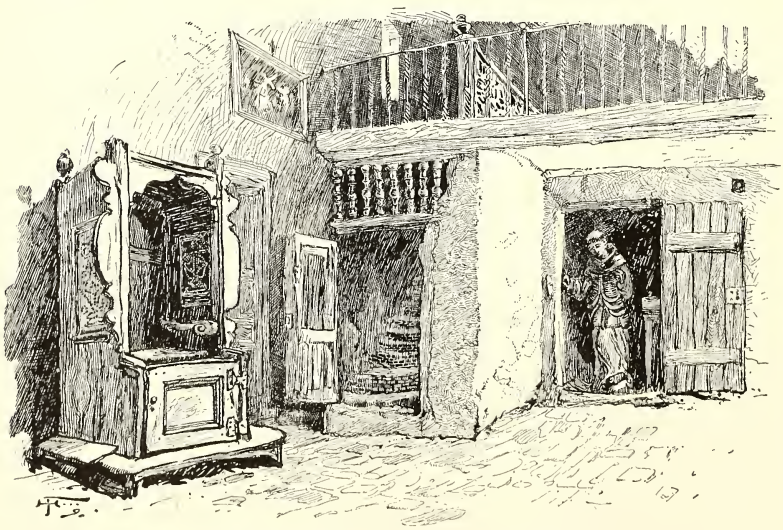
The Indians of California were not the sturdy warlike race of the eastern side of the

continent, nor did they possess the intelligence or partial civilization of the natives of the tableland of Mexico. They were originally of low intelligence and brutish habits. Besides what they obtained from fishing and hunting — in which they do not appear to have been specially dexterous — their food consisted largely of acorns, pine nuts, and the like, and their clothing was practically *nil*. Though neither as subtle nor as fierce as the Iroquois, Algonquins, and Hurons of Canada, with whom Parkman's brilliant pages have made us familiar, they were not wanting in cunning, treachery, or ferocity, and on more than one occasion the missionaries sealed their faith with their blood — a sacrifice from which, to their honor be it said, the Franciscans never flinched, any more than the followers of Ignatius.

As conversions made progress among the natives, and the young people, instructed from their childhood, came to maturity, they were taught various industries, besides farming. Ordinary smith's and carpenter's work they learned to do fairly well; their saddlery was of a superior sort, and is still sought for. As weavers, tailors, and shoemakers they would not perhaps have obtained recognition in Paris, London, or New York, but they made serviceable blankets, serapes, cloth, and shoes, and I have seen creditable specimens of their work in silver. Domestic animals were introduced and they increased with astonishing rapidity, and in the care and management of them the Indians became very dexterous and serviceable — in fact, some of the most skillful horsemen in the world.

Hides, tallow, grain, wine, and oil were sold to ships visiting the coast. From the proceeds the friars distributed to the Indians handkerchiefs, clothing, tobacco, rosaries, trinkets, etc., and employed the surplus profits in the embellishment of the churches, the purchase of musical instruments, pictures, ornaments for the altar, etc. Where lands were found suitable for the purpose the fathers established outlying farms as appurtenances of the particular Mission on which they were made to depend. At these were gathered considerable colonies of civilized Indians selected from the most reliable.

Besides instructing the natives and incidentally fulfilling the duties of parochial clergy, the Missions extended a bountiful hospitality to all travelers and wayfarers. Planted at intervals of about a day's journey, on the natural route of travel along the coast, they became the usual resting-place for all travelers in either direction. Horses were the only means of locomotion, and at the end of his hard day's ride the weary traveler stopped at the door of the Mission building as naturally, and with as little thought of intrusion, as one might now at a public hotel. Throwing his rein to an Indian *arriero*, he was received by the missionary priest, or in his absence by the sacristan, with the patriarchal hospitality that Abraham extended to Lot. A bath was provided, followed by a plentiful meal and a comfortable bed. He was at liberty to stay as long as his convenience required, and on leaving was provided with a fresh horse and directions, or, if needed, a guide, for his further journey. Perhaps it is a tradition from these early days, but travelers still speak kindly of the hospitality of California.

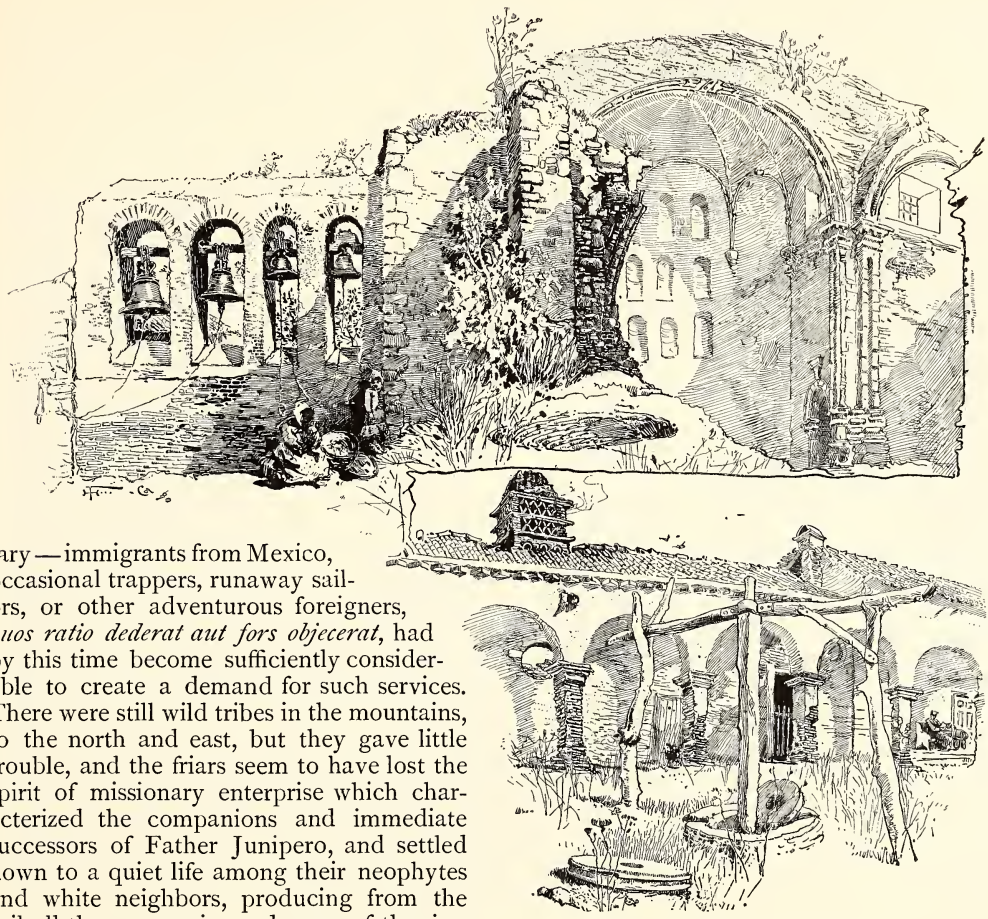


PRESENT CHAPEL OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

Serus in cœlum redeat!

The Missions in this State were in all twenty-one. They may be said to have attained their maximum of prosperity during the first quarter of the present century. The Indian tribes of the coast, as far north as Sonoma, had by that time been reduced to pupilage at the various establishments described, and those of the younger generations had been sufficiently in-

structed in the simple arts of domestic life not only to carry on the various industries mentioned, but to make useful servants to the rancheros and white settlers, whose numbers, recruited from discharged and superannuated soldiers, a few voluntary — and some involuntary — immigrants from Mexico, occasional trappers, runaway sailors, or other adventurous foreigners, *quos ratio dederat aut fors objecerat*, had by this time become sufficiently considerable to create a demand for such services. There were still wild tribes in the mountains, to the north and east, but they gave little trouble, and the friars seem to have lost the spirit of missionary enterprise which characterized the companions and immediate successors of Father Junipero, and settled down to a quiet life among their neophytes and white neighbors, producing from the soil all the necessaries and many of the simple luxuries of life, and accumulating, for the Indian communities they governed, pastoral wealth, in the shape of countless herds of cattle, horses, sheep, goats, and swine.

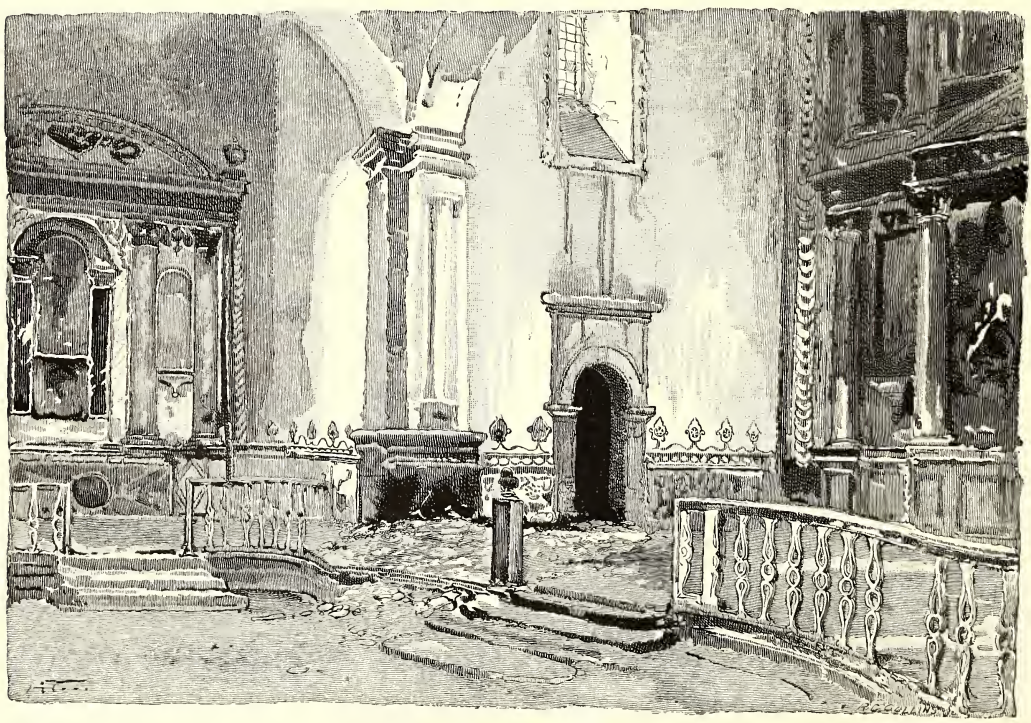


MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

The grain raised on the Mission ranches was threshed out, just as in Egypt and Mesopotamia twenty-five hundred or three thousand years ago, by spreading it on the ground and turning in a band of horses to trample it. A rude mill, generally turned by hand or by horse-power, furnished flour, though at two or three of the Missions water-power was utilized for this purpose. At each Mission gardens and orchards were inclosed, wherein, besides ordinary vegetables, fruits of various sorts were cultivated, including the fig, the orange, the olive, and the vine. The last two gave the missionaries oil and wine in abundance, for use and sale. The cattle were valued mainly for their hides and tallow, which with soap and other exportable products were sold to vessels trading along the coast, and paid for in dry-goods, cutlery, tools, clothing, etc. The archives contain a good deal of statistical information as to Mission products, but I am not aware that it has ever been tabulated. An idea of them may be formed from the statement that in the year 1820 the Mission cattle are quoted at 140,000 head; the horses at 18,000, the sheep at 190,000, etc. The average annual product of grain, from 1811 to 1820, is given at over 113,000 bushels.

But the increase of white settlers, bringing with them the wants, ambitions, and freedom of modern life, was incompatible with the continued success of institutions based, as the Missions were, on paternal authority. The Indians were infants in all respects except age and capacity for evil; and the settlers were subject to no restraints except those of the civil authority, which was of the weakest kind.

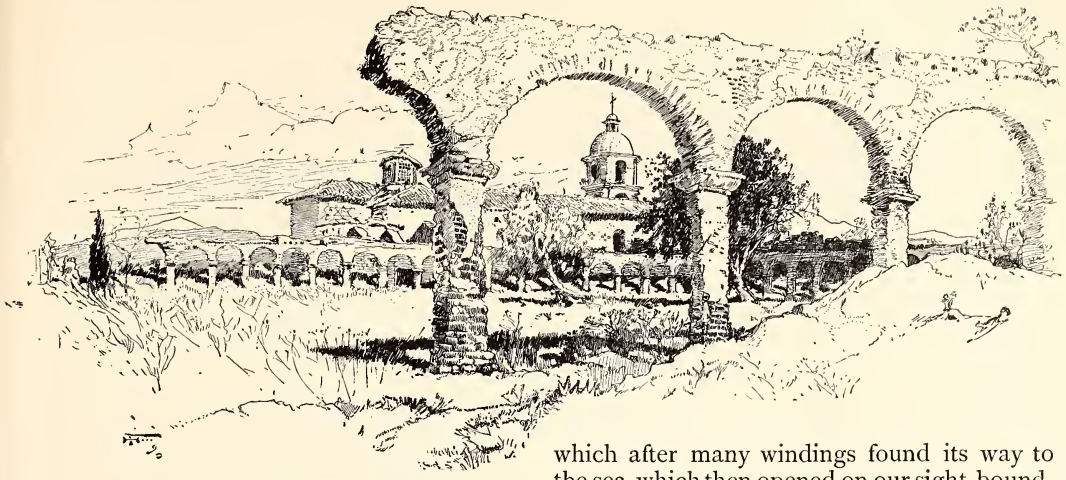
Contact and intercourse with them corrupted the Indians and relaxed the bonds of discipline among them. Moreover the broad acres and the vast herds of the Missions excited the cupidity of the settlers, who did not regard the property of the friars and Indians in the same light as that of white people. Under these influences the Mexican congress, in 1833, passed a law for secularizing the Missions, converting them into parishes, replacing the missionary priests by curates, and emancipating the Indians from their pupilage to the Church. Administrators were to be appointed for the temporalities of the Missions, the proceeds of which, after a small allowance for the maintenance of the priest and the charges of public worship, were to be applied to public purposes.



INTERIOR OF SAN LUIS REY.

Under this law the greedy politicians of the day were enabled to plunder the Missions pretty nearly to their heart's content. Administrators were appointed, who administered away the tangible property in favor of themselves and their friends with marvelous industry and celerity. People whose names were held in esteem among the colonists, members of the "first families," leaders in public opinion and public affairs, are recorded as having despoiled the Missions of their lands and cattle by wholesale. The desolation wrought was so rapid and complete, and its effects on the Indian population so malign, that the Government became alarmed and suspended the operation of the law. But it was too late; the mischief had been accomplished and the establishments thenceforth visibly decayed. A traveler of 1840–41 says that at the Mission of San José as late as 1837 Father Gonzales turned over to the administrators 17,000 head of cattle, of which as many as 8000 remained unappropriated in 1840, as well as 200 horses and 9000 sheep, while four hundred Indians remained even at that late day gathered about the Mission. He was also much interested by a school, still in existence, where sixty Indian children surprised him by their progress in elementary studies, especially arithmetic. In 1834 (after the secularization) San Luis Rey had an Indian population of 3500 and possessed over 24,000 cattle, 10,000 horses, and 100,000 sheep. It harvested 14,000 fanegas of grain and 200 barrels of wine. In the same year San José had 2300 neophytes, 20,000 cattle, 11,000 horses, and 19,000 sheep, and harvested 10,000 fanegas of grain and 60 barrels of wine.

The ruin of the Missions was completed by the American conquest. The few remaining Indians were speedily driven or enticed away, for the rough frontiersmen who came over the plains knew nothing of missionary friars or civilized Indians; they came here to squat on public land and respected no possession beyond 160

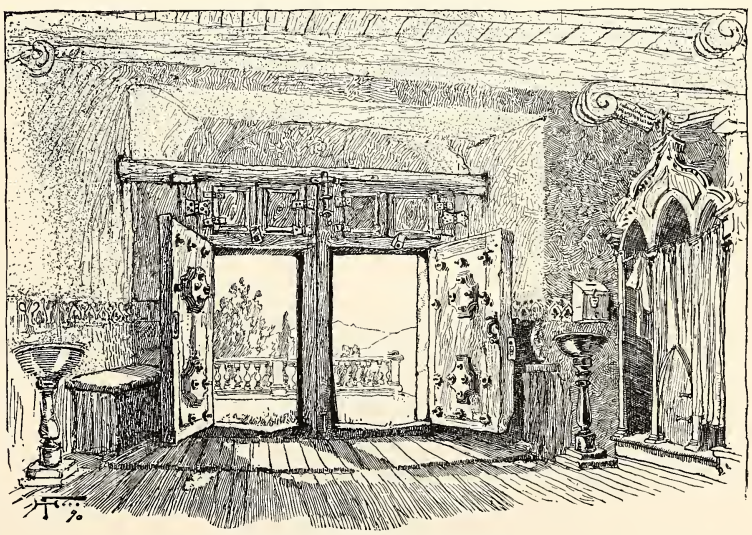


THE MISSION OF SAN LUIS REY, SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

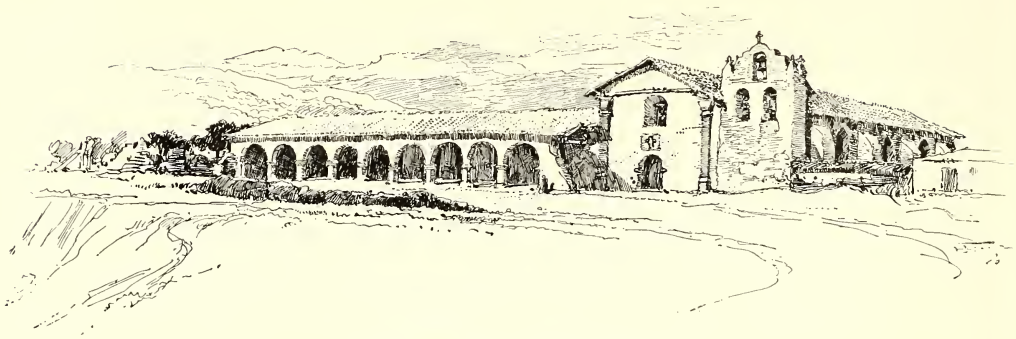
acres, and that only in the hands of one familiar with the English language and modern weapons. None of the establishments retains its original character. Where population has grown up around the site, as at Santa Clara, San Francisco, and San Rafael, they became parish churches. At other places squatters took possession of them, extruding priest and mayor-domo impartially, and in more than one case even the churches were sacrilegiously degraded to the use of stables and the like. In others many parts of the buildings were demolished for the sake of the timber, tiles, and other building material they afforded.

The most extensive of the old establishments was that of San Luis Rey. I visited it with a companion in the summer of 1862. We left San Juan Capistrano at an early hour, and reached San Luis at about 2 P. M., without meantime meeting a human being or seeing a house or a fence. Our way had taken us along a faintly marked wagon trail in the rugged foothills of the Sierra, through tangled chemisal and underbrush, crossed by many steep barrancas, which out of California would scarce be deemed practicable for wheels. After many hours of this monotonous travel we suddenly emerged from the chain of hills to the prospect of a charming valley, through which meandered a little stream of crystal water, which after many windings found its way to the sea, which then opened on our sight, bounding the western horizon. In the middle of the valley, on a slight elevation, rose the towers of the old church, the red-tiled roof of which, and of the adjoining buildings of the ancient Mission, shone bright and ruddy in the glare of an almost tropical sun.

The landscape was magnificent, and we paused a short time to enjoy it before hastening on to examine the spot. The walls of the quadrangle remained in fair condition, and the graveled approach to the main entrance appeared so neat that I was persuaded it had lately been swept, and that I should find some inhabitants within. I effected an entrance without much difficulty, and wandered through the interior rooms and corridors searching for the aged sacristan my imagination had suggested; but I searched in vain. No shadow was cast there except my own; I heard no sound but the echo of my own footsteps. The inte-



INTERIOR OF SAN LUIS OBISPO.

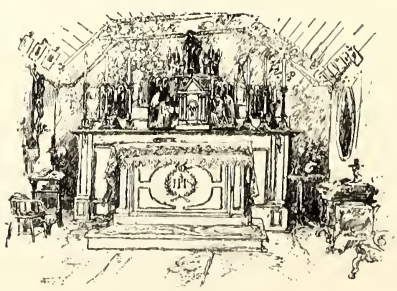


SANTA YNEZ, SANTA BARBARA COUNTY.

rior court, once a garden, bright with flowers and the lustrous leaves of the orange and lemon tree, was rank with weeds and spontaneous vegetation; the fountain was dried up, and the walls which confined its basin split by the swelling roots of neglected and overgrown trees. Great spider webs hung from the columns of the corridor, and the stillness was broken only by the drowsy hum of dragonflies and humming-birds. I entered the venerable old church, and while endeavoring to accustom my eyes to the dim, uncertain light which shrouded its interior I was disturbed by the startled cry and hasty flight of an enormous owl, which left its perch over where the high altar had stood and rustled over to a window at the opposite end. I ascended one of the towers to the belfry, where I provoked another flight of unclean birds. The old chime of bells still hung there inscribed with the maker's name and "Boston, 1820," telling plainly of the intercourse of the old missionaries with the whaling fleets and the hide drogers which half a century ago wintered on the coast. Probably the order for these bells had been given in 1818, and they had been received, in pursuance of it, in 1821 or 1822. There was no express in those days between Boston and California; the journey was made *via* Cape Horn, and a couple of years elapsed between the departure and the return of a vessel. The Mission gardens, particularly that in front of the main building, retained many traces of former beauty. But the hedgerows, once carefully trimmed, now grown rank and wild; the old rustic seats crumbling to decay; the vines and fruit trees, which for want of pruning had ceased to produce; and the garden flowers growing neglectedly — all told of decay and ruin. From the remains of the fountain two clear streams of water still issued, and from the little rivulet they formed, bordered with cress as green as an emerald, a lazy fish looked deliberately up at me without moving — so unaccustomed to man as not to fear him. Just before the American conquest this Mission had harbored an industrious Indian population of several thousand. It had been occupied by our troops as a military post during the Mexican war and for some time after its close. When it ceased to be so used the Government, as I have heard General Beale say, caused an estimate to be made of the expense of repairing and restoring it to its former condition. The figures were two millions of dollars, and the project of repairing was, of course, given over.

It stands there to-day, magnificent, even in its ruins, a monument of the piety, devotion, industry, and disinterestedness of the venerable monks who wear the habit and cord of St. Francis, and who were the first colonists of Alta California.

John T. Doyle.



A FAMILY CHAPEL (CAMULOS).

A ROMANCE OF MORGAN'S ROUGH RIDERS.

THE RAID, THE CAPTURE, AND THE ESCAPE.

I.

THE RAID.

IN the summer of 1863 when at Tullahoma, Tennessee, General Bragg's army was menaced by superior numbers in flank and rear, he determined to send a body of cavalry into Kentucky, which should operate upon Rosecrans's communications between Nashville and Louisville, break the railroads, capture or threaten all the minor depots of supplies, intercept and defeat all detachments not too strong to be engaged, and keep the enemy so on the alert in his own rear that he would lose or neglect his opportunity to embarrass or endanger the march of the army when its retrograde movement began. He even hoped that a part of the hostile forces before him might be thus detained long enough to prevent their participation in the battle which he expected to fight when he had crossed the Tennessee.

The officer whom he selected to accomplish this diversion was General John H. Morgan, whose division of mounted riflemen was well fitted for the work in hand. Equal in courage, dash, and discipline to the other fine cavalry commands which General Bragg had at his disposal, it had passed a longer apprenticeship in expeditionary service than had any other. Its rank and file was of that mettle which finds its natural element in active and audacious enterprise, and was yet thrilled with the fire of youth; for there were few men in the division over twenty-five years of age. It was imbued with the spirit of its commander and confided in his skill and fortune; no endeavor was deemed impossible or even hazardous when he led. It was inured to constant, almost daily, combat with the enemy, of all arms and under every possible contingency. During its four years of service the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, of which General Morgan was the first colonel, lost sixty-three commissioned officers killed and wounded; Company A of that regiment, of which Morgan was the first captain, losing during the war seventy-five men killed. It had on its muster-roll, from first to last, nearly two hundred and fifty men. The history of this company and regiment was scarcely exceptional in the command.

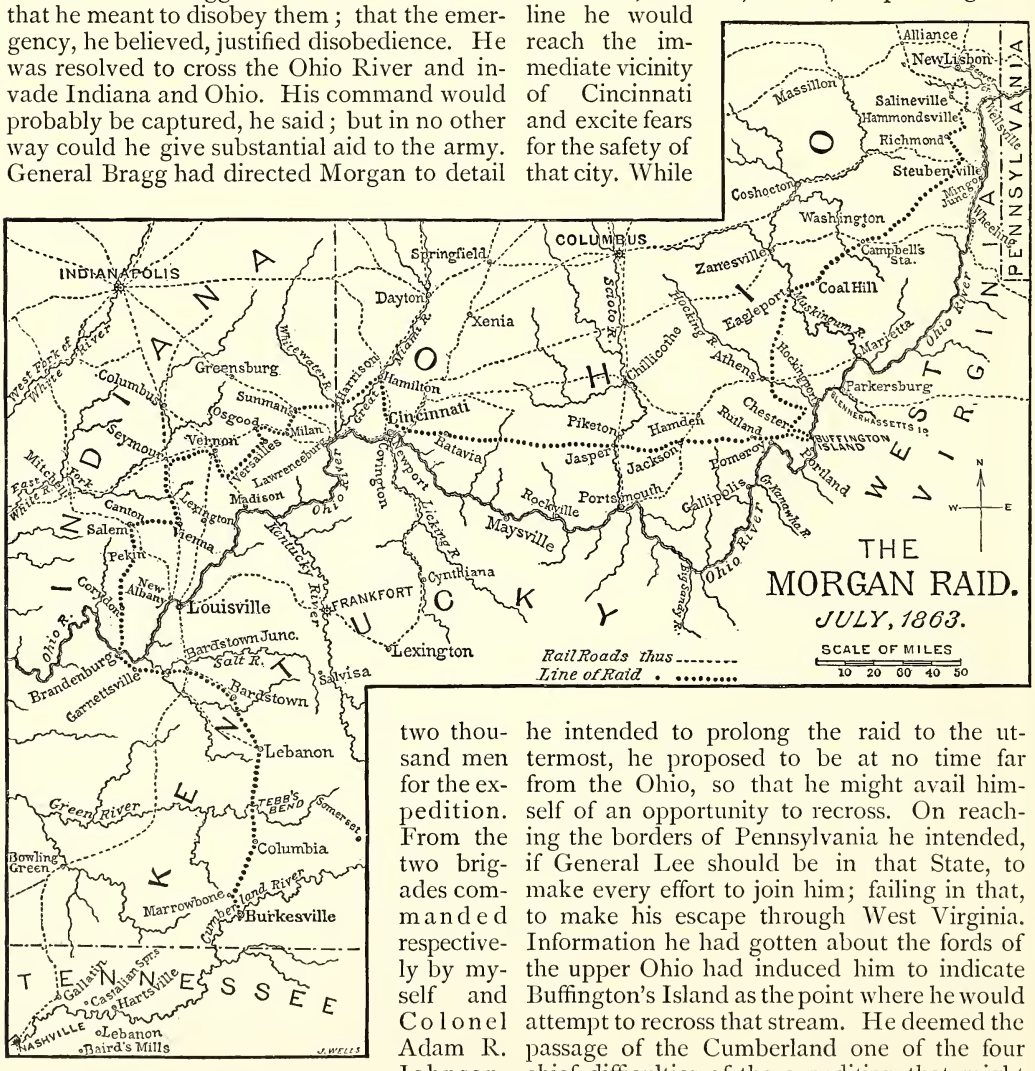
Morgan was beyond all men adapted to independent command of this nature. His energy never flagged, and his invention was always equal to the emergency. Boldness and caution were united in all that he undertook. He had a most remarkable aptitude for promptly acquiring a knowledge of any country in which he was operating; and as he kept it, so to speak, "in his head," he was enabled easily to extricate himself from difficulties. The celerity with which he marched, the promptness with which he attacked or eluded a foe, intensified the confidence of his followers, and kept his antagonists always in doubt and apprehension.

GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN.

In his conference with General Bragg, Morgan differed with his chief regarding the full effect of a raid that should not be extended beyond the Ohio. General Bragg desired it to be confined to Kentucky. He gave Morgan *carte blanche* to go where he pleased in that State and stay as long as he pleased; suggesting, among other things, that he capture Louisville. Morgan urged that while by such a raid he might so divert to himself the attention of General Henry M. Judah and the cavalry of Rosecrans that they would not molest General Bragg's retreat, he could do nothing, in this way, in behalf of the other equally important feature of the plan — the detention of troops that would otherwise strengthen Rosecrans in the decisive battle to be fought south of the Tennessee. He contended, moreover, that a raid into Indiana and Ohio, the more especially as important political elections were pending there, would cause troops to be withdrawn from Rosecrans and Burnside for the protection of those States. But General Bragg refused permission to cross the Ohio, and instructed Morgan to make the raid as originally designed.

Some weeks previous to this conference, by Morgan's direction, I had sent competent men

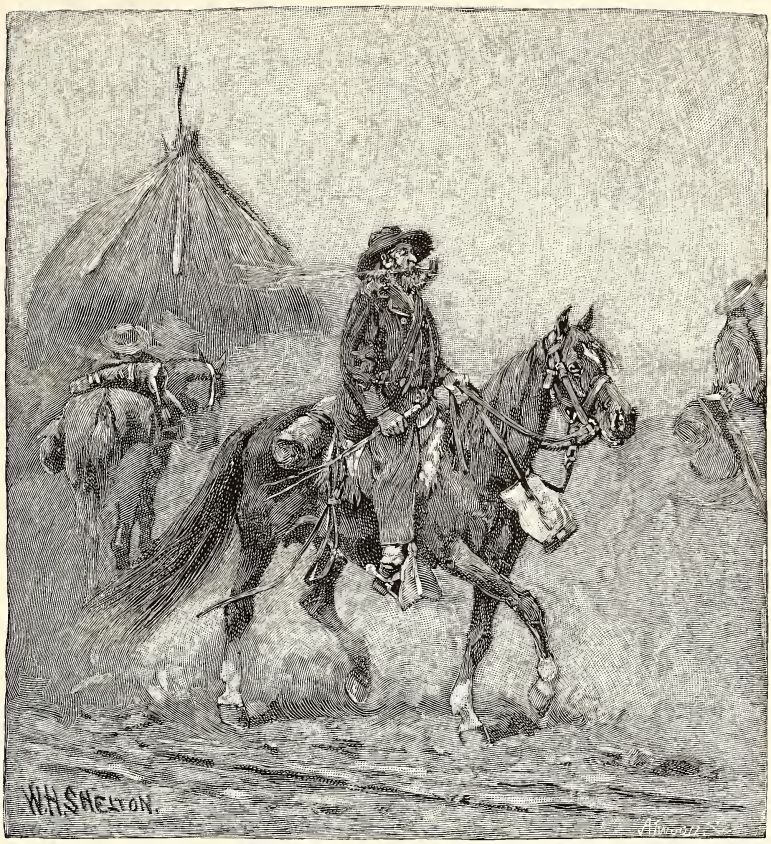
to examine the fords of the upper Ohio. He had even then contemplated such an expedition. It had long been his conviction that the Confederacy could maintain the struggle only by transferring hostilities and waging war, whenever opportunity offered, on Northern soil. Upon his return from this interview he told me what had been discussed, and what were General Bragg's instructions. He said that he meant to disobey them; that the emergency, he believed, justified disobedience. He was resolved to cross the Ohio River and invade Indiana and Ohio. His command would probably be captured, he said; but in no other way could he give substantial aid to the army. General Bragg had directed Morgan to detail two thousand men for the expedition. From the two brigades commanded respectively by myself and Colonel Adam R. Johnson, Morgan selected twenty-four hundred and sixty of the best mounted and most effective. He took with him four pieces of artillery, two 3-inch Parrotts, attached to the First Brigade, and two 12-pounder howitzers, attached to the Second.



I should state that Morgan had thoroughly planned the raid before he marched from Tennessee. He meant to cross the Cumberland in the vicinity of Burkesville, and to march directly across Kentucky to the nearest point at which he could reach the Ohio west of Louisville, so closely approaching Louisville as to compel belief that he meant to attempt its capture. Turning to the right after entering Indiana, and marching as nearly due east as possible, he would reduce to a minimum the distance necessary to be covered, and yet threaten and alarm the population of the two States as completely as by penetrating deeply into them; more so, indeed, for pursuing this line he would reach the immediate vicinity of Cincinnati and excite fears for the safety of that city. While he intended to prolong the raid to the uttermost, he proposed to be at no time far from the Ohio, so that he might avail himself of an opportunity to recross. On reaching the borders of Pennsylvania he intended, if General Lee should be in that State, to make every effort to join him; failing in that, to make his escape through West Virginia. Information he had gotten about the fords of the upper Ohio had induced him to indicate Buffington's Island as the point where he would attempt to recross that stream. He deemed the passage of the Cumberland one of the four chief difficulties of the expedition that might prove really dangerous and insuperable; the other three were the passage of the Ohio, the circuit around Cincinnati, and the recrossing of the Ohio.

Before noon on the 2d of July my brigade began to cross the Cumberland at Burkesville and at Scott's Ferry, two miles higher up the stream. The river, swollen by heavy and long-continued rains, was pouring down a volume of water which overspread its banks and rushed with a velocity that seemed to defy

any attempt to stem it. Two or three canoes lashed together and two small flats served to transport the men and the field-pieces, while the horses were made to swim. Many of them were swept far down by the boiling flood. This process was necessarily slow, as well as precarious. Colonel Johnson, whose brigade was crossing at Turkey Neck Bend, several miles below Burkesville, was scarcely so well provided with the means of ferriage as myself. About 3 P. M. the enemy began to threaten both brigades. Had these demonstrations been made earlier, and vigorously, we could not have gotten over the river. Fortunately by this time we had taken over the 6th Kentucky and 9th Tennessee of my brigade — aggregating nearly six hundred men — and also the two pieces of artillery. These regiments were moved beyond Burkesville and placed in a position which served all the purposes of an ambuscade. When the enemy approached, one or two volleys caused his column to recoil in confusion. General Morgan instantly charged it with Quirk's scouts and some companies of the 9th Tennessee, and not only prevented it from rallying but drove it all the way back to Marrowbone, entering the encampment there with the troops he was pursuing in a pell-mell dash. He was soon driven back, however, by the enemy's infantry and artillery.



THE FARMER FROM CALF-KILLER CREEK.

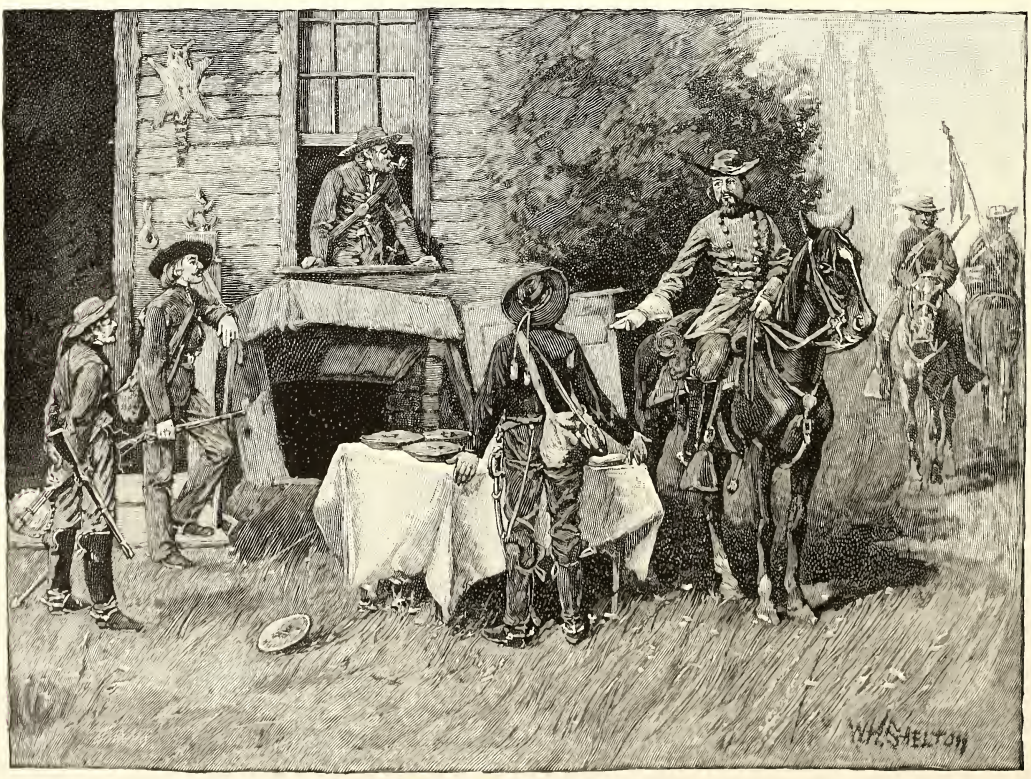
The effect of this blow was to keep the enemy quiet for the rest of the day and night. The forces threatening Colonel Johnson were also withdrawn, and we both accomplished the passage of the river without further molestation. That night the division marched out on the Columbia road and encamped about two miles from Burkesville. On the next day Judah concentrated the three brigades of his cavalry command in that region, while orders were sent to all the other Federal detachments in Kentucky to close in upon our line of march.

General Bragg had sent with the expedition a large party of commissaries of subsistence, who were directed to collect cattle north of the Cumberland and drive them, guarded by one of our regiments, to Tullahoma. I have never understood how he expected us to be able, under the circumstances, to collect the cattle, or the foragers to drive them out. The commissaries did not attempt to carry out their instructions, but followed us the entire distance and pulled up in prison. They were gallant fellows and made no complaint of danger or hardship, seeming rather to enjoy it.

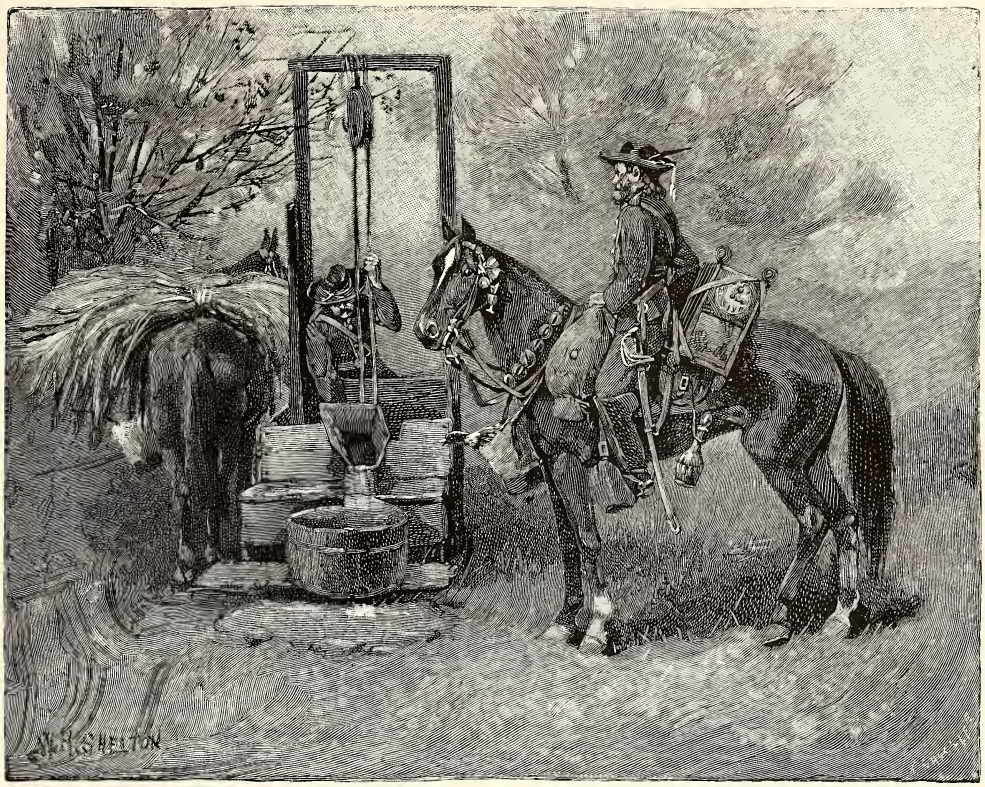
There was one case, however, which excited universal pity. An old farmer and excellent man, who lived near Sparta, had accompanied us to Burkesville — that is, he meant to go no farther, and thought we would not. He wished to procure a barrel of salt, as the supply of that commodity was exhausted in his part of the country. He readily purchased the salt, but learned, to his consternation, that the march to Burkesville was a mere preliminary canter. He was confronted with the alternative of going on a dangerous raid or of returning alone through a region swarming with the fierce bushwhackers of "Tinker Dave" Beattie, who never gave quarter to Confederate soldier or Southern sympathizer. He knew

that if he fell into their hands they would pickle him with his own salt. So this old man, sadly yet wisely, resolved to follow the fortunes of Morgan. He made the grand tour, was hurried along day after day through battle and ambush, dragged night after night on the remorseless march, ferried over the broad Ohio under fire of the militia and gunboats, and lodged at last in a "loathsome dungeon." On one occasion, in Ohio, when the home-guards were peppering us in rather livelier fashion than usual, he said to Captain C. H. Morgan, with tears in his voice: "I sw'ar if I would n't give all the salt in Kaintucky to stand once more safe and sound on the banks of Calf-killer Creek."

Pushing on before dawn of the 3d, we reached Columbia in the afternoon. The place was occupied by a detachment of Colonel Frank Wolford's brigade, which was quickly driven out. Encamping that evening some eight miles from Columbia, we could hear all night the ringing of the axes near Green River bridge on the road from Columbia to Campbellsville. Three or four hundred of the 25th Michigan Infantry were stationed at the bridge to protect it. But the commander, Colonel Orlando H. Moore, deliberately quitting the elaborate stockade erected near the bridge,—in which nine officers out of ten would have remained, but where we could have shelled him into surrender without losing a man ourselves,—selected one of the strongest natural positions I ever saw, and fortified it skillfully, although simply. The Green River makes here an immense horseshoe sweep, with the bridge at the toe of the horseshoe; and more than a mile south of it was the point where Colonel Moore elected to make his fight. The river there wound back so nearly upon its previous course that the peninsula, or "neck," was scarcely a hundred yards wide. This narrow neck was also very short, the river bending almost immediately to the west again. At that time it was thickly covered with trees and undergrowth, and Colonel Moore, felling the heaviest timber, had constructed a formidable abatis across the narrowest part of it. Just in front of the abatis there was open ground for perhaps two hundred yards. South of the open was a deep ravine. The road ran on the east side of the cleared place, and the banks of the river were high and precipitous. The center of the open space rose into a swell, sloping gently away both to the north and south. On the crest of the swell Moore had thrown up a slight earthwork, which was manned when we approached. An officer was promptly despatched with a flag to demand his surrender.



GENERAL DUKE TESTS THE PIES.



HOSPITALITIES OF THE FARM.

Colonel Moore responded that an officer of the United States ought not to surrender on the Fourth of July, and he must therefore decline. Captain "Ed." Byrne had planted one of the Parrott guns about six hundred yards from the earthwork, and on the return of the bearer of the flag opened fire, probing the work with a round shot. One man in the trench was killed by this shot and the others ran back to the abatis.

Colonel Johnson, whose brigade was in advance, immediately dashed forward with the 3d and 11th Kentucky to attack the main position. Artillery could not be used, for the guns could bear upon the abatis only from the crest of which I have spoken, and if posted there the cannoneers, at the very short range, would not have been able to serve their pieces. The position could be won only by direct assault. The men rushed up to the fallen timber, but became entangled in the network of trunks and branches, and were shot down while trying to climb over or push through them. I reënforced Johnson with a part of Smith's regiment, the 5th Kentucky, but the jam and confusion incident to moving in so circumscribed an area and through the dense undergrowth broke the force of the charge. The enemy was quite numerous enough to defend a line so short and strong and perfectly protected on both flanks. We had not more than six hundred men actually engaged, and the fighting lasted not longer than fifteen or twenty minutes. Our loss was about ninety, nearly as many killed as wounded. Afterward we learned that Colonel Moore's loss was six killed and twenty-three wounded. When General Morgan ordered the attack he was not aware of the strength of the position; nor had he anticipated a resistance so spirited and so skillfully planned. He reluctantly drew off without another assault, convinced that to capture the abatis and its defenders would cost him half his command. Among the killed were Colonel D. W. Chenault and Captain Alexander Treble of the 11th Kentucky, Lieutenant Robert Cowan of the 3d, and Major Thomas Y. Brent, Jr., and Lieutenants Holloway and Ferguson of the 5th. These officers were all killed literally at the muzzles of the rifles.

Colonel Moore's position might easily have been avoided; indeed, we passed around it immediately afterward, crossing the river at a ford about two miles below the bridge. Morgan assailed it merely in accordance with his habitual policy when advancing of attacking all in his path except very superior forces.

On the same afternoon Captain William

M. Magenis, assistant adjutant-general of the division, a valuable officer, was murdered by a Captain Murphy, whom he had placed under arrest for robbing a citizen. Murphy made his escape from the guard two or three days subsequently, just as the court-martial which was to have tried him was convening.

On the morning of July 5 the column reached Lebanon, which was garrisoned by the 20th Kentucky Infantry, commanded by Colonel Charles S. Hanson. The 8th and 9th Michigan Cavalry and the 11th Michigan Battery, under command of Colonel James I. David, sixteen wounded, and three hundred and eighty were prisoners.

Without delay we passed through Springfield and Bardstown, crossing the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Lebanon Junction, thirty miles from Louisville, on the evening of the 6th. At Springfield two companies of about ninety men were sent towards Harrodsburg and Danville to occupy the attention of the Federal cavalry in that quarter. From Bardstown, Captain W. C. Davis, acting assistant adjutant-general of the First Brigade, was sent with a detachment of one hundred

LOOKING FOR THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE VAN.

were approaching by the Danville road to reënforce the garrison, necessitating a large detachment to observe them. Morgan's demand for surrender having been refused, artillery fire was directed upon the railroad depot and other buildings in which the enemy had established himself; but, as the Federals endured it with great firmness, it became necessary to carry the town by assault. Our loss was some forty in killed and wounded, including several excellent officers. One death universally deplored was that of the General's brother, Lieutenant Thomas H. Morgan. He was a bright, handsome, and very gallant lad of nineteen, the favorite of the division. He was killed in front of the 2d Kentucky in the charge upon the depot. The Federal loss was three killed and

and thirty men to scout in the vicinity of Louisville, to produce the impression that the city was about to be attacked, and to divert attention from the passage of the Ohio by the main body at Brandenburg. He was instructed to cross the river somewhere east of Louisville and to rejoin the column on its line of march through Indiana. He executed the first part of the program perfectly, but was unable to get across the river. Tapping the wires at Lebanon Junction, we learned from intercepted despatches that the garrison at Louisville was much alarmed, and in expectation of an immediate attack.

The detachments I have just mentioned, with some smaller ones previously sent off on similar service, aggregated not less than two

hundred and sixty men permanently separated from the division; which, with a loss in killed and wounded, in Kentucky, of about one hundred and fifty, had reduced our effective strength, at the Ohio, by more than four hundred.

The rapid and constant marching already began to tell upon both horses and men, but we reached the Ohio at Brandenburg at 9 A.M. on the 8th. Captains Samuel Taylor and H. C. Meriwether of the 10th Kentucky had been sent forward the day before, with their companies, to capture steamboats. We found them in possession of two large craft. One had been surprised at the wharf, and steaming out on her they had captured the other. Preparations for crossing were begun; but, just as the first boat was about to push off, an unexpected musketry fire was opened from the Indiana side by a party of home-guards collected behind some houses and haystacks. They were in pursuit of Captain Thomas H. Hines, who had that morning returned from Indiana to Kentucky, after having undertaken a brief expedition of his own. This fire did no harm, the river here being eight hundred or a thousand yards wide. But in a few minutes the bright gleam of a field-piece spouted through the low hanging mist on the farther bank. Its shell pitched into a group near the wharf, severely wounding Captain W. H. Wilson, acting quartermaster of the First Brigade. Several shots from this piece followed in quick succession, but it was silenced by Lieutenant Lawrence with his Parrotts. The 2d Kentucky and 9th Tennessee were speedily ferried over without their horses, and forming under the bluff they advanced upon the militia, which had retired to a wooded ridge some six hundred yards from the river bank, abandoning the gun. The two regiments were moving across some open ground, towards the ridge, sustaining no loss from the volleys fired at them, and the boats had scarcely returned for further service when a more formidable enemy appeared. A gunboat, the *Elk*, steamed rapidly round the bend and began firing alternately upon the troops in the town and those already across. The situation was now extremely critical. We could not continue the ferriage while this little vixen remained, for one well-directed shot would have sent either of the boats to the bottom. Delay was extremely hazardous, affording the enemy opportunity to cut off the regiments we had already sent over, and giving the cavalry in pursuit of us time to come up. If forced to give up the attempt to cross the river, we must also abandon our comrades on the other side. So every piece of artillery was planted and opened on the gunboat, and after an hour or two of vigorous cannonading she was driven off. By midnight all our troops were over.

About noon of the 9th the column reached the little town of Corydon, Indiana, which proved not nearly so gentle as its name. Our advance-guard, commanded by Colonel R. C. Morgan, found a body of militia there, ensconced behind stout barricades of fence rails, stretching for some distance on each side of the road. Colonel Morgan charged the barricade, his horses could not leap it, the militia stood resolutely, and he lost sixteen men. A few dismounted skirmishers thrown upon the flanks, and a shot or two from one of the pieces which accompanied the advance-guard, quickly dispersed them, however, and we entered the town without further resistance.

Our progress, quite rapid in Kentucky, was now accelerated, and we were habitually twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four in the saddle, very frequently not halting at night or going into camp at all. For the first three or four days we saw nothing of the inhabitants save in their character as militia, when they forced themselves on our attention much more frequently than we desired. The houses were entirely deserted. Often we found the kitchen fire blazing, the keys hanging in the cupboard lock, and the chickens sauntering about the yard with a confidence which proved that they had never before seen soldiers.

As the first scare wore off, however, we found the women and children remaining at home, while the men went to the muster. When a thirsty cavalryman rode up to a house to inquire for buttermilk he was generally met by a buxom dame, with a half-dozen or more small children peeping out from her voluminous skirts, who, in response to a question about the "old man," would say, "The men hev all gone to the 'rally'; you 'll see 'em soon." We experienced little difficulty in procuring food for man and horse. Usually upon our raids it was much easier to obtain meat than bread. But in Indiana and Ohio we always found bread ready baked at every house. In Ohio, on more than one occasion, in deserted houses we found pies, hot from the oven, displayed upon tables conveniently spread. The first time that I witnessed this sort of hospitality was when I rode up to a house where a party of my men were standing around a table garnished as I have described, eying the pies hungrily, but showing no disposition to touch them. I asked, in astonishment, why they were so abstinent. One of them replied that they feared the pies might be poisoned. I was quite sure, on the contrary, that they were intended as a propitiatory offering. I have always been fond of pies,—these were of luscious apples,—so I bade the spokesman hand me one of the largest, and proceeded to eat it. The men watched me vigilantly for two or three minutes,

and then, as I seemed much better after my repast, they took hold ravenously.

The severe marching made an exchange of horses a necessity, though as a rule the horses we took were very inferior to the Kentucky and Tennessee stock we had brought with us, and which had generally a large infusion of thoroughbred blood. The horses we impressed were for the most part heavy, sluggish beasts, barefooted and grass fed, and gave out after a day or two, sometimes in a few hours. A strong provost guard, under Major Steele of the 3d Kentucky, had been organized to prevent the two practices most prejudicial to discipline and efficiency — straggling and pillage. There were very good reasons, independent of the provost guard, why the men should not straggle far from the line of march; but the well-filled stores and gaudy shop windows of the Indiana and Ohio towns seemed to stimulate, in men accustomed to impoverished and unpretentious Dixie, the propensity to appropriate beyond limit or restraint. I had never before seen anything like this disposition to plunder. Our perilous situation only seemed to render the men more reckless. At the same time, anything more ludicrous than the manner in which they indulged their predatory tastes can scarcely be imagined. The weather was intensely warm,— the hot July sun burned the earth to powder, and we were breathing superheated dust,— yet one man rode for three days with seven pairs of skates slung about his neck; another loaded himself with sleighbells. A large chafing dish, a medium-sized Dutch clock, a green glass decanter with goblets to match, a bag of horn buttons, a chandelier, and a birdcage containing three canaries, were some of the articles I saw borne off and jealously fondled. The officers usually waited a reasonable period, until the novelty had worn off, and then had this rubbish thrown away. Baby shoes and calico, however, were the staple articles of appropriation. A fellow would procure a bolt of calico, carry it carefully for a day or two, then cast it aside and get another.

From Corydon our route was *via* Salem, Vienna, Lexington, Paris, Vernon, Dupont, and Sumanville to Harrison, near the Ohio State line and twenty-five miles from Cincinnati. Detachments were sent to Madison, Versailles, and other points, to burn bridges, bewilder and confuse those before and behind us, and keep bodies of militia stationary that might otherwise give trouble. All were drawn in before we reached Harrison. At this point Morgan began demonstrations intended to convey the impression that he would cross the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad at Hamilton. He had always anticipated difficulty in getting over this road; fearing that the troops from Kentucky would be concentrated at or near Cincinnati, and that every effort would be made to intercept him there. If these troops lined the railroad and were judiciously posted, he knew it would be extremely difficult to elude them or cut his way through them. He believed that if he could pass this ordeal safely the success of the expedition would be assured, unless the river should be so high that the boats would be able to transport troops to intercept him at the upper fords.

After remaining at Harrison two or three hours, and sending detachments in the direction of Hamilton, he moved with the entire column on the Hamilton road. But as soon as he was clear of the town he cut the telegraph wires — previously left intact with the hope that they might be used to convey intelligence of his apparent movement towards Hamilton — and, turning across the country, gained the direct road to Cincinnati. He hoped that, deceived by his demonstrations at Harrison, the larger part of the troops at Cincinnati would be sent to Hamilton, and that it would be too late to recall them when his movement towards Cincinnati was discovered. He trusted that those remaining would be drawn into the city, under the impression that he meant to attack, leaving the way clear for his rapid transit. He has been criticized for not attempting the capture of Cincinnati, but he had no mind to involve his handful of wearied men in a labyrinth of streets. We felt very much more at home amid rural surroundings. But if he had taken Cincinnati, and had safely crossed the river there, the raid would have been so much briefer, and its principal object to that extent defeated by the release of the troops pursuing us.

We reached the environs of Cincinnati about ten o'clock at night, and were not clear of them until after daybreak. My brigade was marching in the rear, and the guides were with General Morgan in the front. The continual straggling of some companies in the rear of Johnson's brigade caused me to become separated from the remainder of the column by a wide gap, and I was for some time entirely ignorant of what direction I should take. The night was pitch dark, and I was compelled to light torches and seek the track of the column by the foam dropped from the mouths of the horses and the dust kicked up by their feet. At every halt which this groping search necessitated, scores of tired men would fall asleep and drop out of their saddles. Daylight appeared after we had crossed all of the principal suburban roads, and were near the Little Miami Railroad. I never welcomed the fresh, invigorating air of morning more gratefully. That afternoon we reached Williamsburg, twenty-eight miles east of Cincinnati.

The Ohio militia were more numerous and aggressive than those of Indiana. We had frequent skirmishes with them daily, and although hundreds were captured, they resumed operations as soon as they were turned loose. What excited in us more astonishment than all else we saw were the crowds of able-bodied men. The contrast with the South, drained of adult males to recruit her armies, was striking, and suggestive of anything but confidence on our part in the result of the struggle.

At Piketon we learned that Vicksburg had fallen, and that General Lee, having been repulsed at Gettysburg, had retreated across the Potomac. Under the circumstances this information was peculiarly disheartening. As we approached Pomeroy the militia began to embarrass our march by felling trees and erecting barricades across the roads. In passing near that town we were assailed by regular troops, — as we called the volunteers in contradistinction to the militia,— and forced a passage only by some sharp fighting. At 1 P. M. on the 18th we reached Chester, eighteen miles from Buffington's Island. A halt here of nearly two hours proved disastrous, as it caused us to arrive at the river after nightfall, and delayed any attempt at crossing until the next morning. Morgan thoroughly appreciated the importance of crossing the river at once, but it was impossible. The darkness was intense, we were ignorant of the ford and without guides, and were encumbered with nearly two hundred wounded, whom we were unwilling to abandon. By instruction I placed the 5th and 6th Kentucky in position to attack, as soon as day broke, an earthwork commanding the ford, and which we learned was mounted with two guns and manned by three hundred infantry. At dawn I moved upon the work, and found it had been evacuated and the guns thrown over the bluff. Pressing on a few hundred yards to reconnoiter the Pomeroy road, we suddenly encountered the enemy. It proved to be General Judah's advance. The 5th and 6th Kentucky instantly attacked and dispersed it, taking a piece of artillery and forty or fifty prisoners, and inflicting some loss in killed and wounded.

The position in which we found ourselves, now that we had light enough to examine the ground, was anything but favorable. The valley we had entered, about a mile long and perhaps eight hundred yards wide at its southern extremity,— the river running here nearly due north and south,— gradually narrows, as the ridge which is its western boundary closely approaches the river bank, until it becomes a mere ravine. The Chester road enters the valley at a point about equidistant from either end. As the 5th Kentucky fell back that it might be aligned on the 6th Kentucky, across the southern end of the valley, into which Judah's whole force was now pouring, it was charged by the 8th and 9th Michigan and a detachment of the 5th Indiana. A part of the 5th Kentucky was cut off by this charge, the gun we had taken was recaptured, and our Parrotts also fell into the hands of the enemy. They were so clogged with dust, however, as to be almost unserviceable, and their ammunition was expended. Bringing up a part of the 2d Kentucky, I succeeded in checking and driving back the regiments that first bore down on us, but they were quickly reënforced and immediately returned to the attack. In the meantime Colonel Johnson's videttes on the Chester road had been driven in, and the cavalry under Hobson, which had followed us throughout our long march, deployed on the ridge, and attacked on that side. I sent a courier to General Morgan, advising that he retreat up the river and out of the valley with all the men he could extricate, while Colonel Johnson and I, with the troops already engaged, would endeavor to hold the enemy in check. The action was soon hot from both directions, and the gunboats, steaming up the river abreast of us, commenced shelling vigorously. We were now between three assailants. A sharp artillery fire was opened by each, and the peculiar formation we were compelled to adopt exposed us to a severe cross-fire of small arms.

We were in no condition to make a successful or energetic resistance. The men were worn out and demoralized by the tremendous march, and the fatigue and lack of sleep for the ten days that had elapsed since they had crossed the Ohio. Having had no opportunity to replenish their cartridge-boxes, they were almost destitute of ammunition, and after firing two or three rounds were virtually unarmed. To this fact is attributable the very small loss our assailants sustained. Broken down as we were, if we had been supplied with cartridges we could have piled the ground with Judah's men as they advanced over the open plain into the valley. As the line, seeking to cover the withdrawal of the troops taken off by General Morgan, was rolled back by the repeated charges of the enemy, the stragglers were rushing wildly about the valley, with bolts of calico streaming from their saddles, and changing direction with every shrieking shell. When the rear-guard neared the northern end of the valley — out of which General Morgan with the greater part of the command had now passed — and perceived that the only avenue of escape was through a narrow gorge, a general rush was made for it. The Michigan regiments dashed into the mass of fugitives, and the gunboats swept the narrow pass with grape. All order was lost in a wild tide of flight.

About seven hundred were captured here, and perhaps a hundred and twenty killed and wounded. Probably a thousand men got out with General Morgan. Of these some three hundred succeeded in swimming the river at a point twenty miles above Buffington, while many were drowned in the attempt. The arrival of the gunboats prevented others from crossing. General Morgan had gotten nearly over, when, seeing that the bulk of his command must remain on the Ohio side, he returned. For six more days Morgan taxed energy and ingenuity to the utmost to escape the toils. Absolutely exhausted, he surrendered near the Pennsylvania line, on the 26th day of July, with 364 men.

The expedition was of immediate benefit since a part of the forces that would otherwise have harassed Bragg's retreat and swollen Rosecrans's muster-roll at Chickamauga were carried by the pursuit of Morgan so far northward that they were kept from participating in that battle.

But Morgan's cavalry was almost destroyed, and his prestige impaired. Much the larger number of the captured men lingered in the Northern prisons until the close of the war. That portion of his command which had remained in Tennessee became disintegrated; the men either were incorporated in other organizations, or, attracted by the fascinations of irregular warfare, were virtually lost to the service. Morgan, after four or five months' imprisonment in the Ohio penitentiary, effected an escape which has scarcely a parallel for ingenuity and daring [see page 417]. He was received in the South enthusiastically. The authorities at Richmond seemed at first to share the popular sympathy and admiration. But it soon became apparent that his infraction of discipline in crossing the Ohio was not forgiven. Placed for a short time in practical command of the Department of Southwestern Virginia, he was given inadequate means for its defense, and bound with instructions which accorded neither with his temperament nor with his situation. The troops he commanded were not, like his old riders, accustomed to his methods, confident in his genius, and devoted to his fortunes. He attempted aggressive operations with his former energy and self-reliance, but not with his former success. He drove out of West Virginia two invading columns, and then made an incursion into the heart of Kentucky — known as his last Kentucky raid — in the hope of anticipating and deterring a movement into his own territory. Very successful at first, this raid ended, too, in disaster. After capturing and dispersing Federal forces in the aggregate much larger than his own, he encountered at Cynthiana a vastly superior force, and was defeated. Two months later, September 4, 1864, he was killed at Greeneville, Tennessee, while advancing to attack the Federal detachments stationed in front of Knoxville.[1] The remnant of his old command served during the gloomy winter of 1864–65 in the region where their leader met death, fighting often on the same ground. When Richmond fell and Lee surrendered they marched to join Joseph E. Johnston. After his capitulation they were part of the escort that guarded Jefferson Davis in his aimless retreat from Charlotte, and laid down their arms at Woodville, Georgia, by order of John C. Breckinridge, when the armies of the Confederacy were disbanded and its President became a fugitive.

Basil W. Duke.

[1] E. W. Doran of Greeneville, Tenn., gives the following particulars of General Morgan's death:

General Morgan came to Greeneville on September 3, and stationed his troops on a hill overlooking the town from the east, while he and his staff were entertained at the "Williams Mansion," the finest residence in town. At this time Captain Robert C. Carter, in command of a company of Colonel Crawford's regiment, was stationed three or four miles north of the town. He got accurate information of Morgan's whereabouts, and sent a messenger at once to General A. C. Gillem, at Bull's Gap, sixteen miles distant. This message was intrusted to John Davis and two other young men of his company, who rode through a fearful storm, picking their way by the lightning flashes and arriving there sometime before midnight. Other messages were probably sent to Gillem that night from Greeneville, but this was the first received. The report usually given in the histories to the effect that Mrs. Joseph Williams carried the news is not correct, as she was known to be in an opposite direction several miles, and knew nothing of the affair. In an hour after the message was delivered Gillem's forces were hurrying on their way to Greeneville, where they arrived about daylight, and surrounded the house where Morgan was. He ran out, without waiting to dress, to conceal himself in the shrubbery and grape arbors, but was seen from the street and shot by Andrew G. Campbell, a private in the 13th Tennessee. Campbell was promoted to a lieutenancy. Morgan's body was afterward secured by his friends and given decent burial. But little firing was done by either army; and after Morgan was killed his forces marched out of town while the Union forces marched in, in easy range of each other, yet not a shot was fired on either side.

II.—THE CAPTURE.

WHEN it was known at Indianapolis that General Morgan, with a large force, had crossed the Ohio, the city was panic-stricken. The State had been literally depleted of troops to assist Kentucky, and everybody knew it. The very worst was apprehended — that railways would be cut up, passenger and freight trains robbed, bridges and depots burned, our arsenal pillaged, two thousand Confederate prisoners at Camp Morton liberated, and Jef-

fersonville, with all its Government stores, and possibly Indianapolis itself, destroyed.

Nor was this all. It had been reported, and partly believed, as afterward proved to be the fact, that the State was undermined with rebel sympathizers banded together in secret organizations. The coming of Morgan had been looked for, and his progress through Kentucky watched with anxiety. It was predicted that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of "Knights of the Golden Circle" and "Sons of Liberty" would flock to his standard and endeavor to carry the State over to the Confederacy. Morgan probably had fair reason to believe that his ranks would be at least largely recruited in the southern counties of Indiana. The governor of Indiana, Oliver P. Morton, went to work with all his tremendous energy and indomitable will, in the face of the greatest opposition that had been encountered in any Northern State, amounting, just before, almost to open rebellion. He proclaimed martial law, though not in express terms, and ordered out the "Legion," or militia, and called upon the loyal citizens of the State to enroll themselves as minute-men, to organize and report for arms and for martial duty. Thousands responded to the call within twenty-four hours — many within two hours.[1] Everything possible was done by telegraph, until the lines were cut. Some arms were found in the State Arsenal, and more, with accoutrements and ammunition, together with whole batteries of artillery, were procured from Chicago and St. Louis.

The disposition of the State levies that came thronging in was left to me as fast as they were armed. The three great junctions of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad in Indiana, over which troops and supplies were shipped from all points to Rosecrans at Chattanooga, *viz.:* Mitchell, Seymour and Vernon, were first to be made secure; for surely Morgan must have some military objectives, and these appeared to be the most likely. The westerly junction was Mitchell. This was quickly occupied and guarded by General James Hughes with Legion men, reënforced by the new organizations rising in that quarter. Seymour was the most central, and lay directly on the road to Cincinnati and Indianapolis from Louisville; and to Seymour a brigade was assembled from the center of the State, with General John Love, a skillful old army officer, to command it, with instructions to have an eye to Vernon likewise. To this last point Burnside ordered a battery from Cincinnati; and what few troops I had in Michigan, though half organized, came down to Vernon and to General Love. Besides these thus rendezvoused, the people of the southern counties were called upon to bushwhack the enemy, to obstruct roads, to guard trains, bridges, etc., and make themselves generally useful and pestiferous.

Our militia first came in contact with the enemy opposite Brandenburg, where he crossed; but it made the first stand at Corydon Junction, where the road runs between two abrupt hills, across which Colonel Lewis Jordan threw up some light intrenchments. Morgan's advance attempted to ride over these "rail-piles" rough shod, but lost some twenty troopers unhorsed. They brought up their reserve and artillery, flanked, and finally surrounded Colonel Jordan, who, after an hour's resolute resistance, surrendered.

This gave the raiders the town, and the citizens the first taste of Morgan's style, which somewhat disgusted the numerous class of Southern sympathizers. The shops were given up to plunder, and the ladies were levied on for meals for the whole command.

Throwing out columns in various directions, Morgan pushed for Mitchell, where no doubt he expected to cut the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, got as far as Salem in that direction, captured or dispersed a few squads of badly armed minute-men who were guarding depots and bridges, which he burned, and doubtless hearing from his scouts, sent out in citizens' clothes, of Hughes's force collected at Mitchell, he discreetly turned off northeastward, apparently aiming next for Seymour. This I heard with great satisfaction.

The panic at Indianapolis began to subside. Still I felt uneasy for Seymour, as I next heard of Morgan at Vienna, where he tapped the telegraph lines and learned what he could of all our plans to catch him. He came within nine miles of Seymour. General Love sent out a reconnaissance of sharpshooters under Colonel C. V. DeLand, with a couple of field-pieces. They found that Morgan had turned off eastward. Love divined his object, and started De Land and two Indiana regiments of militia for Vernon. Here Morgan next turned up, planted his Parrotts, and demanded surrender. He was defied until Love's arrival with the rest of his militia, and then he swept off in a hurry from Vernon, followed by our men, who captured his pickets and rear-guard, but who, having no cavalry, were soon outmarched.

Morgan secured a great advantage by seiz-

[1] According to the report of the adjutant-general of Indiana 30,000 militia assembled within thirty-six hours, and about the time Morgan was leaving the State 65,000 men were in the field. In Ohio, according to a report made to the adjutant-general, 55,000 militia turned out; many of them refused pay, yet $232,000 were disbursed for services during the raid. It would appear, therefore, that 120,000 militia took the field against Morgan in addition to the three brigades of General Judah's United States cavalry.— EDITOR.

ing all the horses within reach,[1] leaving none for the militia or for General E. H. Hobson, which enabled him to gain on his pursuers, and he would then have left Hobson far out of sight but for the home guard, who obstructed the roads somewhat and bushwhacked his men from every hedge, hill, or tree, when it could be done. But the trouble was that we could not attack him with sufficient organized numbers.

After he left Vernon we felt safe at Indianapolis. "Defensive sites" were abandoned, and the banks brought back their deposits which they had sent off by express to Chicago and the North. Some fears, or hopes, were now entertained as to Madison, towards which Morgan next bent his way — fears for the safety of that city, and hopes that, with the help of Judah's troops and the gunboats now on the way up the river, we might put an end to the raid. From Indianapolis we started General Lew Wallace with a good brigade of minute-men, and with high hopes that at either Madison or Lawrenceburg, farther up the river, he might "capture them." The people ahead were asked by telegraph to coöperate. But after going down that line as far as Dupont, Morgan turned northeast for Versailles, where we next heard of him threatening the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railway. This was a nice bit of work. He baffled all our calculations and did some damage on both the Ohio and Mississippi and Cincinnati railroads, sending off flying columns in a dozen directions at a time for the purpose, as well as to throw Hobson off the scent. Some of these columns looked like traveling circuses adorned with useless plunder and an excess of clowns. Thus they went through Pierceville and Milan to Harrison, on White River, and on the Ohio line. Here Hobson's advance came upon them, but unfortunately it paused to plant artillery, instead of dashing across the bridge and engaging the raiders until the main body should arrive. This lost us the bridge, which was burned before our eyes, and many hours' delay, marching round by the ford. Their next demonstration was towards Hamilton. Here there was a fine railway bridge over the Big Miami. Hobson followed in such close pursuit through New Baltimore, Glendale, and Miamiville that the raiders did little damage. Their attempt to burn a bridge at Miamiville was repulsed by the home guard. My last troops were despatched from Indianapolis to head them off at Hamilton, after five hours' delay caused by the intoxication of their commander. His successor in command was General Hascall, who swore like a trooper to find himself "just in time to be too late." He proceeded through Hamilton, Ohio, as far as Loveland. But Morgan had sent only a detachment towards Hamilton to divert attention from Cincinnati, towards which he made a rapid march with his whole united force.

Governor Tod of Ohio had already called out the militia and proclaimed martial law. He raised men enough, but Burnside had to organize and arm them. Morgan found the great city guarded, but he passed through the very suburbs by a night march around it, unmolested. He crossed the Little Miami Railroad at daylight, and came north in sight of Camp Dennison, where Colonel Neff half armed his convalescents, threw out pickets, dug rifle-pits, and threw up intrenchments. His fiery old veterans saved a railway bridge and actually captured a lieutenant and others before they sheered off and went some ten miles northward to Williamsburg. From that point they seemed to be steering for the great bend of the Ohio at Pomeroy.

In the vicinity of Cincinnati, Colonel W. P. Sanders, the splendid raider of East Tennessee, came up from Kentucky with some Michigan cavalry and joined Hobson in pursuit, and these were about the only fresh horses in the chase. Sanders had come by steamer, and, landing at Cincinnati, had been thrown out from there, it was hoped, ahead of Morgan, who, however, was too quick for him. They met later on.

Under the good management of Colonel A. V. Kautz in advance, with his brigade, and of Sanders, the men now marched more steadily and gained ground. Kautz had observed how the other brigade commanders had lost distance and blown their horses by following false leads, halting and closing up rapidly at the frequent reports of "enemy in front," and by stopping to plant artillery. Marching in his own way at a steady walk, his brigade forming the rear-guard, he had arrived at Batavia two hours before the main body, that had been "cavorting round the country" all day, "misled by two citizen guides" — possibly Morgan's own men.

Not stopping to draw the rations sent out to him from Cincinnati, Hobson urged his jaded horses through Brown, Adams, and Pike counties, now under the lead of Kautz, and reached Jasper on the Scioto at midnight of

[1] General J. M. Shackelford says in his official report: "Our pursuit was much retarded by the enemy's burning all the bridges in our front. He had every advantage. His system of horse-stealing was perfect. He would despatch men from the head of each regiment, on each side of the road, to go five miles into the country, seizing every horse, and then fall in at the rear of the column. In this way he swept the country for ten miles of all the horses." — EDITOR.

the 16th, Morgan having passed there at sundown. The next day they raced through Jackson. On the 18th Hobson, at Rutland, learned that Morgan had been turned off by the militia at Pomeroy and had taken the Chester road for Portland and the fords of the Ohio. The chase became animated. Our troopers made a march of fifty miles that day and still had twenty-five miles to reach Chester. They arrived there without a halt at eleven at night, and had still fifteen miles to reach the ford. They kept on, and at dawn of the 19th struck the enemy's pickets. Two miles out from Portland, Morgan was brought to bay — and not by Hobson alone. First came the militia, then came Judah. His division had pushed up the river in steamers parallel with Morgan's course. Lieutenant John O'Neil, afterwards of Fenian fame, with a troop of Indiana cavalry, kept up the touch on Morgan's right flank by a running fight, stinging it at every vulnerable point, and reporting Morgan's course to Judah in the neck and neck race. Aided by the local militia, O'Neil now dashed ahead and fearlessly skirmished with the enemy's flankers from every coign of vantage. He reached the last descent to the river bottom near Buffington Bar, and near the historical Blennerhasset's Island, early on the morning of the 19th.

The Ohio River was up. It had risen unexpectedly. But here Morgan must cross, if at all. It could not be forded by night, when he got here. He tried the ford at Blennerhasset. Failing in this, his men collected flatboats and set to work calking them, meantime sending a party to Buffington Bar, where they found a small earthwork and captured its guard; and these things delayed them until morning. General Judah attempted a reconnaissance, resulting in a fight, which he describes as follows in his report:

> Before leaving Pomeroy I despatched a courier to General Hobson, apprising him of my direction, and requesting him to press the enemy's rear with all the forces he could bring up. Traveling all night, I reached the last descent to the river bottom at Buffington Bar at 5.30 A. M. on the 19th. Here, halting my force and placing my artillery in a commanding position, I determined to make a reconnaissance in person, for the purpose of ascertaining if a report just made to me—that the gunboats had left on a previous evening, the home guards had retreated, and that the enemy had been crossing all night—was true. A very dense fog enveloped everything, confining the view of surrounding objects to a radius of about fifty yards. I was accompanied by a small advance guard, my escort, and one piece of Henshaw's battery, a section of which, under Captain Henshaw, I had ordered to join my force. I advanced slowly and cautiously along a road leading toward the river, . . . when my little force found itself enveloped on three sides—front and both flanks—by three regiments, dismounted, and led by Colonel Basil [W.] Duke, just discernible through the fog, at a distance of from fifty to a hundred yards. This force, as I afterward learned, had been disposed for the capture of the home guards, intrenched on the bank of the river. To use Colonel Duke's own expression after his capture, "He could not have been more surprised at the presence of my force had it dropped from the clouds." As soon as discovered, the enemy opened a heavy fire, advancing so rapidly that before the piece of artillery could be brought into battery it was captured, as were also Captain R. C. Kise, my assistant adjutant-general, Captain Grafton, volunteer aide-de-camp, and between twenty and thirty of my men. Two privates were killed. Major McCook (since dead), paymaster and volunteer aide-de-camp,[1] Lieutenant F. G. Price, aide-de-camp, and ten men were wounded. Searching in vain for an opening through which to charge and temporarily beat back the enemy, I was compelled to fall back upon the main body, which I rapidly brought up into position, and opened a rapid and beautifully accurate artillery fire from the pieces of the 5th Indiana upon a battery of two pieces, which the enemy had opened upon me, as well as upon his deployed dismounted force in line. Obstructing fences prevented a charge by my cavalry. In less than half an hour the enemy's lines were broken and in retreat. The advance of my artillery, and a charge of cavalry, made by Lieutenant O'Neil, 5th Indiana Cavalry, with only fifty men, converted his retreat into a rout, and drove him upon General Hobson's forces, which had engaged him upon the other road. His prisoners, the piece of artillery lost by me, all of his own artillery (five pieces), his camp equipage, and transportation and plunder of all kinds, were abandoned and captured. We also captured large numbers of prisoners, including Colonels Basil [W.] Duke, Dick [R. C.] Morgan, and Allen [Ward ?], and the most of General Morgan's staff.

Yet with a considerable force Morgan succeeded in making his escape, and started into the interior like a fox for cover. Passing around the advanced column of his enemy he suddenly came upon the end of Shackelford's column, under Wolford, whom he at once attacked with his usual audacity. Shackelford reversed his column, selected his best horses, and gave pursuit. He overtook the enemy at Backum Church, where Wolford's Kentucky fellows rushed upon Morgan's men with drawn sabers and Kentucky yells, and chased them until next afternoon, when they were found collected on a high bluff, where some hundreds surrendered; but Morgan again escaped, and with over six hundred horsemen gave our fellows a long chase yet by the dirt road and by rail. Continuing north through several counties, he veered northwest towards the Pennsylvania line, even now burning buildings, carloads of freight, and bridges by the way,

[1] Major Daniel McCook, father of the famous fighting family, who pushed himself in against remonstrance, to find the slayer of his son (General Robert L. McCook), reported to be with Morgan.

though hotly hounded by Shackelford, and flanked and headed off by troops in cars.

Among the latter was Major W. B. Way, of the 9th Michigan, with a battalion of his regiment. Way had left the cars at Mingo and marched over near to Steubenville,[1] where he began a skirmish which lasted over twenty-five miles towards Salineville, away up in Columbiana County. Here he brought Morgan to bay. The latter still fought desperately, losing 200 prisoners and over 70 of his men killed or wounded, and skipped away. Another Union detachment came up by rail under Major George W. Rue, of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, joined Shackelford at Hammondsville, and took the advance with three hundred men.

At Salineville he found Morgan, pursued by Major Way, pushing for Smith's Ford on the Ohio. Breaking into trot and gallop, he outmarched and intercepted the fugitives at the cross-roads near Beaver Creek, and had gained the enemy's front and flank when a flag of truce was raised, and Morgan coolly demanded his surrender. Rue's threat to open fire brought Morgan to terms, when another issue was raised. It was now claimed that Morgan had already surrendered, namely, to a militia officer, and been by him paroled. This "officer" turned out to be "Captain" James Burbick, of the home guard.[2] Rue held Morgan, with 364 officers and men and 400 horses, till General Shackelford came up, who held them as prisoners of war.

1 The Editor has received from E. E. Day the following account of Morgan's brief stay at Wintersville:

Defeated at Buffington Bar, Morgan abandoned his plan of making a watering trough of Lake Erie, and fled north through the tier of river counties, keeping within a few miles of the Ohio. The river was low, but not fordable except at Coxe's Riffle, a few miles below Steubenville. Headed at this point also, he struck across the country and passed through Wintersville, a small village five miles west of Steubenville. That was a memorable Saturday in Wintersville. Morgan's progress across the State had been watched with the most feverish anxiety, and the dread that the village might lie in his path filled the hearts of many. The wildest rumors passed current. Morgan and his "guerrillas," it was said, would kill all the men, lay the village in ashes, and carry off the women and children. The militia, or "hundred-day men," who lived in or near the village, drilled in the village streets, and fired rattling volleys of blank cartridges at a board fence, in preparation for the coming conflict. On Friday evening word came that Morgan would attempt to force a passage at Coxe's Riffle the next morning, and the militia marched to Steubenville to help intercept him. A bloody battle was expected. About the middle of the forenoon a horseman dashed into the village shouting: "Morgan 's coming! He 's just down at John Hanna's!" and galloped on to warn others. Mr. Hanna was a farmer living about a mile south of the village. He had shouldered his musket and gone with the militia, leaving his wife and two children at home. About ten o'clock Morgan's men were seen coming up the road. Mrs. Hanna with her children attempted to reach a neighbor's, but they were overtaken and ordered to the house, which they found full of soldiers. Morgan and his officers were stretched, dusty clothes, boots and all, upon her beds, and a negro was getting dinner. While the third table was eating, a squad of militiamen appeared on a neighboring hill. Morgan ordered their capture, saying, "What will those Yankees do with the thousand men I have?" A number of Morgan's men started to carry out their chief's command, but the militia made good their escape. Soon after, word came that Shackelford's men were near, and Morgan left so hurriedly that he neglected to take the quilts and blankets his men had selected.

In the village all was consternation. Many of the women and children gathered at the Maxwell Tavern. Their terror upon hearing that Morgan was "just down at Hanna's" cannot be described. Word had been sent to Steubenville, and Colonel James Collier marched out with a force of about eight hundred militia, sending a squad under command of Captain Prentiss to reconnoiter. They galloped through the village, and as Morgan's advance came in sight began firing. The fire was returned, and a private named Parks, from Steubenville, was wounded. Morgan's men charged the scouting party, sending them through the village back to the main body in a very demoralized condition. The frightened women, and still worse frightened children, no sooner saw the "dust-brown ranks" of the head of Morgan's column than they beat a hasty retreat down the alley to the house of Dr. Markle, the village physician. This change of base was made under fire, as Morgan's men were shooting at the retreating militia, and also at a house owned by William Fisher, in which they had heard there were a number of militiamen. At the doctor's house all crowded into one room, and were led in prayer by the minister's wife. The retreat of the scouting party did not have a very cheering effect upon the advancing militia. As they passed a field of broomcorn several men suddenly disappeared, their swift course through the cane being easily followed by the swaying of the tassels. The militia were met by rumors that the village was in ashes. Morgan did not set fire to the village, but his men found time to explore the village store and to search the Fisher house, in the second story of which they found a flag. Morgan's men were hardly out of sight on the Richmond road when Colonel Collier and the militia appeared. They formed line of battle on a hill east of the village just in time to see Shackelford's advance coming along the road over which they were expecting Morgan. The colonel at once opened fire with his six-pounder loaded with scrap iron. The first shot did little damage. One piece of scrap iron found its way to the right, and struck with a resounding thwack against the end of the Maxwell Tavern. The second shot did not hit anything. One of Shackelford's officers rode across the field and inquired, "What are you fools shooting at?" The colonel then learned, to his astonishment, that Morgan was at least two miles out on the Richmond road. Many who had been conspicuously absent then showed themselves, and the daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes which came to light are not to be lightly referred to. At least a dozen dead rebels, it was said, would be discovered in the fields when the farmers came to cut their oats, but for some reason the bodies were never found.

2 General W. T. H. Brooks says in his report:

Morgan had passed a company of citizens from New Lisbon, and agreed not to fire upon them if they would not fire upon him. He had taken two or three of their men prisoners, and was using them as guides. Among them was a Mr. Burbick, of New Lisbon, who had gone out at the head of a small squad of mounted men. When Morgan saw that his advance was about to be cut off by Major Rue, he said to this Captain Burbick: "I would prefer to surrender to the militia rather than to United States troops. I will surrender to you if you will agree to respect private property and parole the officers and men as soon as we get to Cincinnati." Burbick replied that he knew nothing about this business. Morgan said, "Give me an answer, yes or no." Burbick, evidently in confusion, said, "Yes."

James Burbick sent a statement to Governor Tod, in which he said that he was not a prisoner with Morgan, but that he was guiding him voluntarily away from the vicinity of New Lisbon, after Morgan had agreed not to pass through that town. Burbick says that he accepted Morgan's surrender, and started for the rear with a handkerchief tied to a stick to intercept the advancing troops, while Lieutenant C. D. Maus, a prisoner with Morgan, was sent with another flag of truce across the fields.—EDITOR.

And thus ended the greatest of Morgan's raids. By it Bragg lost a fine large division of cavalry, that, if added to Buckner's force,—already equal to Burnside's in East Tennessee,—might have defeated Burnside; or, if thrown across Rosecrans's flanks or long lines of supply and communication, or, used in reconnaissance on the Tennessee River, might have baffled Rosecrans's plans altogether. As it was, Rosecrans was able to deceive Bragg by counterfeit movements that could easily have been detected by Morgan.

Orlando B. Willcox.

III.—THE ESCAPE.[1]

ON the 31st of July and the 1st of August, 1863, General John H. Morgan, General Basil W. Duke, and sixty-eight other officers of Morgan's command were, by order of General Burnside, confined in the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus. Before entering the main prison we were searched and relieved of our pocket-knives, money, and all other articles of value, subjected to a bath, the shaving of our faces, and the cutting of our hair. We were placed each in a separate cell in the first and second tiers on the south side in the east wing of the prison. General Morgan and General Duke were on the second range, General Morgan being confined in the last cell at the east end, those who escaped with General Morgan having their cells in the first range.

From five o'clock in the evening until seven o'clock in the morning we were locked into our cells, with no possible means of communication with one another; but in the day, between these hours, we were permitted to mingle together in the narrow hall, twelve feet wide and one hundred and sixty long, which was cut off from the other portion of the building, occupied by the convicts, by a plank partition, in one end of which was a wooden door. At each end of the hall and within the partitions was an armed military sentinel, while the civil guards of the prison passed at irregular intervals among us, and very frequently the warden or his deputy came through in order to see that we were secure and not violating the prison rules. We were not permitted to talk with or in any way to communicate with the convicts, nor were we permitted to see any of our relatives or friends that might come from a distance to see us, except upon the written order of General Burnside, and then only in the presence of a guard. Our correspondence underwent the censorship of the warden, we receiving and he sending only such as met his approbation. We were not permitted to have newspapers, or to receive information of what was going on in the outside busy world.

Many plans for escape, ingenious and desperate, were suggested, discussed, and rejected because deemed impracticable. Among them was bribery of the guards. This was thought not feasible because of the double set of guards, military and civil, who were jealous and watchful of each other, so that it was never attempted, although we could have commanded, through our friends in Kentucky and elsewhere, an almost unlimited amount of money.

On a morning in the last days of October I was rudely treated, without cause, by the deputy warden. There was no means of redress, and it was not wise to seek relief by retort, since I knew, from the experience of my comrades, that it would result in my confinement in a dark dungeon, with bread and water for diet. I retired to my cell and closed the door with the determination that I would neither eat nor sleep until I had devised some means of escape. I ate nothing and drank nothing during the day, and by nine o'clock at night I had matured the plan that we carried into execution. It may be that I owe something to the fact that I had just completed the reading of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," containing such vivid delineations of the wonderful escapes of Jean Valjean, and of the subterranean passages of the city of Paris. This may have led me to the line of thought that terminated in the plan of escape adopted. It was this: I had observed that the floor of my cell was upon a level with the ground upon the outside of the building, which was low and flat, and also that the floor of the cell was perfectly dry and free from mold. It occurred to me that, as the rear of the cell was to a great extent excluded from the light and air, this dryness and freedom from mold could not exist unless there was underneath something in the nature of an air-chamber to prevent the dampness from rising up the walls and through the floor. If this chamber should be found to exist, and could be reached, a tunnel might be run through the foundations into the yard, from which we might escape by scaling the outer wall, the air-chamber furnishing a

[1] Condensed from "The Bivouac" of June, 1885.—EDITOR.

receptacle for the earth and stone to be taken out in running the tunnel. The next morning when our cells were unlocked, and we were permitted to assemble in the hall, I went to General Morgan's cell, he having been for several days quite unwell, and laid before him the plan as I have sketched it. Its feasibility appeared to him unquestioned, and to it he gave a hearty and unqualified approval. If, then, our supposition was correct as to the existence of the air-chamber beneath the lower range of cells, a limited number of those occupying that range could escape, and only a limited number, because the greater the number the longer the time required to complete the work, and the greater the danger of discovery while prosecuting it, in making our way over the outer wall, and in escaping afterward.

With these considerations in view, General Morgan and myself agreed upon the following officers, whose cells were nearest the point at which the tunnel was to begin, to join us in the enterprise: Captain J. C. Bennett, Captain L. D. Hockersmith, Captain C. S. Magee, Captain Ralph Sheldon, and Captain Samuel B. Taylor. The plan was then laid before these gentlemen, and received their approval. It was agreed that work should begin in my cell, and continue from there until completed. In order, however, to do this without detection, it was necessary that some means should be found to prevent the daily inspection of that cell, it being the custom for the deputy warden, with the guards, to visit and have each cell swept every morning. This end was accomplished by my obtaining permission from the warden to furnish a broom and sweep my own cell. For a few mornings thereafter the deputy warden would pass, glance into my cell, compliment me on its neatness, and go on to the inspection of the other cells. After a few days my cell was allowed to go without any inspection whatever, and then we were ready to begin work, having obtained through some of our associates, who had been sent to the hospital, some table knives made of flat steel files. In my cell, as in the others, there was a narrow iron cot, which could be folded and propped up to the cell wall. I thought the work could be completed within a month.

On the 4th of November work was begun in the back part of my cell, under the rear end of my cot. We cut through six inches of cement, and took out six layers of brick put in and cemented with the ends up. Here we came to the air-chamber, as I had calculated, and found it six feet wide by four feet high, and running the entire length of the range of cells. The cement and brick taken out in effecting an entrance to the chamber were placed in my bed-tick, upon which I slept during the progress of this portion of the work, after which the material was removed to the chamber. We found the chamber heavily grated at the end, against which a large quantity of coal had been heaped, cutting off any chance of exit in that way. We then began a tunnel, running it at right angles from the side of the chamber, and almost directly beneath my cell. We cut through the foundation wall, five feet thick, of the cell block; through twelve feet of grouting, to the outer wall of the east wing of the prison; through this wall, six feet in thickness; and four feet up near the surface of the yard, in an unfrequented place between this wing and the female department of the prison.

During the progress of the work, in which we were greatly assisted by several of our comrades who were not to go out, notably among them Captain Thomas W. Bullitt of Louisville, Kentucky, I sat at the entrance to my cell studiously engaged on Gibbon's Rome and in trying to master French. By this device I was enabled to be constantly on guard without being suspected, as I had pursued the same course during the whole period of my imprisonment. Those who did the work were relieved every hour. This was accomplished and the danger of the guards overhearing the work as they passed obviated by adopting a system of signals, which consisted in giving taps on the floor over the chamber. One knock was to suspend work, two to proceed, and three to come out. On one occasion, by oversight, we came near being discovered. The prisoners were taken out to their meals by ranges, and on this day those confined in the first range were called for dinner while Captain Hockersmith was in the tunnel. The deputy warden, on calling the roll, missed Hockersmith, and came back to inquire for him. General Morgan engaged the attention of the warden by asking his opinion as to the propriety of a remonstrance that the general had prepared to be sent to General Burnside. Flattered by the deference shown to his opinion by General Morgan, the warden unwittingly gave Captain Hockersmith time to get out and fall into line for dinner. While the tunnel was being run, Colonel R. C. Morgan, a brother of General Morgan, made a rope, in links, of bed-ticking, thirty-five feet in length, and from the iron poker of the hall stove we made a hook, in the nature of a grappling-iron, to attach to the end of the rope.

The work was now complete with the exception of making an entrance from each of the cells of those who were to go out. This could be done with safety only by working from the chamber upward, as the cells were daily inspected. The difficulty presented in doing this was the fact that we did not know at what

point to begin in order to open the holes in the cells at the proper place. To accomplish this a measurement was necessary, but we had nothing to measure with. Fortunately the deputy warden again ignorantly aided us. I got into a discussion with him as to the length of the hall, and to convince me of my error he sent for his measuring line, and after the hall had been measured and his statement verified General Morgan occupied his attention, while I took the line, measured the distance from center to center of the cells,— all being of uniform size,— and marked it upon the stick used in my cell for propping up my cot. With this stick, measuring from the middle of the hole in my cell, the proper distance was marked off in the chamber for the holes in the other cells. The chamber was quite dark, and light being necessary for the work we had obtained candles and matches through our sick comrades in the hospital. The hole in my cell during the progress of the work was kept covered with a large hand satchel containing my change of clothing. We cut from underneath upward until there was only a thin crust of the cement left in each of the cells. Money was necessary to pay expenses of transportation and for other contingencies as they might arise. General Morgan had some money that the search had not discovered, but it was not enough. Shortly after we began work I wrote to my sister in Kentucky a letter, which through a trusted convict I sent out and mailed, requesting her to go to my library and get certain books, and in the back of a designated one, which she was to open with a thin knife, place therein a certain amount of Federal money, repaste the back, write my name across the inside of the back where the money was concealed, and send the box by express. In due course of time the books with the money came to hand. It only remained now to get information as to the time of the running of the trains and to await a cloudy night, as it was then full moon. Our trusty convict was again found useful. He was quite an old man, called Heavy, had been in the penitentiary for many years, and as he had been so faithful, and his time having almost expired, he was permitted to go on errands for the officials to the city. I gave him ten dollars to bring us a daily paper and six ounces of French brandy. Neither he nor any one within the prison or on the outside had any intimation of our contemplated escape.

It was our first thought to make our way to the Confederacy by the way of Canada; but, on inspecting the time-table in the paper, it was seen that a knowledge of the escape would necessarily come to the prison officials before we could reach the Canadian border. There was nothing left, then, but to take the train south, which we found, if on time, would reach Cincinnati, Ohio, before the cells were opened in the morning, at which time we expected our absence to be discovered. One thing more remained to be done, and that was to ascertain the easiest and safest place at which to scale the outside wall of the prison. The windows opening outward were so high that we could not see the wall. In the hall was a ladder resting against the wall, fifty feet long, that had been used for sweeping down the wall. A view from the top of the ladder would give us a correct idea of the outside, but the difficulty was to get that view without exciting suspicion.

Fortunately the warden came in while we were discussing the great strength and activity of Captain Samuel B. Taylor, who was very small of stature, when it was suggested that Taylor could go hand over hand on the under side of the ladder to the top, and, with a moment's rest, return in the same way. To the warden this seemed impossible, and, to convince him, Taylor was permitted to make the trial, which he did successfully. At the top of the ladder he rested for a minute and took a mental photograph of the wall. When the warden had left, Taylor communicated the fact that directly south of and at almost right angles from the east end of the block in which we were confined there was a double gate to the outer wall, the inside one being of wooden uprights four inches apart, and the outside one as solid as the wall; the wooden gate being supported by the wing wall of the female department, which joined to the main outer wall.

On the evening of the 27th of November the cloudy weather so anxiously waited for came; and prior to being locked in our cells it was agreed to make the attempt at escape that night. Cell No. 21, next to my cell, No. 20, on the first range, was occupied by Colonel R. C. Morgan, a brother of General Morgan. That cell had been prepared for General Morgan by opening a hole to the chamber, and when the hour for locking up came General Morgan stepped into Cell 21, and Colonel Morgan into General Morgan's cell in the second range. The guard did not discover the exchange, as General Morgan and Colonel Morgan were of about the same physical proportions, and each stood with his back to the cell door when it was being locked.

At intervals of two hours every night, beginning at eight, the guards came around to each cell and passed a light through the grating to see that all was well with the prisoners. The approach of the guard was often so stealthily made that a knowledge of his presence was first had by seeing him at the door of the cell. To avoid a surprise of this kind we sprinkled fine coal along in front of the cells, walking

upon which would give us warning. By a singular coincidence that might have been a fatality, on the day we had determined upon for the escape General Morgan received a letter from Lexington, Kentucky, begging and warning him not to attempt to escape, and by the same mail I received a letter from a member of my family saying that it was rumored and generally believed at home that I had escaped. Fortunately these letters did not put the officials on their guard. We ascertained from the paper we had procured that a train left for Cincinnati at 1.15 A. M., and as the regular time for the guard to make his round of the cells was twelve o'clock, we arranged to descend to the chamber immediately thereafter. Captain Taylor was to descend first, and, passing under each cell, notify the others. General Morgan had been permitted to keep his watch, and this he gave to Taylor that he might not mistake the time to go.

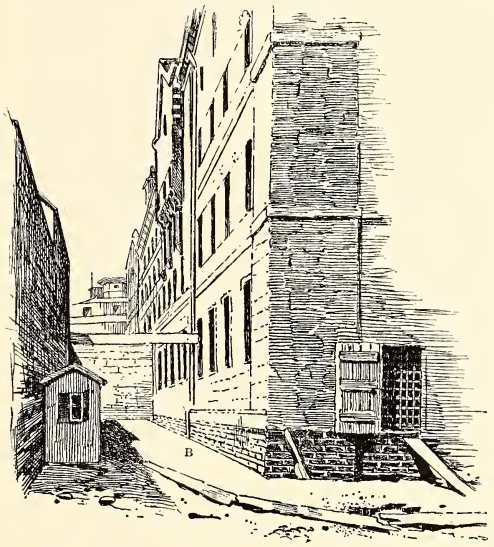
At the appointed hour Taylor gave the signal, each of us arranged his cot with the seat in his cell so as to represent a sleeping prisoner, and, easily breaking the thin layer of cement, descended to the chamber, passed through the tunnel, breaking through the thin stratum of earth at the end. We came out near the wall of the female prison,—it was raining slightly,—crawled by the side of the wall to the wooden gate, cast our grappling iron attached to the rope over the gate, made it fast, ascended the rope to the top of the gate, drew up the rope and made our way by the wing wall to the outside wall, where we entered a sentry-box and divested ourselves of our soiled outer garments. In the daytime sentinels were placed on this wall, but at night they were on the inside of the walls and at the main entrance to the prison. On the top of the wall we found a cord running along the outer edge and connecting with a bell in the office of the prison. This cord General Morgan cut with one of the knives we had used in tunneling. Before leaving my cell I wrote and left, addressed to N. Merion, the warden, the following:

CASTLE MERION, CELL NO. 20, November 27, 1863.—Commencement, November 4, 1863; conclusion, November 24, 1863; number of hours for labor per day, five; tools, two small knives. *La patience est amère, mais son fruit est doux.* By order of my six honorable Confederates. THOMAS H. HINES, *Captain, C. S. A.*

Having removed all trace of soil from our clothes and persons, we attached the iron hook to the railing on the outer edge of the wall, and descended to the ground within sixty yards of where the prison guards were sitting round a fire and conversing. Here we separated, General Morgan and myself going to the depot, about a quarter of a mile from the prison, where I purchased two tickets for Cincinnati, and entered the car that just then came in. General Morgan took a seat by the side of a Federal major in uniform, and I sat immediately in their rear. The general entered into conversation with the major, who was made the more talkative by a copious drink of my French brandy. As the train passed near the prison wall where we had descended the major remarked, "There is where the rebel General Morgan and his officers are put for safe keeping." The general replied, "I hope they will keep him as safe as he is now." Our train passed through Dayton, Ohio, and there, for some unknown reason, we were delayed an hour. This rendered it extra hazardous to go to the depot in the city of Cincinnati, since by that time the prison officials would, in all probability, know of our escape, and telegraph to intercept us. In fact, they did telegraph in every direction, and offered a reward for our recapture. Instead, then, of going to the depot in Cincinnati, we got off, while the train was moving slowly, in the outskirts of the city, near Ludlow Ferry, on the Ohio River. Going directly to the ferry we were crossed over in a skiff and landed immediately in front of the residence of Mrs. Ludlow. We rang the door-bell, a servant came, and General Morgan wrote upon a visiting-card, "General Morgan and Captain Hines, escaped." We were warmly received, took a cup of coffee with the family, were furnished a guide, and walked some three miles in the country, where we were furnished horses. Thence we went through Florence to Union, in Boone County, Kentucky, where we took supper with Daniel Piatt. On making ourselves known to Mr. Piatt, who had two sons in our command, we were treated with the most cordial hospitality and kindness by the entire family. We there met Dr. John J. Dulaney, then of Florence, Kentucky, who was of great benefit in giving us information as to the best route to pursue. That night we went to Mr. Corbin's, near Union,—who also had gallant sons in our command,—where we remained concealed until the next night, and where friends supplied us with good, fresh horses and a pair of pistols each.

On the evening of the 29th of November we left Union with a voluntary guide, passed through the eastern edge of Gallatin County, and after traveling all night spent the day of the 30th at the house of a friend on the Owen County line. Passing through New Liberty, in Owen County, and crossing the Kentucky River at the ferry on the road to New Castle, in Henry County, we stopped at the house of Mr. Pollard at 2 A. M., December 1. Our guide did not know the people nor the roads farther

than the ferry, at which point he turned back. Not knowing the politics of Mr. Pollard, it was necessary to proceed with caution. On reaching his house we aroused him and made known our desire to spend the remainder of the night with him. He admitted us and took us into the family room, where there was a lamp dimly burning on a center-table. On the light being turned up I discovered a Cincinnati "Enquirer" with large displayed head-lines, announcing the escape of General Morgan, Captain Hines, and five other officers from the Ohio penitentiary. The fact that this newspaper was taken by Mr. Pollard was to me sufficient evidence that he was a Southern sympathizer. Glancing at the paper, I looked up and remarked, "I see that General Morgan, Hines, and other

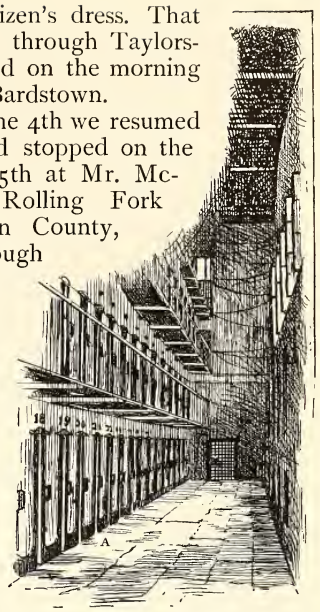


EXTERIOR OF THE PRISON. B — EXIT FROM TUNNEL.

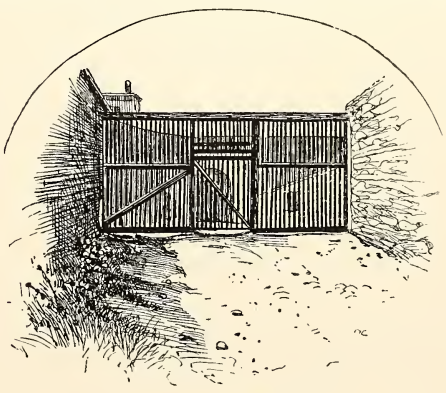
officers have escaped from the penitentiary." He responded, "Yes; and you are Captain Hines, are you not?" I replied, "Yes; and what is your name?" "Pollard," he answered. "Allow me, then, to introduce General Morgan." I found that I had not made a mistake.

After rest and a late breakfast and a discussion of the situation, it was deemed inexpedient to remain during the day, as the house was immediately on a public highway, besides the danger of such unexplained delay exciting the suspicion of the negroes on the place. We assumed the character of cattle-buyers, Mr. Pollard furnishing us with cattle-whips to make the assumption plausible. Our first objective point was the residence of Judge W. S. Pryor, in the outskirts of New Castle. After dinner Judge Pryor rode with us some distance, and put us in charge of a guide, who conducted us that night to Major Helm's, near Shelbyville, where we remained during the day of the 2d, and were there joined by four of our command in citizen's dress. That night we passed through Taylorsville, and stopped on the morning of the 3d near Bardstown.

The night of the 4th we resumed our journey, and stopped on the morning of the 5th at Mr. McCormack's at Rolling Fork Creek, in Nelson County, thence through Taylor, Green (passing near Greensburg), Adair, and Cumberland counties, crossing Cumberland River some nine miles below Burkesville. We crossed the Cumberland, which was quite high, by swimming our horses by the side of a canoe. Near the place of crossing, on the south side, we stopped overnight with a private in Colonel R. T. Jacob's Federal cavalry, passing ourselves as citizens on the lookout for stolen horses. Next morning, in approaching the road from Burkesville to Sparta, Tennessee, we came out of a byway immediately in the rear of and some hundred yards from a dwelling fronting on the Burkesville-Sparta road, and screening us from view on the Burkesville end. As we emerged from the woodland a woman appeared at the back door of the dwelling and motioned us back. We withdrew from view, but kept in sight of the door from which the signal to retire was given, when after a few minutes the woman again appeared and signaled us to come forward. She informed us that a body of Federal cavalry had just passed, going in the direction of Burkesville, and that



CORRIDOR AND CELLS IN THE EAST WING. A — CAPTAIN HINES'S CELL.



WITHIN THE WOODEN GATE.

OVER THE PRISON WALL.

the officer in command informed her that he was trying to intercept General Morgan. We followed the Burkesville road something like a mile, and in sight of the rear-guard. We crossed Obey's River near the mouth of Wolf, and halted for two days in the hills of Overton County, where we came upon forty of our men, who had been separated from the force on the expedition into Indiana and Ohio. These men were placed under my command, and thence we moved directly towards the Tennessee River, striking it about fifteen miles below Kingston, at Bridges's Ferry, December 13. There was no boat to be used in crossing, and the river was very high and angry, and about one hundred and fifty yards wide. We obtained an ax from a house near-by and proceeded to split logs and make a raft on which to cross, and by which to swim our horses. We had learned that two miles and a half below us was a Federal cavalry camp. This stimulated us to the utmost, but notwithstanding our greatest efforts we were three hours in crossing over five horses and twenty-five men. At this juncture the enemy appeared opposite, and began to fire on our men.

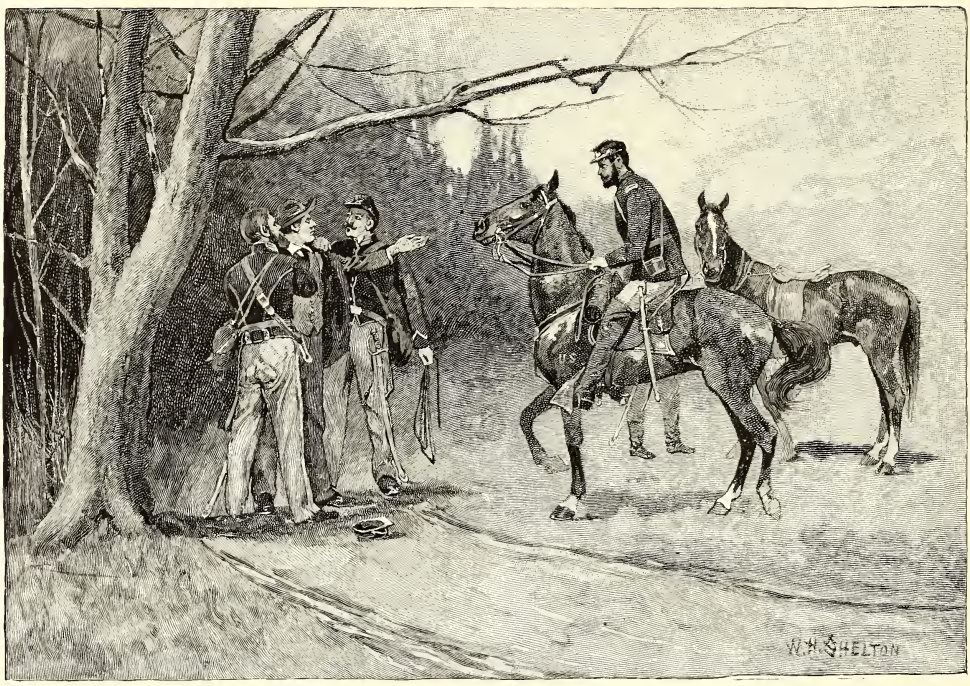
Here General Morgan gave characteristic evidence of devotion to his men. When the firing began he insisted on staying with the dismounted men and taking their chances, and was only dissuaded by my earnest appeal and representation that such a course would endanger the men as well as ourselves. The men, by scattering in the mountains, did ultimately make their way to the Confederacy.

General Morgan, myself, and the four mounted men crossed over a spur of the mountains and descended by a bridle-path to a ravine or gulch upon the opposite side, and halted in some thick underbrush about ten steps from a path passing along the ravine. Not knowing the country, it was necessary to have information or a guide, and observing a log cabin about a hundred yards up the ravine, I rode there to get directions, leaving General Morgan and the others on their horses near the path. I found at the house a woman and some children. She could not direct me over

the other spur of the mountain, but consented that her ten-year-old son might go with me and show the way. He mounted behind me, and by the time he was seated I heard the clatter of hoofs down the ravine, and, looking, I saw a body of about seventy-five cavalry coming directly towards me, and passing within ten steps of where the general and his men were sitting on their horses. I saw that my own escape was doubtful, and that any halt or delay of the cavalry would certainly result in the discovery and capture of General Morgan. I lifted the boy from behind me and dashed to the head of the column, exclaiming, "Hurry up, Major, or the rebels will escape!" He responded, "Who are you?" I answered, "I belong to the home-guard company in the bend: hurry, or they are gone." We dashed on, I riding by the major at the head of the column about half a mile, when we came to where a dry branch crossed the road, and, as it had been raining that day, it was easily seen from the soil that had washed down from the side of the mountain that no one had passed there since the rain. Seeing this, the command was halted, and the major again demanded to know who I was. I replied that I was a member of General Morgan's command. "Yes, d——n you! You have led me off from Morgan; I have a notion to hang you for it." "No, that was not General Morgan. I have served under him two years and know him well, and have no object in deceiving you, for if it was Morgan he is now safe." "You lie, for he was recognized at the house where you got the ax. I would not have missed getting him for ten thousand dollars. It would have been a brigadier's commission to me. I will hang you for it." Up to this time I had taken the situation smilingly and pleasantly, because I did not apprehend violence; but the officer, livid with rage from disappointment, directed one of his men to take the halter from his horse and hang me to a designated limb of a tree. The halter was adjusted around my neck, and thrown over the limb. Seeing that the officer was desperately in earnest, I said, "Major, before you perform this operation, allow me to make a suggestion." "Be quick about it, then." "Suppose that *was* General Morgan, as you insist, and I have led you astray, as you insist, would n't I, being a member of his command, deserve to be hung if I had not done what you charge me with?" He dropped his head for a moment, looked up with a more pleasant expression, and said, "Boys, he is right; let him alone."

I was placed under guard of two soldiers and sent across the river to camp, while the officer in command took his men over the mountain in search of General Morgan, who succeeded in making good his escape. The next evening the major returned with his command from his unsuccessful pursuit. He questioned me closely, wanting to know my name, and if I was a private in the command, as I had stated to him at the time of my capture. Remembering that in prison the underclothing of

"HURRY UP, MAJOR!"



CAPTAIN HINES OBJECTS.

Captain Bullitt had been exchanged for mine, and that I then had on his with his name in ink, I assumed the name of Bullitt.

On the evening of the second day in this camp the major invited me to go with him and take supper at the house of a Unionist half a mile away. We spent the evening with the family until nine o'clock, when the major suggested that we should go back to camp. On reaching the front gate, twenty steps from the front veranda, he found that he had left his shawl in the house, and returned to get it, requesting me to await his return. A young lady of the family was standing in the door, and when he went in to get the shawl she closed the door. I was then perfectly free, but I could not get my consent to go. For a moment of time while thus at liberty I suffered intensely in the effort to determine what was the proper thing to do. Upon the one hand was the tempting offer of freedom, that was very sweet to me after so many months of close confinement, while on the other was the fact that the officer had treated me with great kindness, more as a comrade than as a prisoner, that the acceptance of his hospitality was a tacit parole and my escape would involve him in trouble. I remained until his return. He was greatly agitated, evidently realizing for the first time the extent of his indiscretion, and surprised undoubtedly at finding me quietly awaiting him. I had determined not to return to prison, but rather than break faith I awaited some other occasion for escape. Notwithstanding all this, something excited suspicion of me, for the next morning, while lying in a tent apparently asleep, I heard the officer direct the sergeant to detail ten men and guard me to Kingston, and he said to the sergeant, "Put him on the meanest horse you have, and be watchful or he will escape." I was taken to Kingston and placed in jail, and there met three of our party who had been captured on the north side of the Tennessee River at the time we attempted to cross. They were R. C. Church, William Church, and —— Smith. After two days' confinement there, we were sent under guard of twelve soldiers to the camp of the 3d Kentucky Federal Infantry, under command of Colonel Henry C. Dunlap. The camp was opposite the town of Loudon, and was prepared for winter quarters. The large forest trees had been felled for a quarter of a mile around the camp, and log huts built in regular lines for the occupation of the troops. We were placed in one of these huts with three guards on the inside, while the guards who delivered us there were located around a campfire some ten steps in front of the only door to our hut, and around the whole encampment was the regular camp guard. The next day, as we had learned, we were to be sent to Knoxville, Tennessee, which was then General Burnside's headquarters, and as I knew I would there be recognized, and, on account of my previous escape, that my chances for freedom

would be reduced to a minimum, we determined to escape that night.

It was perfectly clear, the moon about full, making the camp almost as light as day, and as the moon did not go down until a short time before daylight we concluded to await its setting. The door of the cabin was fastened by a latch on the inside. The night was cold. We had only pretended to sleep, awaiting our opportunity. When the moon was down we arose, one after another, from our couches, and went to the fire to warm us. We engaged the guards in pleasant conversation, detailing incidents of the war. I stood with my right next the door, facing the fire and the three guards, and my comrades standing immediately on my left. While narrating some incident in which the guards were absorbed, I placed my right hand upon the latch of the door, with a signal to the other prisoners, and, without breaking the thread of the narrative, bade the guards good night, threw the door open, ran through the guards in front of the door, passed the sentinel at the camp limits, and followed the road we had been brought in to the mountains. The guards in front of the door fired upon me, as did the sentinel on his beat, the last shot being so close to me that I felt the fire from the gun. Unfortunately and unwittingly I threw the door open with such force that it rebounded and caught my comrades on the inside. The guards assaulted them and attempted to bayonet them, but they grappled, overpowered, and disarmed the guards, and made terms with them before they would let them up. All three of these prisoners, by great daring, escaped before they were taken North to prison.

In running from the camp to the mountains I passed two sentinel fires, and was pursued some distance at the point of the bayonet of the soldier who had last fired at me. All was hurry and confusion in the camp. The horses were bridled, saddled, and mounted, and rapidly ridden out on the road I had taken, but by the time the pursuers reached the timber I was high up the mountain side, and complacently watched them as they hurried by. As I ran from my prison house I fixed my eye upon Venus, the morning star, as my guide, and traveled until daylight, when I reached the summit of a mountain, where I found a sedge-grass field, of about twenty acres, in the middle of which I lay down on the frozen ground and remained until the sun had gone down and darkness was gathering. During the day the soldiers in search of me frequently passed within thirty steps, so close that I could hear their conjectures as to where I was most likely to be found. I remained so long in one position that I thawed into the frozen earth, but the cool of the evening coming on, the soil around me froze again, and I had some difficulty in releasing myself.

As it grew dark I descended the mountain, and cautiously approached a humble dwelling. Seeing no one but a woman and some children, I entered and asked for supper. While my supper was being prepared, no little to my disappointment the husband, a strapping, manly-looking fellow, with his rifle on his shoulder, walked in. I had already assumed a character, and that was as agent to purchase horses for the Federal Government. I had come down that evening on the train from Knoxville, and was anxious to get a canoe and some one to paddle me down to Kingston, where I had an engagement for the next day to meet some gentlemen who were to have horses there, by agreement with me, for sale. Could the gentleman tell me where I could get a canoe and some one to go with me? He said the rebels were so annoying that all boats and canoes had been destroyed to keep them from crossing. He knew of but one canoe, owned by a good Union man some two miles down the river. Would he be kind enough to show me the way there, that I might get an early start and keep my engagement?

After supper my hospitable entertainer walked with me to the residence of the owner of the canoe. The family had retired, and when the owner of the premises came out there came with him a Federal soldier who was staying overnight with him. This was not encouraging. After making my business known and offering large compensation, the owner of the canoe agreed to start with me by daylight. During my walk down there my guide had mentioned that a certain person living opposite the place where the canoe was owned had several horses that he would like to sell. I suggested that, in order to save time and get as early a start as possible for Kingston, the canoe owner should take me over to see to the purchase of these horses that night. The river was high and dangerous to cross at night, but by promises of compensation I was taken over and landed some quarter of a mile from the house. With an injunction to await me, when the canoe landed I started towards the house; but when out of sight I changed my course and took to the mountains.

For eight days I traveled by night, taking my course by the stars, lying up in the mountains by day, and getting food early in the evening wherever I could find a place where there were no men. On the 27th of December I reached the Confederate lines near Dalton, Georgia.

Thomas H. Hines.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE.—III.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

AN ALLUSION TO A YELLOW DOG.

THE colonel's office, like many other of his valued possessions, was in fact the property of somebody else.

It really belonged to a friend of Fitzpatrick, who had become so impressed by the Virginian's largeness of manner and buoyant enthusiasm that he whispered to Fitz to bring him in by all means and give him any desk in the place; adding that "in a sagging market the colonel would be better than a war boom."

So the colonel moved in — not a very complicated operation in his case; his effects being confined to an old leather portfolio and a bundle of quill pens tied up with a bit of Aunt Nancy's white yarn. The next day he nailed his visiting card above the firm's name in the corridor, hung his hat and coat on the proprietor's peg, selected a desk nearest the light, and was as much at home in five minutes as if he owned the whole building.

There was no price agreed upon, and the colonel never referred to it afterwards. Once, when Fitz delicately suggested that all such rents were generally payable monthly, the colonel, after some difficulty in grasping the idea, said:

"I could not offer it, suh. These gentlemen have treated me with a hospitality so generous that its memory will never fade from my mind. I cannot bring our relations down to the level of bargain and sale, suh; it would be vulgar."

The colonel believed it. As for himself he would have put every room in his own Carter Hall at their service for any purpose or for any length of time, and have slept in the woodshed himself; and he would as soon have demanded the value of the bottle of wine on his own table as ask pay for so trivial a courtesy.

Nor did he stop at the rent. The free use of stamps, envelops, paper, messenger service, and clerks were to him only evidences of a lordly sort of hospitality which endeared the real proprietor of the office all the more, because it recalled the lavish display of the golden days of Carter Hall.

"Permit a guest to stamp his own letters, suh? Never! Our servants attended to that."

Really he owed them nothing. No office of its size in the Street made so much money for its customers in a bull market. Nobody lost heart in a tumble and was sold out — that is, nobody to whom the colonel talked. Once convince the enthusiastic Virginian that the scheme was feasible,— and how little eloquence was needed for that! — and the dear old fellow took hold with as much gusto as if it had been his own.

The vein in the copper mine was always going to widen out into a six-foot lead; never by any possibility could it grow any smaller. The trust shares were going up — "not a point or two at a time, gentlemen, but with the spring of a panther, suh." Of course the railroad earnings were a little off this month, but wait until the spring opened; "then, suh, you will see a revival that will sweep you off yo' feet."

Whether it was good luck, or the good heart that the colonel put into his friend's customers, the results were always the same. Singular as it may seem, his cheery word just at the right time tided over the critical moment many an uncertain watcher at the "ticker," often to the enlargement of their bank accounts. Nor would he allow any one to pay him for any service of this kind, even though he had spent days engrossed in their affairs.

"Take money, suh, for helpin' a friend out of a hole? My dear suh, I see you do not intend to be discourteous; but look at me, suh! There 's my hand: never refer to it again." And he would offer the offender his card in the hope that its ample record might furnish some further slight suggestion as to who he really was.

His popularity, therefore, was not to be wondered at. Everybody regarded him kindly, total stranger as he was, and although few of them believed to any extent in his "Garden Spot of Virginia" scheme, as his pet enterprise soon came to be known around the Street, there was no one who did not wish it well, and not a few would have started it with a considerable subscription could the colonel have managed the additional thousands required to set it on its financial legs.

But Fitz never lost heart in the scheme — that is, never when the colonel was about. As the weeks rolled by and one combination after the other failed, and the well-thumbed bundle of papers in the big blue envelop was returned with the various comments of "In view of our present financial engagements we are unable to undertake your very attractive railroad scheme," or the more curt "Not suited to our line of customers," he would watch the colonel's face anxiously and rack his brain for some additional excuse.

He always found one. Tight money, or news from Europe, or an overissue of similar bonds; next week it would be better. And the colonel always believed him. Fitz was his guiding star, and would lead him to some

"THE ADVANCE AGENT."

safe haven yet. This faith was his stronghold, and his only one.

This morning, however, there was a touch of genuine enthusiasm about Fitz. He rushed into the office, caught up the blue bundle and the map, nearly upsetting the colonel, who was balanced back in his chair with his long legs sprawled over the desk,—a favorite attitude when down town,—rushed out, and returned in half an hour with a fat body surmounted by a bald head fringed around with gray curls.

He was the advance agent of that mysterious combination known as an English syndicate, an elusive sort of commercial sea serpent with its head in London and its tail all over the globe. The "inquiry" which had so gladdened the colonel's heart the morning of the breakfast with Aunt Nancy had proceeded from this rotund negotiator.

The colonel had, as usual, started the road at Cartersville, and had gotten as far as the double-span iron bridge over the Tench when the rotund gentleman asked abruptly:

"How far are you from a coal-field?"

The colonel lifted the point of his pen, adjusted his glasses, and punched a hole in the rumpled map within a hair's breadth of a black dot labeled "Cartersville."

"Right there, suh. Within a stone's throw of our locomotives."

Fitz looked into the hole with as much astonishment as if it were the open mouth of the mine itself.

"Hard or soft?" said the stout man.

"Soft, suh, and fairly good coal, I understand, although I have never used it, suh; my ancestors always burned wood."

Fitz heard the statement in undisguised wonder. In all his intercourse with the colonel he had never known him before to depart so much as a razor's edge from the truth.

The fat man communed with himself a moment, and then said suddenly, "I 'll take the papers and give you an answer in a week," and hurried away.

"Do you really mean, Colonel," said Fitz, determined to pin him down, "that there is a single pound of coal in Cartersville?"

"Do I mean it, Fitz? Don't it crop out in half a dozen spots right on our own place? One haalf of my estate, suh, is a coal-field."

"You never told me a word about it."

"I don't know that I did, Fitz. But it is of no use to me. Besides, suh, we have plenty of wood. We never burn coal at Caarter Hall."

Fitz did not take that view of it. He went into an exhaustive cross-examination of the colonel on the coal question — who had tested it, the character of the soil, width of the vein, and dip of the land. This information he carefully recorded in a small book which he took from his inside pocket.

Loosened from Fitz's pinioning grasp, the colonel, entirely oblivious to his friend's sudden interest in the coal-field, and slightly impatient at the delay, bounded like a balloon with its anchors cut.

"An answer from the syndicate within a week! My dear Fitz, I see yo' drift. You have kept the Garden Spot for the foreign investors. That man is impressed, suh; I saw it in his eye."

The room began filling up with the various customers and loungers common to such offices — the debonair gentleman in check trousers and silk hat, with a rose in his buttonhole, who dusts his trousers broadside with his cane — short of one hundred shares with twenty per cent. margin; the shabby old man with a solemn face who watches the ticker a moment and then wanders aimlessly out, looking more like an underpaid clerk in a law office than the president of a crosstown railroad — long of one thousand shares with no

"THE NERVOUS MAN WHO STOPS THE MESSENGER BOYS."

margin at all; the nervous man who stops the messenger boys and devours the sales' lists before they can be skewered on the files — with not a dollar's interest either way; and, last of all, the brokers with little pads and nimble pencils in their hands.

The news that the great English syndicate was looking into the C. & W. A. L. R. R. was soon around the office, and each habitué had a bright word for the colonel in consequence, congratulating him on the favorable turn his affairs had taken.

All but old Klutchem, a broker in unlisted securities, who had been trying for weeks to get a Denver land scheme before the same syndicate, and had failed.

"Garden Spot bonds! Bosh! Road begins nowhere and ends nowhere. If any set of fools built it, the only freight it would get outside of peanuts and sweet potatoes would be niggers and razor-back hogs. I would n't give a yellow dog for enough of those securities to paper a church."

The colonel was on his feet in an instant.

"Mr. Klutchem, I cannot permit you, suh, to use such language in my presence unrebuked, you—"

"Now, see here, old Garden Spot, you know—"

The familiarity angered the colonel even more than the outburst.

"Caarter, suh—George Fairfax Caarter," said the colonel with dignity.

"Well, Caarter, then," mimicking him, perhaps unconsciously. "You know—"

The intonation was the last straw. The colonel lost all control over himself. No man had ever thus dared before.

"Stop, Mr. Klutchem! What I know, suh, I decline to discuss with you. Yo' statements are false, and yo' manner of expressin' them quite in keepin' with the evident vulga'ity of yo' mind. If I can ascertain that you have ever had any claim to be considered a gentleman you will hear from me ag'in. If not, I shall rate you as rankin' with yo' yellow dog; and if you ever speak to me ag'in I will strike you, suh, with my cane."

And the colonel, with eyes flashing, strode into the private office with the air of a field marshal, and shut the door.

Klutchem looked around the room and into the startled faces of the clerks and bystanders, burst into a loud laugh, and left the office. On reaching the street he met Fitz coming in.

"Better look after old Garden Spot, Fitzpatrick. I poked holes in his road, and he wanted to swallow me alive."

CERTAIN IMPORTANT LETTERS.

When I reached my lodgings that night I found this note, marked in the left-hand corner "Important," and in the right-hand corner "In haste." A boy had left it half an hour before.

Be at my house at six, prepared to leave town at an hour's notice.

Carter.

I hurried to Bedford Place, dived through the tunnel, and found Fitzpatrick with his hand on the knocker. I followed him through the narrow hall and into the dining-room. He had

"LIKE AN EBONY STATUE OF LIBERTY." (SEE PAGE 431.)

a duplicate, also marked "Important" and "In haste," with this additional postscript: "Bring address of a prudent doctor."

"What does all this mean, Fitz?" I asked, spreading my letter out.

"I give it up, Major. The last I saw of the colonel was at two o'clock. He was then in the private office writing. That old wind-bag Klutchem had been worrying him, I heard, and the colonel sat down on him hard. But he had forgotten all about it when I saw him, for he was as calm as a clock. But what the devil, Major, does he want with a doctor? Chad!"

"Yes, sah!"

"Was the colonel sick this morning?"

"No, sah. Eat two b'iled eggs, and a dish ob ham half as big as yo' han'. He wa'n't sick, 'cause I yerd him singin' to hisself all frough de tunnel cl'ar out to de street."

We sat down and looked at each other. Could anybody else be sick? Perhaps Aunt Nancy had been taken ill on her way home to Virginia, and the doctor was for the dear lady. But why a "prudent doctor," and why both of us to go?

Fitz paced up and down the room, and I sat by the open window and looked out into the dreary yard. The hands of the clock in the tall tower outlined against the evening sky were past the hour, long past, and yet no colonel.

Suppose he had been suddenly stricken down himself! Suppose —

The slamming of the outer gate, followed by a sentry-like tread in the tunnel, cut short our quandary, and the colonel's tall figure emerged from the archway and mounted the steps.

"What has happened?" we both blurted out, opening the door for him. "Who 's sick? Where are we going?"

The colonel's only reply was a pressure of our hands. Then placing his hat with great deliberation on the hall table, he drew off his gloves, waved us before him, and took his seat at the dining-room table.

Fitz and I, now thoroughly alarmed, and quite prepared for the worst, stood on each side.

The colonel dropped his hand into his inside pocket and drew forth three letters.

"Gentlemen, you see befo' you a man on the verge of one of the great crises of his life. You heard, Fitz, of what occurred in my office this mornin'? You know how brutally I was assaulted, and how entirely without provocation on my part? I am a Caarter, suh, and a gentleman. No man can throw discredit on an enterprise bearin' my name without bein' answerable to me." And the colonel opened one of the letters and read as follows:

51 Bedford Place.
Tuesday.

P. A. Klutchem.

Sir: You took occasion this morning, in the presence of a number of my friends, to make use of certain offensive remarks reflecting upon a great commercial enterprise to which I have lent my name. This was accompanied by a familiarity as coarse as it was unwarranted. The laws of hospitality, which your own lack of good breeding violated, forbade my having you ejected from my office on the spot.

I now demand that satisfaction to which I am entitled, and I herewith inform you that I am ready at an hour's notice to meet you at any point outside the city most convenient to yourself.

Immediately upon your reply my friend Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick will wait upon you and arrange the details. I name Major Thos. C. Yancey of Virginia as my second in the field.

I have the honor to remain
Your obedient servant,
George Fairfax Carter,
Late Colonel C. S. A.

"Suffering Moses!" cried out Fitz. "You are not going to send that?"

"It is sent, my dear Fitz. Mailed from my office this afternoon. This is a copy."

Fitz sank into a chair with both hands to his head.

"My object in sendin' for you both," the colonel continued, "was to be fully prepared should my antagonist select some early hour in the mornin'. In that case, Fitz, I shall have to rely on you alone, as Major Yancey cannot reach here until the followin' day. That was why a prudent doctor might be necessary at once."

Fitz's only reply was to thump his own head, as if the situation was too overpowering for words.

The colonel, with the same deliberation, opened the second letter. It was addressed to Judge Kerfoot, informing him of the nature of the "crisis," and notifying him of his (the colonel's) intention to appoint him sole executor of his estate should fate provide that vacancy.

The third was a telegram to Major Yancey summoning him at once "to duty on the field in an affair of honor."

"I am aware, Fitz, that some secrecy must be preserved in an affair of this kind Nawth — quite diffe'ent from our own county, and —"

"Secrecy! Secrecy! With that bellowing Klutchem? Don't you know that that idiot will have it all over the Street by nine o'clock to-morrow unless he is ass enough to get scared, get out a warrant, and clap you into the Tombs before breakfast? O Colonel! How could you do a thing like this without letting us know?"

The colonel never changed a muscle in his face. He was courteous, even patient with Fitz, now really alarmed over the consequences of what he considered a most stupendous piece of folly. He could not, he said, sit in judgment on other gentlemen. If Fitz felt that way, it was doubtless due to his education. As for himself, he must follow the traditions of his ancestors.

"But at all events, my friends, my dear friends,"—and he extended both hands,—"we must not let this affair spoil our ap'tites. Nothin' can now occur until the mornin', and we have ample time befo' daylight to make our preparations. Major, kindly touch the bell. Thank you! Chad, serve the soup."

So short a time elapsed between the sound of the bell and the thrusting in of Chad's head that it was quite evident the darky had been listening on the outside.

If, however, that worthy guardian of the honor and dignity of the Carter family was at all disturbed by what he had heard, there was nothing in his face to indicate it. On the contrary, every wrinkle was twisted into curls and curves of hilarity. He even went so far during dinner as to correct his master in so slight a detail as to where Captain Loynes was hit in the famous duel between the colonel's father and that distinguished Virginian.

"Are you shore, Chad, it was in the leg?"

"Yes, sah, vehy sho. You don't reckel member, Colonel; but I had Marsa John's coat, an' I wrop it round Cap'in Loynes when he was caahied to his caahiage. Yes, sah, just above de knee. Marsa John picked him de fust shot."

"I remember now. Yes, you are right. The captain always walked a little lame."

"But, gentlemen,"—still with great dignity, but yet with an air as if he desired to relieve our minds from any anxiety so far as he was concerned,—"by far the most interesting affair of honor of my time was the one in which I met Major Howard, a prominent member of the Fairfax County bar. Some words in the heat of debate led to a blow, and the next mornin' the handkerchief was dropped at the edge of a wood near the cote-house just as the sun rose over the hill. As I fired, the light blinded me, and my ball passed through his left arm. I escaped with a hole in my sleeve."

"Living yet?" said Fitz.

"Certainly, suh, and one of the fo'most lawyers of our State. Vehy good friend of mine. Saw him on'y the week befo' I left home."

When dinner was served I could detect no falling off in the colonel's appetite. With the exception of a certain nervous expectance, intensified when there was a rap at the front door, followed by a certain consequent disappointment when Chad announced the return of a pair of shoes — out to be half-soled — instead of the long-delayed reply from the offending broker, he was as calm and collected as ever.

It was only when he took from his table drawer some sheets of foolscap, spread the nib of a quill pen on his thumb nail, and beckoned Fitz to his side, that I noticed any difference even in his voice.

"You know, Fitz, that my hand is not so steady as it was, and if I should fall there are some things that must be attended to. Sit here and write these memoranda at my dictation."

Fitz drew nearer and bent his ear in attention.

"I, George Fairfax Caarter of Caarter Hall, Caartersville, Virginia, bein' of sound mind —"

The pen scratched away.

"Everything down but the sound mind," said Fitz; "but go on."

"Do hereby," continued the colonel.

"What 's all this for — another challenge?" said Fitz, looking up.

"No, Fitz,"—the colonel did not like his tone,—"but a few partin' instructions which will answer in place of a more formally drawn will."

Fitz scratched on until the preamble was finished and the unencumbered half of Carter Hall had been bequeathed to "my ever valued aunt Ann Carter, spinster," and he had reached a new paragraph beginning with, "All bonds, stocks, and shares, whether founders', preferred, or common, of the corporation known as the Cartersville and Warrentown Air Line Railroad, particularly the sum of 25,000 shares of said company subscribed for by the undersigned, I hereby bequeath," when Fitz stopped and laid down his pen.

"You can't leave that stock. Not issued yet."

"I know it, Fitz; but I have pledged my word to take it, and so far as I am concerned it is mine."

Fitz looked over his glasses at me and completed the sentence by which this also became "the exclusive property of Ann Carter, spinster." Then followed a clause giving his clothes to Chad, his seal and chain to Fitz, and his fowling piece to me. When the document was finished the colonel signed it in a bold, round hand, and attested it by a burning puddle of red wax into which he plunged the old family seal. Fitz and I duly witnessed it, and then the colonel, with the air of a man whose mind had been suddenly relieved of some great pressure, locked the important document in his drawer and handed the key to Fitz.

The change now in the colonel's manner was quite in keeping with the expression of his face. All his severe dignity, all the excess of responsibility and apparent studied calmness, were gone. He even became buoyant enough to light a pipe.

Presently he gave a little start as if suddenly remembering something until that moment overlooked, then he lighted a candle, and mounted the stairs to his bedroom. In a few minutes he returned, carrying in both hands a mysterious-looking box. This he placed with great care on the table, and proceeded to unlock with a miniature key attached to a bunch which he invariably carried in his trousers pocket.

It was a square box made of mahogany, bound at each corner with brass, and bearing in the center of the top a lozenge-shaped silver tablet engraved with the Carter coat of arms, the letters "G. F. C." being beneath.

The colonel raised the lid and uncovered the weapons that had defended the honor of the Carter family for two generations. They were the old-fashioned single-barrel kind, with butts like those of the pirates in a play, and they lay in a bed of faded red velvet surrounded by ramrods, bullet-molds, a green pill-box labeled "G. D. Gun Caps," some scraps of wash leather, together with a copper powder-flask and a spoonful of bullets. The nipples were protected by little patches cut from an old kid glove.

The colonel showed with great pride a dent on one side of the barrel where a ball had glanced, saving some ancestor's life; then he rang the bell for Chad, and consigned the case to that hilarious darky very much as the knight of a castle would place his trusty blade in the hands of his chief armorer.

"Want a tech o' ile in dese baals, Colonel," said Chad, examining them critically. "Got to keep dere moufs clean if you want dese dogs to bark right"; and he bore away the battery, followed by the colonel, who went down into the kitchen to see if the fire was hot enough to cast a few extra bullets.

Fitz and I, being more concerned about devising some method to prevent the consequences of the colonel's rash act than in increasing the facilities for bloodshed, remained where we were and discussed the possible outcome of the situation.

We had about agreed that should Klutchem demand protection of the police, and the colonel be hauled up for violating the law of the State, I should go bail and Fitz employ the lawyer, when we were startled by a sound like the snap of a percussion-cap, followed by loud talking in the front yard.

First came a voice in a commanding tone: "Stand where you are! Drop yo' hand!"

Then Chad's "Don't shoot yit, Colonel."

Fitz and I started for the front door on a run, threw it open, and ran against Chad standing on the top step with his back to the door. Over his head he held the stub of a candle flickering in the night wind. This he moved up and down in obedience to certain mysterious sounds which came rumbling out of the tunnel. Beside him on the stone step lay the brass-cornered mahogany dueling case with both weapons gone.

The only other light visible was the glowing eye of the tall tower.

"Where 's the colonel?" we both asked in a breath.

Chad kept the light aloft with one hand like an ebony Statue of Liberty, and pointed straight ahead into the tunnel with the other.

"Mo' to the left," came the voice.

Chad swayed the candle towards the broken-down fence, and sent his magnified shadow scurrying up the measly wall and half way over to the next house.

"So! Now steady."

The darky stood like the Sphinx, the light streaming atop of the tall candlestick, and then he said from out one side of his mouth, "Spec' you gemmen better squat; she 's gwine to bite."

Fitz peered into the tunnel, caught the gleam of a pistol held in a shadowy hand, made a clear leap and landed out of range among the broken flower-pots. I sprang behind the hydrant, and at the same instant another cap snapped.

"Ah, gentlemen," said the voice emerging from the tunnel. "Had I been quite sure of myself I should have sent for you. I used to snuff a candle at fo'ty yards, and but that my powder is a little old I could do it ag'in."

(To be continued.)

F. Hopkinson Smith.

FIREFLIES.

AS o'er the face of Evening fair
A shade of twilight came,
Lost sunbeams, tangled in her hair,
Fell into drops of flame.

Charles Henry Lüders.

[*BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.*]

SISTER DOLOROSA.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN,

Author of "The White Cowl," "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," etc.

IV.

SISTER DOLOROSA was returning from her visit to old Martha on the following afternoon. When she awoke that morning she resolutely put away all thought of what had happened the evening before. She prayed oftener than usual that day. She went about all duties with unwonted fervor. When she set out in the afternoon, and reached the spot in the fields where the meeting had taken place, it was inevitable that a nature sensitive and secluded like hers should be visited by some question touching who he was and whither he had gone; for it did not even occur to her that he would ever cross her path again. Soon she reached old Martha's; and then — a crippled toad with a subtile tongue had squatted for an hour at the ear of Eve, and Eve, beguiled, had listened. And now she was again returning across the fields homeward. Homeward?

Early that afternoon Helm had walked across the country to the station, some two miles off, to change his dress, with the view of going to the convent the next day. As he came back he followed the course which he had taken the day before, and this brought him into the same footpath across the fields.

Thus they met the second time. When she saw him, had she been a bird, with one sudden bound she would have beaten the air down beneath her frightened wings and darted high over his head straight to the convent. But his step grew slower and his look expectant. When they were a few yards apart he stepped out of the path into the low, gray weeds of the field, and seemed ready to pause; but she had instinctively drawn her veil close, and was passing on. Then he spoke quickly.

"I beg your pardon, but are strangers allowed to visit the convent?"

There was no mistaking the courtesy of the tone. But she did not lift her face towards him. She merely paused, though seeming to shrink away. He saw the fingers of one hand lace themselves around the cross. Then a moment later, in a voice very low and gentle, she replied, "The Mother Superior is glad to receive visitors at the convent," and, bowing, moved away.

He stood watching her with a quick flush of disappointment. Her voice, even more than her garb, had at once waved off all human approach. In his mind he had crossed the distance from himself to her so often that he had forgotten the actual abyss of sacred separation. Very thoughtfully he turned at last and took his way along the footpath — so thoughtfully, that he walked more slowly in his direction than she in hers.

As he was leaving the farmhouse the next day to go to the convent Ezra joined him, merely saying that he was going also. The old man had few thoughts; but with that shrewd secretiveness which is sometimes found in the dull mind he kept his counsels to himself. Their walk was finished in silence, and soon the convent stood before them.

Through a clear sky the wan light fell upon it as lifeless as though sent from a dead sun. The air hung motionless. The birds were gone. Not a sound fell upon the strained ear. Not a living thing relieved the eye. And yet within what tragedies and conflicts, what wounds and thorns of womanhood! Here, then, she lived and struggled and soared. An unearthly quietude came over him as he walked up the long avenue of elms, painfully jarred on by the noise of Ezra's shuffling feet among the dry leaves. Joyous life, as dear to him, had retired to infinite remoteness; and over him, like a preternatural chill in the faint sunlight, crept the horror of this death in life. Strangely enough he felt at one and the same time a repugnance to his own nature of flesh and a triumphant delight in the possession of bodily health, liberty, — the liberty of the world, — and a mind unfettered by tradition.

A few feet from the entrance an aged nun stepped from behind a hedgerow of shrubbery and confronted them.

"Will you state your business?" she said coldly, glancing at Helm and fixing her eyes on Ezra, who for reply merely nodded to Helm.

"I am a stranger in this part of the country, and heard that I would be allowed to visit the convent."

"Are you a Catholic?"

"No; I am a Protestant."

"Are you acquainted with any of the young ladies in the convent?"

"I am not."

She looked him through and through. He met her scrutiny with frank unconsciousness.

"Will you come in? I will take your name to the Mother Superior."

They followed her into a small reception room, and sat for a long time waiting. Then an inner door opened, and another aged nun, sweet-faced and gentle, entered and greeted them pleasantly, recognizing Ezra as an acquaintance.

"Another Sister will be sent to accompany us," she said, and sat down to wait, talking naturally the while to the old man. Then the door opened again, and the heart of Helm beat violently: there was no mistaking the form, the grace. She crossed to the Sister, and spoke in an undertone.

"Sister Generose is engaged. Mother sent me in her place, Sister." Then she greeted Ezra and bowed to Helm, lifting to him an instant, but without recognition, her tremulous eyes. Her face had the whiteness of alabaster.

"We will go to the church first," said the Sister, addressing Helm, who placed himself beside her, the others following.

When they entered the church he moved slowly around the walls, trying to listen to his guide and to fix his thoughts upon the pictures and the architecture. Soon he became aware that Ezra had joined them, and as soon as pretext offered he looked back. In a pew near the door through which they had entered he could just see the kneeling form and bowed head of Sister Dolorosa. There she remained while they made the circuit of the building, and not until they were quitting it did she rise and again place herself by the side of Ezra. Was it her last prayer before her temptation?

They walked across the grounds towards the old-fashioned flower garden of the convent. The Sister opened the little latticed gate, and the others passed in. The temptation was to begin in the very spot where Love had long been wandering amid dumb companions.

"Ezra!" called the aged Sister, pausing just inside the gate and looking down at some recently dug bulbs, "has Martha taken up her tender bulbs? The frost will soon be falling." The old man sometimes helped at the convent in garden work.

"Who is this young man?" she inquired carelessly a few moments later.

But Ezra was one of those persons who cherish a faint dislike of all present company. Moreover, he knew the good Sister's love of news. So he began to resist her with the more pleasure that he could at least struggle to evade her questions.

"I don't know," he replied, with a mysterious shake of the head.

"Come this way," she said beguilingly, turning aside into another walk, "and look at the chrysanthemums. How did you happen to meet him?"

When Sister Dolorosa and Helm found themselves walking slowly side by side down the garden path — this being what he most had hoped for and she most had feared — there fell upon each a momentary silence of preparation. Speak she must; if only in speaking she might not err. Speak he could; if only in speaking he might draw from her more knowledge of her life, and in some becoming way cause her to perceive his interest.

Then she, as his guide, keeping her face turned towards the border of flowers, but sometimes lifting it shyly to his, began with great sweetness and a little hurriedly, as if fearing to pause:

"The garden is not pretty now. It is full of flowers, but only a few are blooming. These are daffodils. They bloomed in March, long ago. And here were spring beauties. They grow wild, and do not last long. The Mother Superior wished some cultivated in the garden, but they are better if let alone to grow wild. And here are violets, which come in April. And here is Adam and Eve, and tulips. They are gay flowers, and bloom together for company. You can see Adam and Eve a long way off, and they look better at a distance. These were the white lilies, but one of the Sisters died, and we made a cross. That was in June. Jump-up-Johnnies were planted in this bed, but they did not do well. It has been a bad year. A storm blew the hollyhocks down, and there were canker-worms in the roses. That is the way with the flowers: they fail one year, and they succeed the next. They would never fail if they were let alone. It is pleasant to see them all starting out in the spring to be perfect each in its own way. It is pleasant to water them and to help. But some will be perfect, and some will be imperfect, and no one can alter that. They are like the children in the school; only the flowers would all be perfect if they had their way, and the children would all be wrong if they had theirs — the poor, good children! This is touch-me-not. Perhaps you have never heard of any such flower. And there, next to it, is love-lies-bleeding. We have not much of that; only this one little plant." And she bent over and stroked it.

His whole heart melted under the white radiance of her innocence. He had thought her older; now his feeling took the form of the purest delight in some exquisite child nature. And, therefore, feeling thus towards her, and seeing the poor, dead garden with only com-

mon flowers, which nevertheless she separately loved oblivious of their commonness, he said with sudden warmth, holding her eyes with his:

"I wish you could see my mother's garden and the flowers that bloom in it." And as he spoke there came to him a vision of her as she might look in a certain secluded corner of it, where ran a trellised walk; overclambering roses pale-golden, full-blown or budding, and bent with dew; the May sun all golden in the heavens; far and near birds singing and soaring in ecstasy; the air lulling the sense with perfume, quickening the blood with freshness; and there, within that frame of roses, her head bare and shining, her funereal garb forever laid aside for one that matched the loveliest hue of living nature around, a flower at her throat, flowers in her hand, sadness gone from her face, there the pure and radiant incarnation of a too-happy world, this exquisite child-nature, advancing towards him with eyes of love.

Having formed this picture, he could not afterward destroy it; and as they resumed their walk he began very simply to describe his mother's garden, she listening closely because of her love for flowers, which had become companions to her, and merely saying dreamily, half to herself and with guarded courtesy half to him, "It must be beautiful."

"The Mother Superior intends to make the garden larger next year, and to have fine flowers in it, Ezra. It has been a prosperous year in the school, and there will be money to spare. This row of lilacs is to be dug up, and the fence set back so as to take in the onion patch over there. When does he expect to go away?" The aged Sister had not made rapid progress.

"I have not heard him say," replied the old man.

"Perhaps Martha has heard him say."

Ezra only struck the toe of his stout boot with his staff.

"The Mother Superior will want *you* to dig up the lilacs, Ezra. You can do it better than any one else."

The old man shook his head threateningly at the bushes. "I can settle them," he said.

"Better than any one else. Has Martha heard him say when he is going away?"

"To-morrow," he replied, conceding something in return for the lilacs.

"These are the chrysanthemums. They are white, but some are perfect and some are imperfect, you see. Those that are perfect are the ones to feel proud of, but the others are the ones to love."

"If all were perfect, would you no longer love them?" he said gently, thinking how perfect she was and how easy it would be to love her.

"If all were perfect, I could love all alike, because none would need to be loved more than others."

"And when the flowers in the garden are dead, what do you find to love then?" he asked, laughing a little and trying to follow her mood.

"It would not be fair to forget them because they are dead. But they are not dead; they go away for a season, and it would not be fair to forget them because they have gone away." All this she said simply and seriously as though her conscience were dealing with human virtues and duties.

"And are you satisfied to love things that are not present?" he asked, looking at her with sudden earnestness.

"The Mother Superior will wish him to take away a favorable impression of the convent," said the Sister. "Young ladies are sometimes sent to us from that region." And now, having gotten from Ezra the information she desired and turned their steps towards the others, she looked at Helm with greater interest.

"Should you like to go upon the observatory?" she meekly asked, pointing to the top of the adjacent building. "From there you can see how far the convent lands extend. Besides, it is the only point that commands a view of the whole country."

The scene of the temptation was to be transferred to the pinnacle of the temple.

"Is it not asking too much of you to climb so far for my pleasure?"

"It is our mission to climb," she replied wearily; "and if our strength fails, we rest by the way."

Of herself she spoke literally; for when they came to the topmost story of the building, from which the observatory was reached by a short flight of steps, she sank into a seat placed near on purpose.

"Will you go above, Sister?" she said feebly. "I will wait here."

All the way up, also, the old man had been shaking his head with a stupid look of alarm and muttering his disapproval.

"There is a high railing, Ezra," she now said to him. "You could not fall." But he refused to go farther; he suffered from vertigo.

The young pair went up alone.

For miles in all directions the landscape lay shimmering in the autumnal sunlight—a poor, rough, homely land, with a few farmhouses of the plainest kind. Briefly she traced for him the boundary of the convent domain. And

then he, thinking proudly of his own region, now lying heavy in varied autumnal ripeness and teeming with noble, gentle animal life; with rolling pastures as green as May under great trees of crimson and gold; with flashing streams, and placid sheets of water, and great secluded homesteads — he, in turn, briefly described it; and she, loving the sensuous beauty of the world, listened more dreamily, merely repeating over and over, half to herself, and with more guarded courtesy half to him, "It must be very beautiful."

But whether she suddenly felt that she had yielded herself too far to the influence of his words and wished to counteract this, or whether she was aroused to offset his description by another of unlike interest, scarcely had he finished when she pointed towards a long stretch of woodland that lay like a mere wavering band of brown upon the western horizon.

"It was through those woods," she said, her voice trembling slightly, "that the procession of Trappists marched behind the cross when they fled to this country from France. Beyond that range of hills is the home of the Silent Brotherhood. In this direction," she continued, pointing southward, "is the creek which used to be so deep in winter that the priests had to swim it as they walked from one distant mission to another in the wilderness, holding above the waves the crucifix and the sacrament. Under that tree down there the Father who founded this convent built with his own hands the cabin that was the first church, and hewed out of logs the first altar. It was from those trees that the first nuns got the dyes for their vestments. On the floor of that cabin they sometimes slept in midwinter with no other covering than an armful of straw. Those were heroic days."

If she had indeed felt some secret need to recover herself by reciting the heroisms of local history, she seemed to have succeeded. Her face kindled with emotion; and as he watched it he forgot even her creed in this revelation of her nature, which touched in him also something serious and exalted. But as she ceased he asked with peculiar interest:

"Are there any Kentuckians among the Trappist Fathers?"

"No," she replied, after a momentary silence, and in a voice lowered to great sadness. "There was one a few years ago. His death was a great blow to the Fathers. They had hoped that he might some day become the head of the order in Kentucky. He was called Father Palemon."

For another moment nothing was said. They were standing side by side, looking towards that quarter of the horizon which she had pointed out as the site of the abbey. Then he spoke meditatively, as though his mind had gone back unawares to some idea that was very dear to him:

"No, this does not seem much like Kentucky; but, after all, every landscape is essentially the same to me if there are homes in it. Poor as this country is, still it is all history; it is human life. Here are all the eternal ties and relations. Here are all the eternal needs and duties; everything that keeps the world young and the heart at peace. Here is the unchanging expression of our common destiny, as creatures who must share all things, and bear all things, and be bound together in life and death."

"Sister!" called up the nun waiting below, "is not the wind blowing? Will you not take cold?"

"The wind is not blowing, Sister, but I am coming."

They turned their faces outward upon the landscape once more. Across it wound the little footpath towards the farmhouse in the distance. By a common impulse their eyes rested upon the place of their first meeting. He pointed to it.

"I shall never forget that spot," he said impulsively.

"Nor I!"

Her words were not spoken. They were not uttered within. As unexpectedly and silently as in the remotest profound of the heavens at midnight some palest little star is loosened from its orbit, shoots a brief span, and disappears, this confession of hers traced its course across the depths of her secret consciousness; but, having made it to herself, she kept her eyes veiled, and did not look at him again that day.

"I think you have now seen all that could be of any interest," the aged Sister said doubtfully when they stood in the yard below.

"The place is very interesting to me," he answered, looking around that he might discover some way of prolonging his visit.

"The graveyard, Sister. We might go there." The barely audible words were Sister Dolorosa's. The scene of the temptation was to be transferred for the third time.

They walked some distance down a sloping hillside, and stepped softly within the sacred inclosure. A graveyard of nuns! O Mother Earth, all-bearing, passion-hearted mother! Thou that sendest love one for another into all thy children, from the least to the greatest, as thou givest them life! Thou that livest by their loves and their myriad plightings of troth and myriad marriages! With what inconsolable sorrow must thou receive back upon thy bosom the chaste dust of lorn virgins, whose bosoms thou didst mold for a lover's arms and a babe's

slumbers! As marble vestals of the ancient world, buried and lost, they lie, chiseled into a fixed attitude of prayer through all the silent centuries.

The aspect and spirit of the place: the simple graves placed side by side like those of the nameless poor or of soldiers fallen in an unfriendly land; the rude wooden cross at the head of each, bearing the sacred name of her who was dust below; the once chirruping nests of birds here and there in the grass above the songless lips; the sad desolation of this unfinished end — all were the last thing needed to wring the heart of Helm with dumb pity and an ungovernable anguish of rebellion. This, then, was to be her portion. His whole nature cried aloud against it. All his ideas of human life, civilization, his age, his country, his State, rose up in protest. He did not heed the words of the Sister beside him. His thoughts were with Sister Dolorosa, who followed with Ezra in a silence which she had but once broken since her last words to him. He could have caught her up and escaped back with her into the liberty of life, into the happiness of the world.

Unable to endure the place longer, he himself led the way out. At the gate the Sister fell behind with Ezra.

"He seems deeply impressed by his visit," she said in an undertone, "and should bear with him a good account of the convent. Note what he says, Ezra. The order wants friends in Kentucky, where it was born and has flourished"; and looking at Sister Dolorosa and Helm, who were a short distance in front, she added to herself:

"In her, more than in any other one of us, he will behold the perfect spiritual type of the convent. By her he will be made to feel the power of the order to consecrate women, in America, in Kentucky, to the service of the everlasting Church."

Meantime, Sister Dolorosa and Helm walked side by side in a silence that neither could break. He was thinking of her as a woman of Kentucky — of his own generation — and trying to understand the motive that had led her to consecrate herself to such a life. His own ideal of duty was so different.

"I have never thought," he said at length, in a voice lowered so as to reach her ear alone — "I have never thought that my life would not be full of happiness. I have never supposed I could help being happy if I did my duty."

She made no reply, and again they walked on in silence and drew near the convent building. There was so much that he wished to say, but scarcely one of his thoughts that he dared utter. At length he said, with irrepressible feeling:

"I wish your life did not seem to me so sad. I wish, when I go away to-morrow, that I could carry away, with all my thoughts of this place, the thought that you are happy. As long as I remember it I wish I could remember you as being happy."

"You have no right to remember me at all," she said quickly, speaking for the nun and betraying the woman.

"But I cannot help it," he said.

"Remember me, then, not as desiring to be happy, but as living to become blessed."

This she said, breaking the long silence which had followed upon his too eager exclamation. Her voice had become hushed into unison with her meek and patient words. And then she paused, and, turning, waited for the Sister to come up beside them. Nor did she even speak to him again, merely bowing without lifting her eyes when, a little later, he thanked them and took his leave.

In silence he and the old man returned to the farmhouse, for his thoughts were all with her. In the garden she had seemed to him almost as a child, talking artlessly of her sympathies and ties with mute playthings; then on the heights she had suddenly revealed herself as the youthful transcendent devotee; and finally, amid the scenes of death, she had appeared a woman too quickly aged and too early touched with resignation. He did not know that the effect of convent life is to force certain faculties into maturity, while others are repressed into unalterable unripeness; so that in such instances as Sister Dolorosa's the whole nature resembles some long, sloping mountain side, with an upper zone of everlingering snow for childhood, below this a green vernal belt for maidenhood, and near the foot fierce summer heats and summer storms for womanhood. All at once his plan of joining his friends the next day wavered in his mind for reasons that he could hardly have named.

And Sister Dolorosa — what of her when the day was over? Standing that night in a whitewashed, cell-like room, she took off the heavy black veil and hood which shrouded her head from all human vision, and then unfastening at waist and throat the heavier black vestment of the order, allowed it to slip to the floor, revealing a white under-habit of the utmost simplicity of design. It was like the magical transformation of a sorrow-shrouded woman back into the shape of her own earliest maidenhood.

Her hair, of the palest gold, would, if unshorn, have covered her figure in a soft, thick golden cloud; but shorn, it lay about her neck and ears in large, lustrous waves that left defined the contour of her beautiful head, and gave

to it the aërial charm that belongs to the joyousness of youth. Her whole figure was relaxed into a posture slightly drooping; her bare arms, as white as the necks of swans, hung in forgotten grace at her sides; her eyes, large, dark, poetic, and spiritual, were bent upon the floor, so that the lashes left their shadows on her cheeks, while the delicate, overcircling brows were arched high with melancholy. As the nun's funereal robes had slipped from her person had her mind slipped back into the past, that she stood thus, all the pure oval of her sensitive face stilled to an expression of brooding pensiveness? On the urn which held the ashes of her heart had some legend of happy shapes summoned her fondly to return? — some garden? some radiant playfellow of childhood summers, already dim but never to grow dimmer?

Sighing deeply, she stepped across the dark circle on the floor which was the boundary of her womanhood. As she did so her eyes rested on a small table where lay a rich veil of white that she had long been embroidering for a shrine of the Virgin. Slowly, still absently, she walked to it, and, taking it up, threw it over her head, so that the soft fabric enveloped her head and neck and fell in misty folds about her person; she thinking all the while only of the shrine; she looking down on this side and on that, and wishing all the while only to judge how well this design and that design, patiently and prayerfully wrought out, might adorn the image of the Divine Mother in the church of the convent.

But happening to be standing quite close to the white wall of the room with the lamp behind her, when she raised her eyes she caught sight of her shadow, and with a low cry clasped her hands, and for an instant, breathless, surveyed it. No mirrors are allowed in the convent. Since entering it Sister Dolorosa had not seen a reflection of herself, except perhaps her shadow in the sun or her face in a troubled basin of water. Now, with one overwhelming flood of womanly self-consciousness, she bent forward, noting the outline of her uncovered head, of her bared neck and shoulders and arms. Did this accidental adorning of herself in the veil of a bride, after she had laid aside the veil of the Church, typify her complete relapse of nature? And was this the lonely marriage-moment of her innocent heart?

For a moment, trembling, not before the image on the wall, but before that vivid mirror which memory and fancy set before every woman when no real mirror is nigh, she indulged her self-surrender to thoughts that covered her, on face and neck, with a rosy cloud more maidenly than the white mist of the veil. Then, as if awakened by some lightning stroke of conscience, with fearful fingers she lifted off the veil, extinguished the lamp, and, groping her way on tiptoe to the bedside, stood beside it, afraid to lie down, afraid to pray, her eyes wide open in the darkness.

V.

SLEEP gathers up all the soft threads of passion that have been spun by us during the day, and weaves them into a tapestry of dreams on which we see the history of our own characters. We awake to find our wills more inextricably caught in the tissues of their own past; we stir, and discover that we are the heirs to our dead selves of yesterday, with a larger inheritance of transmitted purpose.

When Gordon awoke the next morning among his first thoughts was the idea of going on to join his friends that day, and this thought now caused him unexpected depression. Had he been older, he might have accepted this unwillingness to go away as the best reason for leaving instantly; but, young, and habitually self-indulgent towards his desires when they were not connected with vice, he did not trouble himself with any forecast of consequence.

"You ought not to go away to-day," the old housewife said to him in the morning, wishing to detain him through love of his company. "To-morrow will be Sunday, and you ought to go to vespers and hear Sister Dolorosa sing. There is not such another voice in any convent in Kentucky."

"I will stay," he replied quickly; and the next afternoon he was seated in the rear of the convent church, surrounded by rural Catholic worshipers who had assembled from the neighborhood. The entire front of the nave on one side was filled with the black-veiled Sisters of the order; that on the other with the white-veiled novices — two far-journeying companies of consecrated souls who reminded him in the most solemn way how remote, how inaccessible, was that young pilgrim among them of whom for a long time now he had been solely thinking. With these two companies of sacrificial souls before him he understood her character in a new light.

He beheld her much as a brave, beautiful boy volunteer, who, suddenly waving a bright, last adieu to gay companions in some gay-streeted town, from motives of the loftiest, mistaken heroism, takes his place in the rear of passing soldiery, marching to a martyr-like death; who, from the rear, glowing with a too impetuous ardor, makes his way from rank to rank ever towards the front; and who, at last, bearing the heavy arms and wearing the

battle-stained uniform of a veteran, steps forward to the van at the commander's side and sets his fresh, pure face undaunted towards destruction. As he thought of her thus, deeper forces stirred within his nature than had ever been aroused by any other woman. In comparison every other one that he had known became for the moment commonplace, human life as he was used to it gross and uninspiring, and his own ideal of duty a dwarfish mixture of selfishness and luxurious triviality. Impulsive in his recognition of nobleness of nature wherever he perceived it, for this sublime devotedness of purpose he began to feel the emotion which of all that ever visit the human heart is at once the most humbling, the most uplifting, and the most enthralling — the hero-worship of a strong man for a fragile woman.

The service began. As it went on he noticed here and there among those near him such evidences of restlessness as betray in a seated throng high-wrought expectancy of some pleasure too long deferred. But at last these were succeeded by a breathless hush, as from the concealed organ-loft above a low, minor prelude was heard, groping and striving nearer and nearer towards the concealed motive, as a little wave creeps farther and farther along a melancholy shore. Suddenly, beautiful and clear, more tender than love, more sorrowful than death, there floated out upon the still air of the church the cry of a woman's soul that has offended, and that, shrinking from every prayer of speech, pours forth its more intense, inarticulate, and poor suffering need through the diviner faculty of song.

At the sound every ear was strained to listen. Hitherto the wont had been to hear that voice bear aloft the common petition as calmly as the incense rose past the altar to the roof; but now it quivered over troubled depths of feeling, it rose freighted with the burden of self-accusal. Still higher and higher it rose, borne triumphantly upward by love and aspiration, until all the powers of the singer's frame seemed spending themselves in one superhuman effort of the soul to make its prayer understood to the Divine forgiveness. Then, all at once, at the highest note, as a bird soaring towards the sun has its wings broken by a shot from below, it too broke, faltered, and there was a silence. But only for a moment: another voice, poor and cold, promptly finished the song; the service ended; the people poured out of the church.

When Gordon came out there were a few groups standing near the door talking; others were already moving homeward across the grounds. Not far off he observed a lusty young countryman, with a frank, winning face, who appeared to be waiting, while he held a child that had laid its bright head against his tanned, athletic neck. Gordon approached him, and said with forced calmness:

"Do you know what was the matter in the church?"

"My wife has gone to see," he replied warmly. "Wait; she 'll be here in a minute. Here she is now."

The comely, Sunday-dressed young wife came up and took the child, who held out its arms, fondly smiling.

"She must have fainted. She had n't been well, and they did n't want her to sing to-day; but she begged to sing, and broke down." Saying this, the young mother kissed her child, and slipping one hand into the great brown hand of her husband, which closed upon it, turned away with them across the lawn homeward.

When Sister Dolorosa, who had passed a sleepless, prayerless night, stood in the organ-loft and looked across the church at the scene of the Passion; at the shrine of the Virgin; when she looked down at the white throng of novices; upon the dark throng of the Sisters, the common prayer of all of whom was to be borne upward by her voice, there came upon her like a burying wave a consciousness of how changed she was since she had stood there last. Thus at the moment when Gordon, sitting below, reverently set her far above him, as one looks up to a statue whose feet are above the level of his head, she, thinking of what she had been and had now become, seemed to herself as though fallen from a white pedestal to the miry earth. But when, to a nature like hers, absolute loyalty to a sinless standard of character is the only law of happiness itself, every lapse into transgression is followed by an act of passionate self-chastisement and by a more passionate outburst of love for the wronged ideal; and therefore scarce had she begun to sing, and in music to lift up the prayer she had denied herself in words, before the powers of her body succumbed, as the strings of an instrument snap under too strenuous a touch of the musician.

Gordon walked out of the grounds beside the rustic young husband and wife, who plainly were lovers still.

"The Sister who sang has a beautiful voice," he said.

"None of them can sing like her," replied the wife. "I love her better than any of the others."

"I tin sing!" cried the little girl, looking at Gordon resentfully, as though he had denied her that accomplishment.

"But you 'll never sing in a convent, missy," cried the father, snatching her from her mother. "You 'll sing for some man till

he marries you as your mother did me. I was going to join the Trappist monks, but my wife said I was too good a sweetheart to spoil, and she had made up her mind to have me herself," he added, looking at Gordon with a laugh.

"I 'd have been a Sister long ago if you had n't begged and begged me not," was the reply, with the coquettish toss of a pretty head.

"I doin' be Tap monk," cried the little girl, looking at Gordon still more assertively, but joining in the laugh that followed with a scream of delight at the wisdom of her decision.

Their paths here diverged, and Gordon walked slowly on alone, but not without turning to watch the retreating figures of the simple group, his meeting with whom at such a moment formed an episode in the history of that passion under the influence of which he was now rapidly passing. For as he had sat in the church his nature, which was always generous in its responsiveness, had lent itself wholly to the solicitations of the service; and for a time the stillness, the paintings portraying the Divine sorrow, the slow procession of nameless women, the tapers, the incense, the hoary antiquity of the ceremonial, had carried him into a little known region of religious feeling. But from this he had been sharply recalled by the suggestion of a veiled personal tragedy close at hand in that unfinished song. His mood again became one of vast pity for her; and issuing from the church with this feeling, there, near the very entrance, he had come upon a rustic picture of husband, wife, and child, with a sharpness of transition that had seemed all but like the return of his spirit back into its own world of throbbing flesh and blood. There to him was the poetry and the religion of life — the linked hands of lovers; the twining arms of childhood; health and joyousness; and a quiet walk over familiar fields in the evening air from peaceful church to peaceful home. And so, thinking of this as he walked on alone and thinking also of her, the two thoughts blent, and her image stood always before him in the pathway of his own ideal future.

The history of the next several days may soon be told. He wrote to his friends the day following, stating that there was no game in the neighborhood, and that he had given up the idea of joining them and would return home. He took the letter to the station, and waited for the train to pass southward, watching it rush away with a subtle pleasure at being left on the platform, as though all bridges were now burned behind him. Then he returned to the farm-house, where Ezra met him with that look of stupid alarm which was natural to him whenever his few thoughts were agitated by a new situation of affairs.

Word had come from the convent that he was wanted there for several days to move a fence and make changes in the garden, and, proud of the charge, he wished to go; but certain autumnal work in his own orchard and garden claimed his time, and hence the trouble. But Gordon, who henceforth had no reason for tarrying with the old couple, threw himself eagerly upon this opportunity to do so, and offered his aid in despatching the tasks. So that thus a few days passed during which he unconsciously made his way as far as any one had ever done into the tortuous nature of the old man, who began to regard him with blind trustfulness.

But they were restless, serious days. One after another passed, and he heard nothing of Sister Dolorosa. He asked himself whether she were ill, whether her visits to old Martha had been made to cease; and he shrank from the thought of bearing away into his life the haunting pain of such uncertainty. But some inner change constrained him no longer to call her name. As he sat with the old couple at night the housewife renewed her talks with him, speaking sometimes of the convent and of Sister Dolorosa, the cessation of whose visits plainly gave her secret concern; but he listened in silence, preferring the privacy of his own thoughts. Sometimes, under feint of hunting, he would take his gun in the afternoon and stroll out over the country; but always the presence of the convent made itself felt over the landscape, dominating it, solitary and impregnable, like a fortress. It began to draw his eyes with a species of fascination. He chafed against its assertion of barriers, and could have wished that his own will might somehow be brought into conflict with it. It appeared to watch him; to have an eye at every window; to see in him a lurking danger. At other times, borne to him across the darkening fields would come the sweet vesper bell, and in imagination he would see her entering the church amid the long procession of novices and nuns, her hands folded across her breast, her face full of the soft glories of the lights that streamed in through the pictured windows. Over all the details of her life more and more fondly he lingered.

And thus, although at first he had been interested in her wholly upon general grounds, out of these and out of his quick sympathy and his great pity, believing her secretly unhappy, and by thinking always of her, and watching for her, and walking often beside her in his dreams, with the folly of the young,

with the romantic ardor of his race, and as part of the never-ending blind tragedy of the world, he came at last to feel for her, among all women, that passionate pain of yearning to know which is to know the sadness of loving.

Sleepless one night, he left the house after the old couple were asleep. The moon was shining, and unconsciously following the bent of his thoughts, he took the footpath that led across the fields. He passed the spot where he had first met her, and absorbed in recollection of the scene, he walked on until before him the convent towered high in light and shadow. He had reached the entrance to the long avenue of elms. He traversed it, turned aside into the garden, and, following with many pauses around its borders, lived over again the day when she had led him through it. The mere sense of his greater physical nearness to her enthralled him. All her words came back: "These are daffodils. They bloomed in March, long ago. . . . And here are violets, which come in April." After awhile, leaving the garden, he walked across the lawn to the church and sat upon the steps, trying to look calmly at this whole episode in his life, and to summon resolution to bring it to an end. He dwelt particularly upon the hopelessness of his passion; he made himself believe that if he could but learn that she were not ill and suffering — if he could but see her once more, and be very sure — he would go away, as every dictate of reason urged.

Across the lawn stood the convent building. There caught his eye the faint glimmer of a light through a half-opened window, and while he looked he saw two of the nuns moving about within. Was some one dying? Was this light the taper of the dead? He tried to throw off a sudden weight of gloomy apprehension, and resolutely got up and walked away; but his purpose was formed not to leave until he had intelligence of her.

One afternoon, a few days later, happening to come to an elevated point of the landscape, he saw her figure moving across the fields in the distance below him. Between the convent and the farm-house, in one of the fields, there is a circular, basin-like depression; and it was here, hidden from all distant observation, with only the azure of the heavens above them, that their meeting took place.

On the day when she had been his guide he had told her that he was going away on the morrow, and as she walked along now it might have been seen that she thought herself safe from all intrusion. Her eyes were bent on the dust of the pathway. One hand was passing bead by bead upward along her rosary. Her veil was pushed back, so that between its black border and the glistening whiteness of her forehead there ran, like a rippling band of gold, the exposed edges of her shining hair. In the other hand she bore a large cluster of chrysanthemums, whose snow-white petals and green leaves formed a strong contrast to the crimson symbol that they partly framed against her sable bosom.

He had come up close before the noise of his feet in the stubble drew her attention. Then she turned and saw him. But certain instincts of self-preservation act in women with lightning quickness. She did not recognize him, or give him time to recognize her. She merely turned again and walked onward at the same pace. But the chrysanthemums were trembling with the beating of her heart, and her eyes had in them that listening look with which one awaits the oncoming of danger from behind.

But he had stopped. His nature was simple and trustful, and he had expected to renew his acquaintanceship at the point where it had ceased. When therefore she thus reminded him, as indeed she must, that there was no acquaintanceship between them, and that she regarded herself as much alone as though he were nowhere in sight, all his feelings were arrested as if frozen by her coldness. Still, it was for this chance that he had waited all these days. Another would not come, and whatever he wished to say to her must be said now. A sensitiveness wholly novel to his nature held him back, but a moment more and he was walking beside her.

"I hope I do not intrude so very far," he said in a tone of apology, but also of wounded self-respect.

It was a difficult choice thus left to her. She could not say "Yes" without seeming unpardonably rude; she could not say "No" without seeming to invite his further presence. She walked on for a moment, and then, pausing, turned towards him.

"Is there anything that you wished to ask me in regard to the convent?" This she said in the sweetest tone of apologetic courtesy, as though in having thought only of herself at first she had neglected some larger duty.

If he had feared that he would see traces of physical suffering on her face, he was mistaken. She had forgotten to draw her veil close, and the sunlight fell upon its loveliness. Never had she been to him half so beautiful. Whatever the expression her eyes had worn before he had come up, in them now rested only inscrutable calmness.

"There is one thing I have wished very much to know," he answered slowly, his eyes resting on hers. "I was at the church of the convent last Sunday and heard you sing. They said you were not well. I have hoped every

day to hear that you were better. I have not cared to go away until I knew this."

Scarcely had he begun when a flush dyed her face, her eyes fell, and she stood betrayed by the self-consciousness of what her own thoughts had that day been. One hand absently tore to pieces the blooms of the chrysanthemums, so that the petals fell down over her dark habit like snowflakes. But when he finished, she lifted her eyes again.

"I am well now, thank you," she said; and the first smile that he had ever seen came forth from her soul to her face. But what a smile! It wrung his heart more than the sight of her tears could have done.

"Then I shall hope to hear you sing again to-morrow," he said quickly, for she seemed on the point of moving away.

"I shall not sing to-morrow," she replied a little hurriedly, with averted face, and again she started. But he walked beside her.

"In that case I have still to thank you for the pleasure I have had. I imagine that one would never do wrong if he could hear you sing whenever he is tempted," he said, looking sidewise at her with a quiet, tentative smile.

"It is not my voice," she replied more hurriedly. "It is the music of the service. Do not thank me. Thank God."

"I have heard the service before. It was your voice that touched me."

She drew her veil about her face and walked on in silence.

"But I have no wish to say anything against your religion," he continued, his voice deepening and trembling. "If it has such power over the natures of women, if it lifts them to such ideals of duty, if it develops in them such characters, that merely to look into their faces, to be near them, to hear their voices, is to make a man think of a better world, I do not know why I should say anything against it."

How often, without meaning it, our words are like a flight of arrows into another's heart. What he said but reminded her of her unfaithfulness. And therefore while she all the time revolved how with perfect gentleness she might ask him to allow her to continue her way alone, she did what she could: she spoke reverently, though all but inaudibly, in behalf of her order.

"Our vows are perfect and divine. If they ever seem less, it is the fault of those of us who dishonor them."

The acute self-reproach in her tone at once changed his mood.

"On the other hand, I have also asked myself this question: Is it the creed that makes the nature of women so beautiful, or is it the nature of women that gives the beauty to the creed? Is it not so with any other idea that women espouse? with any other cause that they undertake? Is it not so with anything that they spend their hearts upon, toil for, and sacrifice themselves for? Do I see any beauty in your vows except such as your life gives to them? I can believe it. I can believe that if you had never taken those vows your life would still be beautiful. I can believe that you could change them for others and find yourself more nearly the woman that you strive to be — that you were meant to be!" He spoke in the subdued voice with which one takes leave of some hope that brightens while it disappears.

"I must ask you," she said, pausing — "I must ask you to allow me to continue my walk alone"; and her voice quivered.

He paused, too, and stood looking into her eyes in silence with the thought that he should never see her again. The color had died out of his face.

"I can never forgive your vows," he said, speaking very slowly and making an effort to appear unmoved. "I can never forgive your vows that they make it a sin for me to speak to you. I can never forgive them that they put between us a gulf that I cannot pass. Remember, I owe you a great deal. I owe you higher ideas of a woman's nature and clearer resolutions regarding my own life. Your vows perhaps make it even a sin that I should tell you this. But by what right? By what right am I forbidden to say that I shall remember you always, and that I shall carry away with me into my life — "

"Will you force me to turn back?" she asked in greater agitation; and though he could not see her face, he saw her tears fall upon her hands.

"No," he answered sadly; "I shall not force you to turn back. I know that I have intruded. But it seemed that I could not go away without seeing you again, to be quite sure that you were well. And when I saw you, it seemed impossible also not to speak of other things. Of course all this must seem strange to you — stranger perhaps than I may imagine, since we look at human relationships so differently. Of course my life in this world can be of no interest to you. You cannot, therefore, understand why yours should have any interest for me. Still, I hope you can forgive me," he added abruptly, turning his face away as it flushed and his voice faltered.

She lifted her eyes quickly, although they were dim. "Do not ask me to forgive anything. There is nothing to be forgiven. It is I who must ask — only leave me!"

"Will you say good-bye to me?" And he held out his hand.

She drew backward, and as though to turn

away; but, overborne by emotion, he stepped forward, gently took her hand from the rosary, and held it a moment in both his own.

"Good-bye! But, despite the cruel barriers that they have raised between us, I shall always —"

She foresaw what was coming. She had not withdrawn her hand. But at this point she dropped the flowers that were in her other hand, laid it on her breast so that the longest finger pointed towards the symbol of the transfixed heart, and looked quickly at him with indescribable warning and distress. Then he released her, and she turned back towards the convent.

"Mother," she said with a frightened face when she reached it, "I did not go to old Martha's. Some one was hunting in the fields, and I came back. Do not send me again, Mother, unless one of the Sisters goes with me." And with this half-truth on her lips and full remorse for it in her heart, she passed into that deepening imperfection of nature which for the most of us makes up the inner world of reality.

Gordon wrote to her that night. He had not foreseen his confession. It had been drawn from him under the influences of the moment; but since it was made, a sense of honor would not have allowed him to stop there even had feeling carried him no further. Moreover, some hope had been born in him at the moment of separation, since she had not rebuked him, but only reminded him of her vows.

His letter was full of the confidence and enthusiasm of youth, and its contents may be understood by their likeness to all others. He unfolded the plan of his life — the life which he was asking her to share. He dwelt upon its possibilities, he pointed out the field of its aspirations. But he kept his letter for some days, unable to conceive a way by which it might be sent to its destination. At length the chance came in the simplest of all disguises.

Ezra was starting one morning to the convent for the work to be done there. As he was leaving the room, old Martha called to him. She sat by the hearthstone, with her head tied up in red flannel and her large, watery face flushed with pain, and pointed towards a basket of apples on the window-sill.

"Take them to Sister Dolorosa, Ezra," she said. "Mind that you see *her*, and give them to her with your own hands. And ask her why she has n't been to see me, and when she is coming." On this point her mind seemed more and more troubled. "But what 's the use of asking *you* to find out for me?" she added, flashing out at him with heroic anger.

The old man stood in the middle of the room, dry and gnarled, his small eyes kindling into a dull rage at a taunt made in the presence of a guest whose good opinion he desired. But he took the apples in silence and left the room.

As Gordon followed him beyond the garden, noting how his mind was absorbed in petty anger, a simple resolution came to him.

"Ezra," he said, handing him the letter, "when you give the Sister the apples, deliver this. And we do not talk about business, you know, Ezra."

The old man took the letter and put it furtively into his pocket, with a backward shake of his head towards the house.

"Whatever risks I may have to run from other quarters, he will never tell *her*," Gordon said to himself.

When Ezra returned in the evening he was absorbed, and Gordon noted with relief that he was also unsuspicious. He walked some distance to meet the old man the next two days and his suspense became almost unendurable, but he asked no questions. The third day Ezra drew from his pocket a letter, which he delivered, merely saying:

"The Sister told me to give you this."

Gordon soon turned aside across the fields, and having reached a point screened from observation he opened the letter and read as follows:

I have received your letter. I have read it. But how could I listen to your proposal without becoming false to my vows? And if you knew that I had proved false to what I held most dear and binding, how could you ever believe that I would be true to anything else? Ah, no! Should you unite yourself in an ideal life to one who for your sake had been faithless to the ideal of womanhood which she still regarded as supreme, you would soon withdraw from her the very love that she had sacrificed even her hopes of heaven to enjoy.

But it seems possible that in writing to me you believe my vows no longer precious to my heart and sacred to my conscience. You are wrong. They are more dear to me at this moment than ever before, because at this moment, as never before, they give me a mournful admonition of my failure to exhibit to the world in my own life the beauty of their ineffable holiness. For had there not been something within me to lead you on — had I shown to you the sinless nature which it is their office to create — you would never have felt towards me as you do. You would no more have thought of loving me than of loving an angel of God.

The least of all the reparation I can make for my offense is to tell you that in offering me your love you offer me the cup of sacred humiliation, and that I thank you for reminding me of my duty, while I drain it to the dregs.

After long deliberation I have written to tell you this; and if it be allowed me to make one request, I would entreat that you will never lay this sin of mine to the charge of my religion and my order.

We shall never meet again. Although I may not listen to your proposal, it is allowed me to love

you as one of the works of God. And since there are exalted women in the world who do not consecrate themselves to the Church, I shall pray that you may find one of these to walk by your side through life. I shall pray that she may be worthy of you; and perhaps you will teach her sometimes to pray for one who will always need her prayers.

I only know that God orders our lives according to his goodness. My feet he set in one path of duty, yours in another, and he had separated us forever long before he allowed us to meet. If, therefore, having thus separated us, he yet brought us together only that we should thus know each other and then be parted, I cannot believe that there was not in it some needed lesson for us both. At least, if he will deign to hear the ceaseless, fervent petition of one so erring, he will not leave you unhappy on account of that love for me which in this world it will never be allowed me to return. Farewell!

The first part of this letter awakened in Gordon keen remorse and a faltering of purpose, but the latter filled him with a joy that for the time excluded every other feeling.

"She loves me!" he exclaimed; and, as though registering a vow, he added aloud, "And nothing — God help me! — nothing shall keep us apart."

Walking to a point of the landscape that commanded a view of the convent, he remained there while the twilight fell, revolving how he was to surmount the remaining barriers between them, for these now seemed hardly more than cobwebs to be brushed aside by his hand; and often, meanwhile, he looked towards the convent as one might look longingly towards some forbidden shrine which the coming night would enable him to approach.

(To be continued.)

James Lane Allen.

IN MAIDEN MEDITATION.

I want a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one.

MISS ROSMARY sat gazing at the famous Jean François Millet. Her aunt, who, as all the world knows, is the sole relative of the heiress and reigning beauty, had bought the picture at the last sale, and only within a day or two had it been sent home and hung in the gallery of the great house, that grim pile stretching so many precious feet along the Avenue, which the famous Mr. Rosmary had left to his only child.

Miss Rosmary's thoughts ran in mingled revery. She was at half angry, half contentious, odds with the world just now, and it was not strange to her that the unfortunate painter had been left to creep through a sad life to a dismal grave. But, after all, would he have been happier in another existence? Even if his peasants — those sad, powerful, poetic creatures — should step from their frames into the ducal palaces and the mansions of millionaires that now gave so many of them harborage, would they not find all about them trivial, unsatisfactory, provoking? The existences of those about them might bring wonder to the brain and a shadow of fear to the hearts of such simple-fibered, little-gifted, meager-lived folk as the broad-natured villager of Barbizon had painted — still would such lives not appear to them contemptible? And then Miss Rosmary tapped a petulant foot upon the polished floor. But Miss Rosmary — and she quite understood herself — was not by any means dissatisfied with this sublunary globe. Nor was humanity as a whole, or in imagined instances, at all out of the way to her. The trouble was with the world which is implied when the word is used in a restricted sense — the world which is, after all, the true world to each of us; the universe of our daily round, of our friends and of our enemies, of our loves and of our hates, of our hopes and of our fears, of our deeds and of our misdeeds. Her life, it seemed to her, was vapid, void, although to all others it appeared to be as full and as finely accented an existence as was possible to a young woman in the very flush of the restless, feverish society of this our America towards the last of the hurrying years of this rapid-footed century — a society she thought shallow, imitative, wholly unoriginal; forgetting that the ingenious ages that have accomplished so much have only been able to discover a very few ways in which people may amuse themselves. But Miss Rosmary scarcely ran into such an analysis as she sat and looked at the picture so filled with the pathos of patient, common existence. Perhaps it had an unperceived appeal to her, for the foot committed a little stamp, — it might be self-condemnatory, it might be self-assertive, — and then Miss Rosmary arose and walked across the room. She paused before a Meissonier. What truth of drawing, what real breadth, what spirit in the few square inches of the picture! What a gentleman of the gallant time! How quick would have been his foot along the gay paths of adventure, how ready the sword at his side if the zest of hazard led to the point of danger! Both

pictures added to her discontent with all about her; with the real sameness of the things to which her most modern and modish life confined her; with the sameness of the people who in the contentment of their unmeaningness perplexed her. Was there nothing but capricious punctilio and artificial ritual; was there not something down in the press of the common world where the dust half hid the conflict; might not lives be found there, strong, inspiring, effectual lives that would justify creation? And in the shadowy and tenuous haze of her dissatisfaction there was a well-defined nucleus of denser discontent — discontent with things happening in almost regular recurrence to herself. Coequal womankind of course did not please her,— she had only one friend who perfectly understood her and whom she perfectly understood,— but mankind, masculine mankind!

An aggressively, negatively unobjectionable young man, without a merit or a prospect, had offered her his very gentlemanly looking hand and something he called his heart, at about two that morning. Really the thing was getting to be of too frequent occurrence. There were so many of them, so much alike, with their pale faces, their trained accents, their consummate dress, their routine lives, their routine topics — their clubs, their races, their hunting, and themselves. Of course she detected slight differences in them,— there are differences in the dress-coated, white-waistcoated, full-dressed swallows that sit along the telegraph wire, ignorant of the tidings of the world flowing at their feet,— for they did not all talk to her about the same things, although they did in much the same manner and in much the same tone. Here, one favored her with languid pessimistic doubts; there, one drawled complacent negations, as if such things as establishing a race in unhappiness or depopulating the heavens were easily within the day's work of either. Some were ill of many things; they had caught esthetic ailments of which they never would be cured unless beauty were out of fashion; they suffered from complicated sentimental afflictions from which their recovery was only too certain. And there were those who employed language in accounts of exploits across the fences of neighboring counties, and the annotators of the gossip of the day — the latter perhaps the best worth hearing after all, she sometimes thought, for they were always so much more simple and natural.

She knew that in most girls there is something left over from childhood that leads them to take delight in terrifying themselves, in imagination, with the exact-coated entities they see so often and of whom they know so little, as in younger years they took delight in frightening themselves with the terrors of a jack-in-the-box. They like to feel the same thrill when, with unperceived glance, they see these wonderful beings gazing from out mysterious inaccessibility through a club window, that they experienced when taken to some circus they saw the animals in their cages. But in the lives of such as those who surrounded her Miss Rosmary found no more to excite her imagination than she might in the course of a letter sent through the post-office. What chance was there, then, for such as he who had so kindly taken his negative in the De Jones's conservatory at 2 A. M.? Does any one suppose that a girl falls in love with a mere man? There is no such real difference between two fairly presentable masculine creatures as there is between either of them and the being a young girl's imagination makes of one and not of the other, if it is in the one to arouse imagination and give it wing. Miss Rosmary had lost or mislaid not a little of her temper as she was driven home the night before. The wheels ground heavily on the pavement; all but one or two of the overworked echoes of the Avenue had taken themselves off to their tenement houses; just past her aunt, half asleep and leaning her head against the side of the carriage, she caught glimpses of the grouped and scattered stars in unobstructed space. Was not the world wider than the "precincts of a billet-doux"? Were there not men somewhere; men who were strong to do things and did them; men whose failures even would awaken interest; men whose successes would excite exultant pride? How without such as these would the world have advanced so far; how would great discoveries have been made, and great fortunes; how brave deeds done and great books written? Had she seen any in the last hours, any in that atmosphere heavy with the odors of flowers, astir in flow and pulsation, as music swelled or softened, murmurous and eddying in the undertones and ripples of talk and laughter — had she seen any who would take the enlisting shilling from Effort, Fame's sergeant and orderly?

And then she laughed at herself.

Of what was she thinking? Her thoughts ran back to a being of younger fancy, of more unformed dream — a Ruy-Blas-Hernani sort of creature, daring, resolute, sometimes arbitrary, but always commanding, bearing down doubt with scant ceremony, wooing with humility shown only to herself, carrying her away almost forcefully if need be, but always with that best gentleness, the gentleness of the strong. And, after all, was her present hero less spectacular, less dramatic? Or had the drama, its laws, its tone, only changed? Was she as absurd now as then? She was sure she was not. There was romance in the world

since there were endurance, and effort, and the glad spirit of adventure; and where there was romance there were men and women such as those of whom she dreamed, for — her argument ran in such circle — without such men and women there would be no romance.

"The morning's mail, Miss Rosmary," said a servant, entering.

She took half a dozen letters from the man, hastily looked them over, selected two as worthy of earliest attention, and as she opened the first letter she hummed, almost sang, three lines from the song of the Blind Beggar "in a silken cloak," from the old ballad.

> When first our king his fame did advance,
> And sought his title in delicate France,
> In many places great perils past he—

and then she read:

"— Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

"Dearest Millicent: I know I am your only and your half-desperate friend. Yesterday was my birthday — twenty-two. But I think a girl's life should be counted double; I always think of summer as one year and winter as another. Twenty-two! I am forty-four if I am a day. No one here can give me satisfactory sympathy, as no one can understand my troubles. But you — you know me, and you know how much a very modern girl has against her in having so much for her. You recognize our emancipation; you appreciate the embarrassment of our freedom — our freedom without guiding precedent. You know that we have thrust upon us new knowledge, new opportunities; that we must think, decide, act; that as well as old duties to others, we have new duties — to ourselves. You know all these things,— none better than you,— and you will understand me when I say that I am suffering from one of my not unusual attacks of acute conscientiousness, aggravated this time and with peculiar symptoms.

"You have heard a good deal about me. I did not like your last letter because it did not tell me what; and you know that I would tell you everything if there only could be everything to tell. And — well — very well — if you 'll let me do it in my own way.

"You know my exacting nature. You know with what antagonism I stand against the world if it does not continually give me its superlatives, its quintessences; and — they want me to marry a man who is not a particle of a paragon. I am living in what in our old Latin grammar — I never studied an English or a French one, and I am not sure if it is the same in those — I think was called the first person singular of the pluperfect subjunctive. 'I might, could, would, or should have loved.' I might have loved had Providence seen fit to give me a humble spirit, a meek, unquestioning heart; I could have loved if I had ever met a master for my irreverent nature; I would have loved undoubtedly in spite of all, if I had been — my own grandmother, if I had not been filled with imperative intellectual needs, with positive artificial wants, trained to criticize, analyze, and dissect myself until I am incapable of a natural, spontaneous, blundering, unquestioning impulse; I should have loved, yes,— I should indeed have loved, and no one knows it better than myself,— I should have loved if I desired the usual happiness of a usual world. But I never have, and I fear I never shall. They want me to love, but what can I do if I can't? Change the man and try another? I have done this at times, and my failures have been pitiable. My future sits before me grinning like an old hag. I shall grow sharper, more cynical with the passing seasons, until I become the fright of the callow, and, with my unimpressionable, knowing old heart, the terror of the mature. But am I to blame? You and I know that I am not.

"It is a vast theme that I have just started — that I am not my own grandmother. I look at Copley's picture of her in her youth — did I send you my last photograph? There 's a contrast. She 's ahead of me in prettiness, I fear; but I think of her as I saw her in her old age, and I know that I could give her, were she here, subjects, questions, suggestions that would frighten her into wakefulness. I cannot be satisfied with the things that satisfied her. I may be vain of my invaluable sex, but it is plain to me that, in what we are, as in our requirements, we have advanced as far beyond our foremothers as our masculine complements have fallen behind their forefathers. Would to-day's men fight for a principle? Some did twenty and more years ago; but I dance with none such now. To lead a cotillion is their most desperate deed; would they lead a forlorn hope, or even a hope not forlorn?

"You know that it has for some time been the desire of my amiable family to see me safely married. They attempt concealment with such extraordinary care that I know precisely what they try to hide, and I resent their uncomplimentary fear that my money exposes me to many grievous dangers — dangers such as they evidently do not apprehend from my charms. Every model, every fairly eligible man,— and they are not particular about years,— has been paraded before my undazzled eyes. Until lately such attacks upon my peace of heart have been desultory, unsystematic; but for the last few months the family efforts have been constant, concentrated, thoroughly purposeful. One individual has been chosen out

of all the world to make me supremely happy, and he, fortunate or unfortunate, is on all occasions, natural or forced, thrust into my society and bepraised beyond all patience. Of course you think that I must detest him. But I do not; I almost a little more than endure him. Our respective and respected families have long been intimate,— indeed, in colonial times I think there was some intermarriage and that he is a kind of far-away cousin of mine,— but I really have known but little of him. He was abroad with his father during the three years before he entered Harvard, and then for four years I was away myself. He returned only a few months ago from a trip around the world in his yacht. He is perfectly typical and perfectly commonplace. He leads a life of half-busy, half-idle leisure; he drives one of the most accurately equipped coaches in the country; he has one of the finest old homes in the city and one of the finest new houses in Newport; his name hangs prominent upon a main branch of that stiffly drawn production, a colonial genealogical tree; he is a perfect multitude of such merits; but to me he possesses only one — that he does not seem to care to please me, for the traits of the man of my vision are neither nautical, equine, vehicular, architectural, nor historical.

"And this is the man that they want me to marry. Through life you and I have been fed, so to speak, on the whitest, closest-winnowed wheat; we have read the best books; we have heard the best music; we have seen the best pictures; no great statue gives the world the charm subtler than all color, the charm of pure line and complete form, that we have not seen; that polished conglomerate which you think you so detest, the curiously grained and veined thing they call society, we have known at its best the world over; all that we have gained or garnered has been attempered by a faith the keynote of which is vicarious suffering, the agony of divine sacrifice. These, all these, are the fruits of effort. And is a woman, a woman to whom a shock to taste is severer than physical pain, to fall in love, to be dragged into love of something masculine without a hand's motion towards worthy attainment — of an idler who does not earn his place so well as we do ours? I will have no bankrupt to existence, no man who does not pay the world his debt. I — please do not laugh — I remember that last autumn at Lenox you told me that I dreamed of a marvel — a combination of Count d'Orsay, Shelley, and James Nasmyth. Perhaps, but I see what I see.

"It will all come to nothing. He does not really care for me; I, not at all for him — not enough even to care that he does not care for me. I would tell you, of course, if there were danger — or hope — or anything, but there is not, nor will there ever be.

"I could write a great deal about two or three new actual engagements here, but I believe you want to hear what I want you to hear — about myself from myself. I have told you but little after all; really nothing you did not know or suspect. It will be a long time, Millicent, I fear,— we are pottery or such inductile and tenacious clay,— before either of us has more to tell the other.

"Incessantly yours,

"JANET.

"P. S.— I forgot to say I refused him two weeks ago."

Miss Rosmary did not lay the letter down; she sat with eyes upon it as she held it in uplifted hand.

Miss Rosmary, who had never seen him, could see as plainly as if he were visibly before her the man to whom they wished to marry her friend. She thought that she knew the kind perfectly — a useless creature, solicitous about his dress but ignorant of a manner; whose groom broke his horses for him; who would not have dared sail his own yacht; who was indifferent as to what the world thought of his brains but was proud of the fame of his millions; who would rather be a guest at Sandringham than master of the White House. What could such a man as this Gerald Massie — the gossips had given her the name — do? And what could the others like him, that she knew so well, do that would be worth the doing? She did not demand much; she was very reasonable, she assured herself. She only asked that a man should be strong, forceful; that he should have done something, or proved to her his capability for doing something, to awaken her respect or excite her sympathy. But among those she knew or was likely to know!

Miss Rosmary opened her second letter in quick impatience.

"ELECTRA, MONTANA.

"MY DEAR MILLICENT: Of course you are surprised to receive a letter from me written from this place; but here I am, and here I shall be detained for several days. I am here, and — don't skip — you will learn why in the climax of my letter.

"Several things not common to a club man — a tame man of the city's wilderness — have happened to me since I saw you last; things I can tell you worth the telling, and which could best be told in some twilight when the lingering dinner has just died in its glory, but which I will nevertheless attempt to tell you now, so anxious am I that you should know them, and so sure am I that they will interest you. If I was a wise man I would not do

it, for I shall only be giving you an opportunity to say 'I told you so'; but when I am enthusiastic I am never wise, and I am enthusiastic now.

"I suppose that they have been selling violets for a long time on the corners of Fifth Avenue, and that even the watering-carts are out. They are having out here what they call spring; it is to me rather the disturbed end of a vicious winter dying slowly, and like a stage villain torn into agonies by an aroused conscience. It has been cold; great storms have been frequent; the earth has been deluged, and every stream is swollen.

"I know that you never read the newspapers, unless it is to see that you have been at a place where you never thought of going, or were engaged to a man who had never been presented to you; but even if you did read them, so insignificant a fact as what happened to an express train in the far Northwest, carrying a hundred and thirty-nine passengers,— among whom was the amiable and fairly appreciated writer of these lines,— would make but small show in the condensation of the Associated Press despatches, and would not be likely to attract your attention.

"The railroad from Electra to Cartonsville runs through great, almost uninhabited barrens, and at Black's Ford crosses the river. It is a wild, desolate country all around; some convulsion of nature has torn out the channel in which the stream runs between high, broken, and rocky banks. Day before yesterday the inhabitants of Black's Ford, fifty in number, perhaps, noticed that the water was rising rapidly. My informant, an engineer's rod man, left there to see that the bridge is kept clear and the signal light at the end properly shown — my informant, whose account of what was said I follow quite closely, tells me that nothing like it had ever been known there before.

"The gray clouds broke raggedly at sunset, a fierce, yellow light blazing through every rift; the wind rose, and so prevailed that men with difficulty kept their feet; children were caught up by any one near and carried home. When the night shut down but few were gathered at the small store, the only place of the kind at Black's Ford — my informant among the rest. All except one belonged to the settlement — a stranger, a young man who had been driven over from a neighboring ranch, and who evidently awaited the arrival of a train. He said nothing; and though curious eyes were turned on him, even the garrulous storekeeper forbore putting him to the question.

"It was not wholly dark outside; there was no moon, but the stars shone brightly, and it seemed not far away between the driven, goaded clouds. The wind gathered even more strength; space seemed filled with its sound. It roared between the river banks; it shuddered through the framework of the bridge; at the corners of the buildings strips seemed torn from it upon their edges. Its shrill whistle was like the sound of ripping silk; along the barren uplands ran noises as of knives whetted upon unwet stone.

"The door of the store was thrown suddenly open and a man shouted:

"'Come out here, all of you! We 're afraid the bridge will go.'

"Even as he stood in the doorway his voice could hardly be heard above the uproar outside.

"All sprang to their feet; the greater number hastened to the not distant river bank. The black outlines of the great bridge stood, here, clearly defined against the sky; there, lost against the massed, hurrying clouds.

"'She 'll go,' said one, 'sure.'

"'She must,' assented another. 'She can't stand it long.'

"'See, see!' cried a third; 'how the water climbs up the abutments.'

"As the mantle of the Tishbite divided the waters, so the sheeted wind seemed to drive before it flood upon flood.

"Suddenly the storekeeper spoke.

"'When 's that train due?' he shouted.

"'In an hour,' was the answer from all sides.

"'If it don't hold up for that time the train 's gone,' said the storekeeper, solemnly.

"Almost as he spoke, with such tremor as may come before dissolution, with groaning outcry, with the sharp crack of iron torn apart, with gathering roar, the massive structure bent, broke, and fell with slow, final crash into the raging river. From the abutments hung iron rods torn from their fastenings, twisted, contorted, threatening as vipers knit around some fateful head.

"'The train 's lost!' said some one above the low murmur that was almost a wail.

"None dissented; none spoke. The river seemed roaring, growling for its prey; the rocks on the bank were thrust out like fangs through the foam.

"'Is there no way to give warning?' asked the stranger, speaking for the first time.

"'How 'd you do it?' demanded the storekeeper, in the tension of the moment turning angrily upon him.

"'Is there no other way of getting across?' asked the other, quietly.

"'None.'

"'No signal to be given?'

"'No,' said the station-master. 'They 'll drive right into the river unless there 's a light shown half a mile up the track.'

"'Who 's to do it?' asked the stranger.

"'It can't be done.'

"'Can't we swim the river?'

"The station-master glanced down the bank and laughed in half derision.

"'Do you think any man could get through that?' he asked sneeringly.

"'A man might try.'

"'Who?'

"'I, for one,' answered the stranger.

"'It 's death,' said some one.

"'Bring me that light yonder,' continued the stranger in a quick, commanding tone, 'and hang another in its place.'

"No one stirred.

"'Do you hear me?' he shouted, as he threw off his coat. 'Bring me that light.'

"After hesitating a moment, suspicious of being sent on a fool's errand, so little likely did it seem that any one would have such hardihood, one of the men ran towards the post where shone a small lamp with a red light.

"The stranger tightened the belt about his waist, walked to the water's edge, and stood waiting for the lamp.

"'Give me matches,' he said.

"Some were handed to him.

"'And an oil-skin coat.'

"Several were offered; he grasped the nearest and with quick, strong hand cut from it two pieces. He wrapped one hastily around the matches and thrust the parcel into the bosom of his shirt; the other he wound around the lamp after blowing out the light.

"Having made his hasty preparations, he stood for an instant gazing at the stream; then suddenly he cast off his shoes, stepped into the river, struck out, and in a moment was lost to sight in the darkness.

"'By ——!' but the storekeeper suppressed his oath — 'when souls are saved he 'll be sure of his salvation, I don't care what else he 's done or has n't.'

"As if the unuttered but understood oath gave solemnity to what was said, one of the men, in low, determined voice, cried 'Amen.'"

Miss Rosmary's hand caught the letter tighter; her eyes shone with excited light. In a moment she read on.

"As a crowd lining a race-track when the horses sweep to the winning post, so all stood rigid and silent along the shore, with craning necks and eager eyes; stood and saw nothing, heard nothing but the wind and the rushing water; stood so lost in strained attention that time was really the nothing that it is.

"'He 's stopped her or we 'd have seen her headlight before this,' said one.

"'She 's often late,' answered another.

"None disputed this.

"'Perhaps we could n't see her lights over here this weather,' said the first as the rain began to fall in torrents.

"'I tell you we could,' said the storekeeper. 'A man 's a fool who 'd think he could n't.'

"None spoke; all knew that the angry tone of the last speaker was a protest against losing hope. They all stood now grouped together, grouped as are frightened cattle. But they were gathered in more than fear; they stood in awe, in silence, as men stand around a closing grave.

"Our train came to a stop with a suddenness that brought every passenger to his feet. I looked hastily out of the window. The darkness was piled against the pane like black marble in a quarry; the wind shrieked around the train as a maniac might, finding some strange obstruction in the path of his escape. I hastened forward with the others. I leaned from the platform of the first car and looked and listened. Just in front of the train I could see moving lights.

"'He has fainted,' were the first words I made out.

"'What has happened?' I asked the conductor, who had been forward, as he came rapidly along.

"'The bridge below 's been carried away, and if that young man had n't come from God knows where with his light, we 'd all have been in the river with the train on top of us. Is any one of you a doctor?'

"You know about my year or two at Bellevue; perhaps I could aid, and I hastened down the track. They had lifted him off the rails and lamps were held over him as he lay. His eyes were closed; he was senseless, but his jaws were set in relentless resolve. We carried him to the forward car. The train was backed seven miles to this place, and here I am.

"The young man is still too weak to give any account of himself. I am acting as his nurse, and am writing in the room next to the one in which he lies. I certainly shall not leave my patient for a day or two.

"And now you will remember what you have always said; will remember our many contentions; remember your repeated assertions that one must go far to find a man among men — that among none whom you saw could a man be found: and you will remember too with what serene confidence I have repeated to you that the great Duke said, 'The dandies fought well at Waterloo.'

"I will let you know immediately what I am going to do when I have finally decided.

I do not like to leave this young man. He has done a fine thing and I am going to see him through. I am old enough to know better, but I don't.

"Sincerely your friend and guardian,
"JAMES GILCHRIST."

Miss Rosmary dropped the letter and sat silent. She looked about her. What pretenses the pictures were — what mere pretenses, and the world in which she lived. Miss Rosmary started to her feet with flushed cheeks. Why could she not know men like that? Poor fellow, she thought, if she could only see him; could even help to care for him. How stupidly the letter was written. Nothing at all —

"A telegram, Miss Rosmary," said the servant, entering hastily.

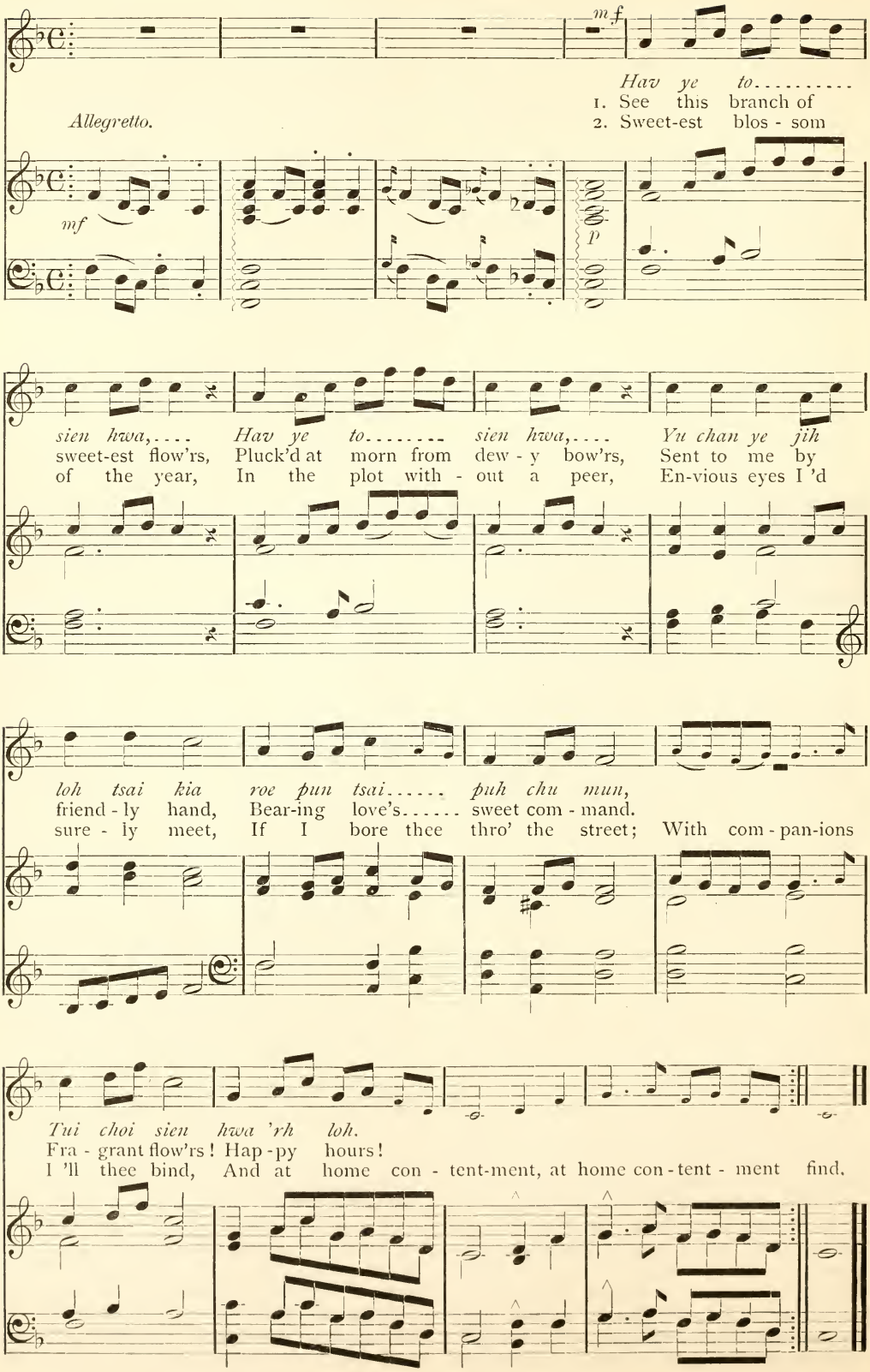
Miss Rosmary tore open the yellow envelop. The despatch was from Chicago, and ran:

"Of course you have received my letter written at Electra. Our rescuer turns out to be Gerald Massie of Boston, visiting a friend's ranch. He is entirely recovered, and comes with me. I have taken the liberty of asking him up the river, where I suppose your aunt and yourself soon go. Wonderful, is it not? JAMES GILCHRIST."

George A. Hibbard.

CHINESE MUSIC.

THE musical art of a people who represent one-fifth of the earth's population ought to be studied; if not for the sake of esthetic pleasure, at least in the interest of scientific knowledge. Yet there is scarcely a department in the history or philosophy of music concerning which the information to be found in the books is so unsatisfactory as that of Chinese music. Even a historian of the thoroughness and profundity of Ambros, after devoting many pages to an attempt to elucidate the Chinese theory, seems willing to believe the first traveler who sets down the modern practice of the art as nothing but crude, barbaric, unregulated noise. Crude, barbaric, and noisy Chinese music certainly is, but not unregulated. Even the little music which can be heard on any holiday in the Chinese quarter of New York will serve to disclose to a discriminating ear that it is nothing if not methodical. The difficulty on the part of the historians has been that they have never come in contact with the Chinese, and therefore have had to depend on the descriptions of travelers and missionaries touching the practical side of the art. Correctly to apprehend music, however, requires special qualifications of education and natural gifts, and these have been possessed by so small a minority of those who have written about China that they are scarcely worth enumerating. There has been one brilliant exception to the rule, and to him, to Père Amiot, we owe the greater part of what we know specifically about the history, theory, and philosophy of Chinese music. Amiot was a Jesuit missionary in Peking for forty-four years (from 1750 till his death in 1794), and the sixth volume of his exhaustive "Mémoires concernant l'histoire, les sciences, les arts, les mœurs, les usages, des Chinois" is entirely devoted to a discussion of the ancient and modern music of the Middle Kingdom. An admirable disquisition on the subject in our own language (though, to judge by his name, written by a Dutchman) is a pamphlet of eighty-four pages by J. A. Van Aalst, of the Chinese imperial customs service, published at Shanghai by the statistical department of the Inspectorate General of Customs about five years ago.

So far as concerns the side on which music comes in contact with man's inner nature, the Chinese have stood for ages where the Greeks stood at the time of Plato; and, if their chronology be accepted, centuries before the great Greek philosopher lived their sages distinctly enunciated principles which Plato echoed. In their theories there is much that is merely fanciful, but there is also a strong undercurrent of truth which the estheticians of to-day cannot afford to despise or ignore, for it flows from a close study of the nature, relationship, and effect of musical sounds. The refinement in their knowledge of music, however, is mostly on its metaphysical side. The Chinese sages published doctrines which the modern thinkers of the Occident are bound to accept; but when the descendants of these sages in the nineteenth century attempt to make music they produce a din in which traces of rhythmical order and melodious sequence of tones are not discernible except by a patient and trained ear. It is possible that this paradox is due partly to the destruction of the classic Chinese music in the third century before Christ, when the Emperor She Huang-ti ordered all books to be destroyed except those relating to medi-

mf
Allegretto.
mf
p
Hav ye to.....
1. See this branch of
2. Sweet-est blos - som
sien hwa,.... Hav ye to..... sien hwa,.... Yu chan ye jih
sweet-est flow'rs, Pluck'd at morn from dew - y bow'rs, Sent to me by
of the year, In the plot with - out a peer, En-vious eyes I 'd
loh tsai kia roe pun tsai..... puh chu mun,
friend - ly hand, Bear-ing love's..... sweet com - mand.
sure - ly meet, If I bore thee thro' the street; With com - pan-ions
Tui choi sien hwa 'rh loh.
Fra - grant flow'rs! Hap - py hours!
I 'll thee bind, And at home con - tent-ment, at home con - tent - ment find.

cine, agriculture, and divination; but I am inclined to think that the Chinese talk about the degeneracy of their modern art is of a piece with that extravagant estimation of what is gone which is common enough outside of China. But this question aside, it seems to me that it is just this paradox, this strange discrepancy between what it ought to be and is, between its philosophy and its practice, between the harmony of its literature and the discord of its instruments, that makes Chinese music a most fascinating and profitable study. But it is fascinating and profitable not so much for its own sake as for the sake of the light which it throws on the music of peoples to whom we stand in the relation of intellectual heirs. In a sense Chinese music is the proverbial fly in amber.

To my mind there is something almost providential in the circumstance that so vast and ancient a people was seized thousands of years ago with a conservatism that has done a service for the modern investigator similar in kind to that performed by the dry climate and sand of Egypt. The service is similar but much greater. China to-day shows us a picture of marvelous antiquity, not dead and embalmed, but living. Its language represents the speech of humanity's childhood. Its ideographic texts, still holding fantastic suggestions of the yet more primitive hieroglyphs from which they were evolved, represent a stage in the art less removed from picture-writing than the demotic texts of Egypt. Where modifications or reforms of any sort reveal themselves they do not seem really to have penetrated far below the surface of the huge antique life. In spite of the teachings of Laotseu, Confucius, and the Buddhist priests, the religious heart of China to-day is that of primitive man. The religion of the Great Pure Kingdom is still the artless religion of ghosts, the ancestral family cult, the worship of the dead.

Having such a beautiful case of arrested development before us, why should we not utilize what it teaches to the understanding of other antique arts that left us no monuments for present study?

The most ancient poets of China speak of music as the "echo of wisdom"; the "manifestation of the laws of heaven"; the "mistress and mother of virtue." In the "Book of Rites" you may read:

> Music is the expression of the union of earth and heaven. With music and ceremonies nothing in the empire is difficult. Music acts upon the inner nature of man and brings it into connection with the spirit. Its principal end is to regulate the passions. It teaches fathers and children, princes and subjects, husbands and wives, their reciprocal duties, and the sage finds in music the rules of his conduct.

Says the "Musical Recorder" (I quote this passage from Van Aalst):

> Music proceeds from the heart of man. The harmony of the heart produces that of the breath; the harmony of the breath produces that of the voice; and the voice is the emblem of the harmony existing between heaven and earth.

According to the doctrines of the school of Confucius, ceremonies and music are the most prompt and efficacious factors for reforming manners and making the state prosperous. Mencius says, "By viewing the ceremonial ordinances of a prince we know the character of his government; by hearing his music we know the character of his virtues." Matuan-li says, "He who understands good music is fit to govern." And now for a Chinese definition:

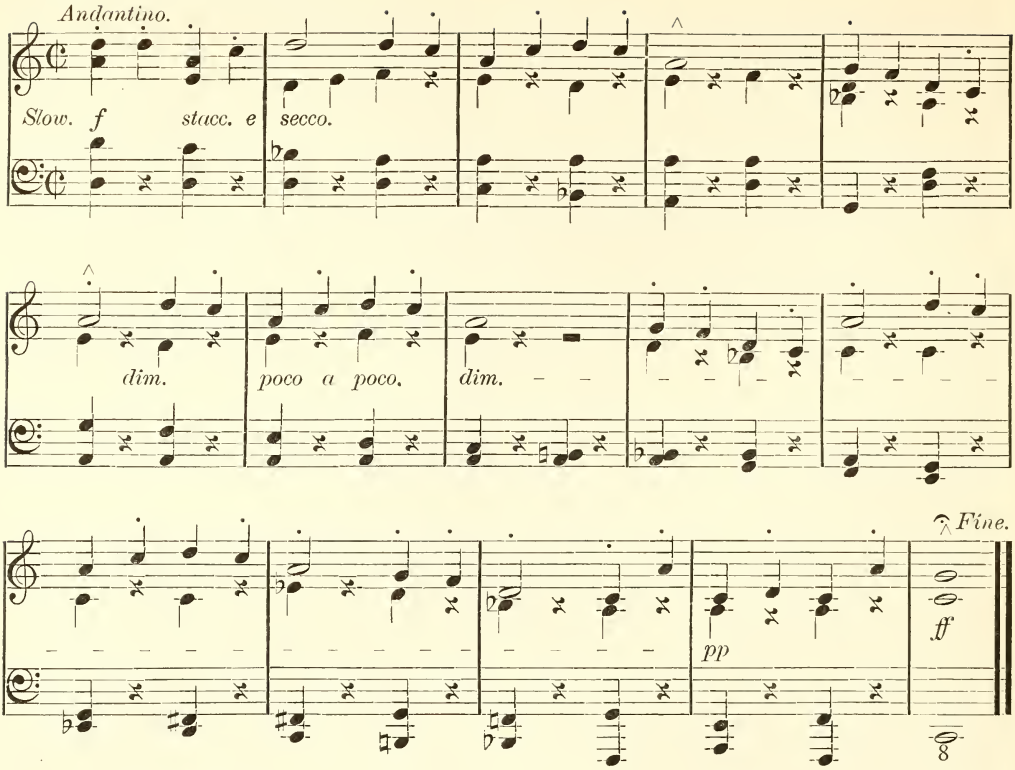
> Music is a language which enables man to give expression to his emotions. If we are sad, our tones will betray the fact. In moments of joy our voices sound out high and clear and our words flow rapidly. In anger our speech is powerful and threatening; in fear and reverential timidity, gentle and modest; in love, without rudeness. In brief, every passion has its peculiar mode of expression, and good music must provide the just tones for it; for each tone must answer to its nature and make itself apprehended. Tones are the words of the musical language; modulations, the phrases. Voice, instrument, and dance unite to form that to which expression is to be given.

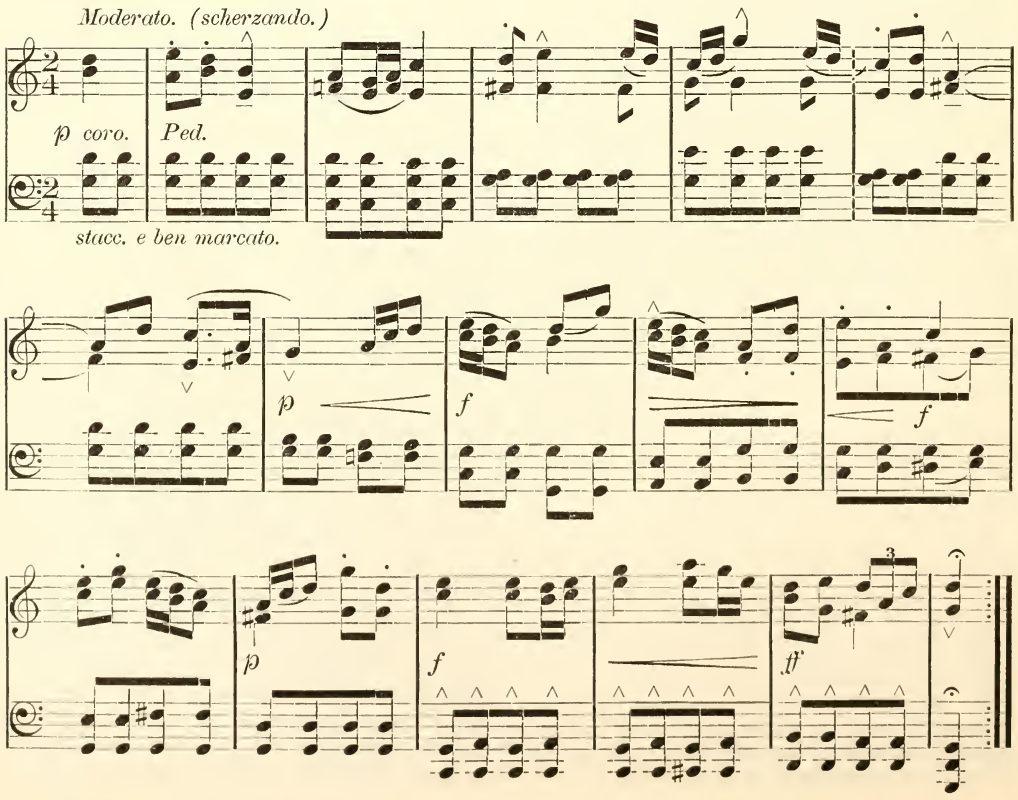
Here is a definition on which it would be difficult to improve, and taken in connection with a decree of the Emperor Chun (B. C. 2300), it might be said to be as good a foundation as is needed for Wagner's system of lyrico-dramatic composition. In this decree occur these words:

> Teach the children of the great that through thy care they may become just, mild, and wise; firm, without severity; upholding the dignity and pride of their station without vanity or assumption. Express these doctrines in poems, that they may be sung to appropriate melodies accompanied by the music of instruments. Let the music follow the sense of the words; let it be simple and ingenuous, for vain, empty, and effeminate music is to be condemned. Music is the expression of the soul's emotion; if the soul of the musician be virtuous, his music will be full of nobility and will unite the souls of men with the spirits of heaven.

A little familiarity with the Greek classics will disclose parallels in plenty to doctrines like these concerning the purpose of music. The Chinese, like the Greeks, have made the regulation of music an affair of the state, and their poets seem to be held to as strict an accountability as ever were the poet-musicians of Hellas for a truthful exposition of the moral,

THE "GUIDING MARCH."



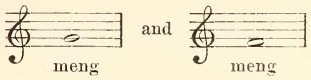
A WEDDING MARCH.

political, and religious views held by the state. The Chinese definition of music which I have quoted, and all the other utterances of the sages, point to an early recognition of the scientific fact that music is intimately related to the emotional nature of man, and is, indeed, in a very significant degree its voice. When Herbert Spencer says that "variations of voice are the physiological results of variations of feeling," he only repeats in scientific language what the Chinese philosopher said poetically many centuries ago.

Like the Greek the Chinaman refuses to divorce music from poetry. The Greek dramatist was the prototype of Richard Wagner; he insisted on the most intimate union between words and music. One phase of this union is explained by the fact that the Greek drama was religious in its essence. The most proper medium of religious worship was of course that which, like religion itself, sprang directly from the emotional part of man. It is obvious that such an employment of music would exert a restrictive influence upon the religious chant that would operate as the most potent and enduring of conservators. As to the operation of the law of conservation in Chinese music I have something to say later. Now I wish to call attention to the fact that the Chinese drama is to-day in principle a lyric drama — as much so as the Greek tragedy was. The moments of intense feeling are accentuated, not merely by accompanying music, as in our melodrama, but by the actor breaking out into song. The crudeness and impotency of the song in our ears has nothing to do with the argument. It is a matter of heredity in taste.

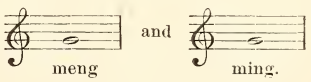
But there is in China not only an intimate association between music and poetical speech, but also between music and speech generally. The Chinese being a monosyllabic language, it depends to a great extent upon musical intonation to convey meaning. If you listen to the conversation of your Chinese laundrymen you will discover that their ordinary speech is almost as musical as the *recitativo secco* of the Italian opera. Many words in the Chinese language take from three to six different meanings according to intonation. These intonations, as Dr. S. Wells Williams forcibly urges, have "nothing to do either with accents or emphasis." They are distinctly musical, and it is much to be regretted that Dr. Williams was unable, for obvious want of the musical talent, to study them from a musical point of view, as it is all but impossible to convey a clear understanding of their nature by description. There seem to be many variations, but generally there are four of these intonations, or *shing*, named and defined as follows: 1, *ping shing*, or "even tone"; 2, *shang shing*, or "rising tone"; 3, *k'eu shing*, or "declining tone"; and 4, *juh shing*, or "entering tone." The Chinese have a "memory ruse" to help them to an understanding of these tones, which in English is said to run as follows:

The even tone — its path is neither high nor low;
The rising tone — it loudly calls, 't is vehement, ardent, strong;
The declining tone — is clear, distinct, its dull, low path is long;
The entering tone — short, snatched, abrupt, is quickly treasured up.

So habituated are the Chinese to the tonal distinctions made by the *shing* that Dr. Williams says they will quicker recognize a difference of a tone in the pitch of a word than such a vowel change as from short *e* to short *i*, the consonants remaining the same. That is to say, a Chinaman marks a difference between



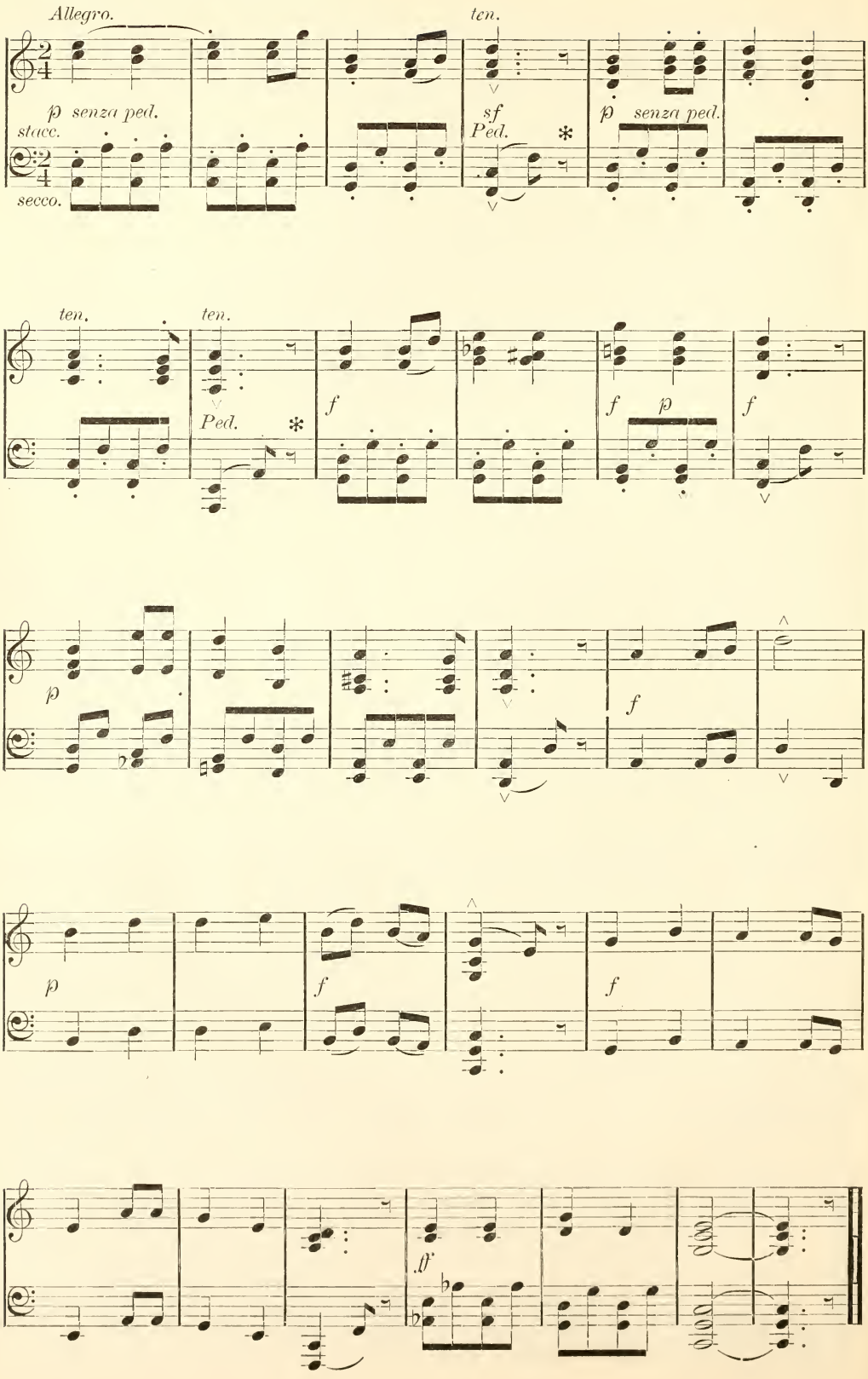
more readily than between



In illustrating the value of the *shing* and the confusion which might be caused by wrong intonations, Dr. Williams uses a sentence in English with misplaced accents, thus: "The *present* of that *object* occasioned such a *transport* as to *abstract* my mind from all around." The same writer gives also the clearest explanation of the *shing* which I have found.

The even (*ping*) tone is the natural expression of the voice.

In the sentence, "When I asked him, 'Will you let me see it?' he said, 'No! I 'll do no such thing,'" the different cadence of the question and reply illustrate the upper and lower even tone. The ascending tone is heard in exclamatory words, such as "Ah, indeed!" It is a little like the *crescendo* in music, while the departing tone corresponds in the same degree to the *diminuendo*. The entering tone is nearly eliminated in the northern provinces, but gives a remarked feature to speech in the southern. It is an abrupt ending in the same modulation that an even tone is, but as if broken off. A man about to say "lock" and taken with a hiccup in the middle, so that he leaves off the last two letters or the final consonant, pronounces the *juh shing*.

Does not this help us to understand how it came about that music was not only recognized as one of the first aids to memory, and therefore laws and history were put into songs, but also that the sanctity which in primitive times came to be attached to the religious chant lay as much in the melody as the words, if not

Allegro.
ten.
p senza ped.
stacc.
secco.
sf
Ped.
p senza ped.
ten.
ten.
Ped.
f
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
f
ff

more? Plato found the Egyptian priests chanting hymns of so venerable an antiquity that the belief had grown up that they were the compositions of Isis. Other writers have contended that the temple chant of the Egyptians consisted of a repetition in a certain order of the seven vowel sounds of the language. If this is true, or even partly true, the inference would seem to be that it was a superstitious belief in the supposed efficacy of those sounds which preserved them. China affords us an instance by analogy. Although Buddhism has been one of the religions of China for two thousand years, and many of the sacred books of the Buddhists have been translated into Chinese, yet the liturgy of the Buddhist monks in China remains in Sanskrit. They spend hours chanting passages in Sanskrit, transliterated into Chinese characters, of the meaning of which they are absolutely ignorant. There are instances of the operation of the same restrictive law in the West. The newly converted Saxons before the time of Bede, for instance, were in the habit of reciting the Lord's Prayer as nearly as they could in Greek.

With these instances before us I think we can find an explanation of another of the paradoxes in Chinese music — the strange fact that with a theoretical system which gives them all of the tones which the Occidental system possesses, they stubbornly adhere to a scale from which the fourth and seventh are eliminated. Their practical scale is that called pentatonic. It is a singular fact that this is the scale of many of the oldest Scotch and Irish melodies. It is perhaps the most widely distributed of all tonal systems, as it is the most melodious; which circumstance, I fancy, goes as far as anything can to explain its prevalence. Try your fingers on the black keys of a pianoforte; given measure and rhythm you may wander about as aimlessly as you please, and so long as you stick to the black keys you will produce tunes that are agreeable to the ear. The ballad on page 450 will show the effect of the pentatonic scale in the melody; in the added harmony the tabooed intervals occur. It is the most graceful Chinese tune that I have found, and as "Occidentalized" in the arrangement would not sound out of place in one of our concert rooms. The Chinese seem to have a very arbitrary way of fitting words to music. The voice frequently drops out before the end of a musical phrase, and enters quite as unexpectedly, while the melody flows on in the orchestra with endless repetitions, relieved occasionally by half a dozen bars in which all the melody instruments cease and the gongs, cymbals, drums, and castanets play alone. I have paraphrased the words of the poem ("The Jasmine Flower"; see Williams's "Middle Kingdom"), and in the first stanza have retained the quaint effect described.

Several centuries before the Christian era what is called the "circle of fifths" in European music was mentioned in China as a matter of ancient knowledge. Naturally it was also discovered by the Chinese that the fourth and seventh of the fundamental scale would have to be taken into consideration if new scales were to be evolved by the process of treating the fifth as a keynote. But they persisted in denying independent value to these two notes. Prince Tsay-yu once provoked a controversy by admitting the fourth and seventh to their rights in the scale. "Without these two semitones," he wrote, "there can be no real music"; to which his opponents retorted, "To force these two semitones into the scale is like adding a sixth finger to the hand." To understand how such an argument can have force it is only necessary to look into the fantastic symbolism and the theory of the mystical properties of numbers, which rest on Chinese music like a nightmare. Such things are obvious relics of primitive civilizations. The Pythagoreans recognized a relationship between the tones of their scale and the planets, wherefore we still talk of "the music of the spheres." The Chinese philosopher goes much farther; he conceives each tone as a being, and fixes its attributes and forces it into his scheme of symbols with a nonchalance that is simply bewildering to the Occidental mind. Here is the ancient system with definitions and symbols as they may be found in a dictionary published by the Emperor Kanghi A. D. 1680:

F *Kung,* "The Emperor," fundamental note of the scale; full of dignity and nobility; it symbolizes the planet Saturn, the middle (as a point of the compass), the stomach, earth, yellow, sweet.

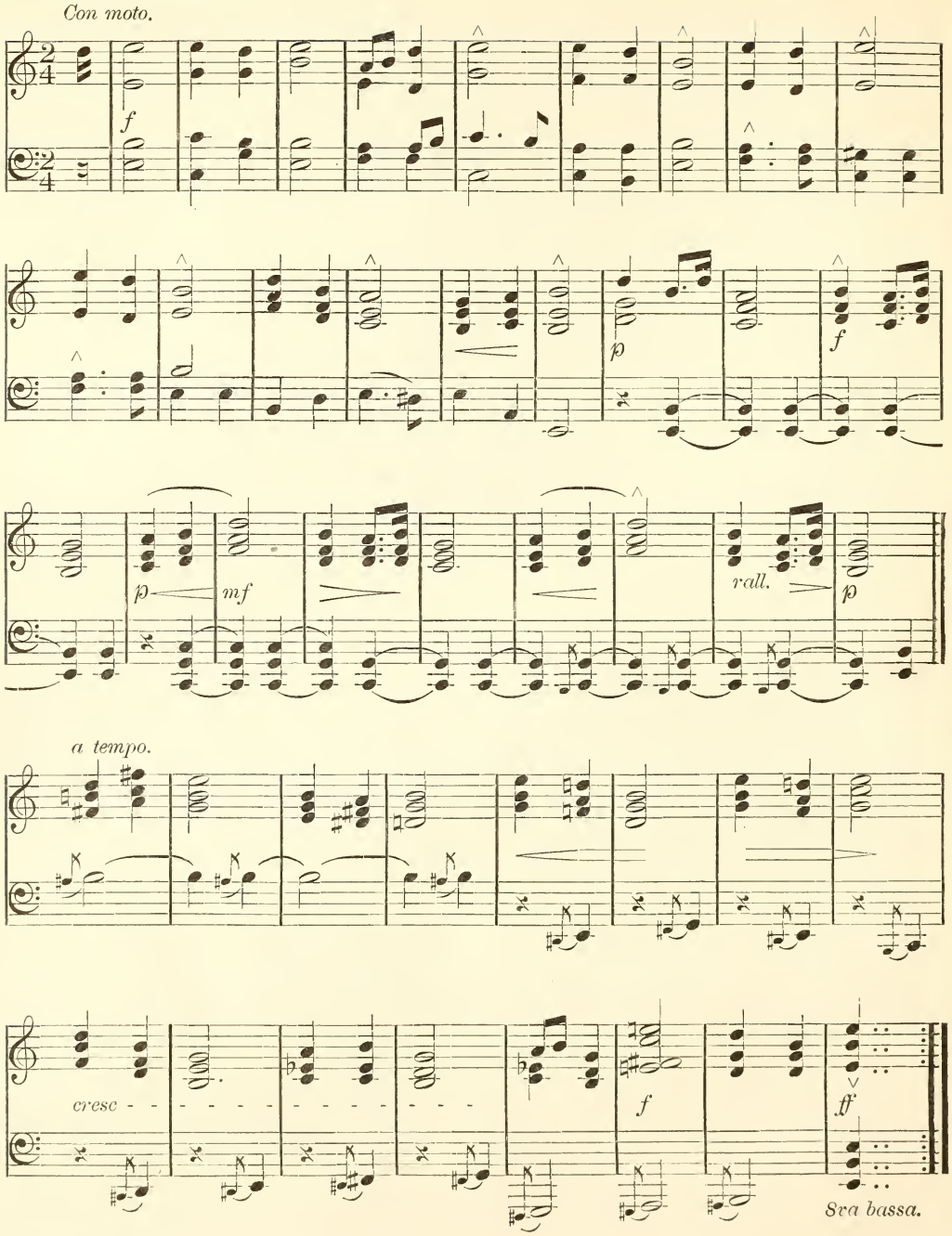
G *Tschang,* "The Minister"; severe; symbol of Venus, the west, the lungs, metal, white, autumn.

A *Kio,* "The Obedient Subject," gentle and mild; symbol of Jupiter, the east, the liver, wood, green, sour, and spring.

C *Tsche,* "Affairs of State," quick and energetic; Mars, the heart, fire, red, bitter, the south, summer.

D *Yu,* "The Symbol of the All," brilliant and splendid; Mercury, the kidneys, water, black, salty, north, and winter.

This is only the beginning of the symbolism in Chinese music. The twelve *lü* or semitones in their theoretical system correspond to the twelve moons, or months, of the year. The keynote of each scale is looked upon as a man; the fifth as a woman; together they generate all the other tones. Six of the twelve semitones are male and perfect; six are female

A FUNERAL MARCH.

and imperfect. The tones are of eight kinds, because they are produced by the eight natural sonorous substances recognized by the Chinese, viz.: tanned hide, stone, metal, burnt clay, wood, bamboo, twisted silk, and the calabash. If a little thought is given to the influence of a system that forces sex and such fantastic attributes upon each tone, and requires all things to be correlated in symbolism, it will not seem so strange that the Chinese have adhered to a pentatonic scale. Five is the most pervasive number in Chinese philosophy. The elements are five; planets, five; points of the compass, five; tastes, five; household gods, five; colors, five; viscera, five; constant virtues, five; ranks of nobility, five; and there are, I suppose, scores of other fives that I have never heard of.

With so many clogs hanging to each tone it

is not to be wondered at that chordal harmony is unknown in China, and that the only intervals recognized as consonant are the octave, the fifth, and its inversion the fourth. All the poetry of Chinese music is in its theoretical department.

To show what might happen if a national school of musicians with Occidental ideas and education should arise in China, I print some very old Chinese marches for which my ingenious young friend, Henry Holden Huss, has supplied grotesque harmonies, well calculated to emphasize the primitive character of the melodies. The first, page 452, upper, is the *Taoyin*, "Guiding March," which is played by fourteen musicians walking before the Emperor as he goes from the gate to the temple of Confucius at Peking to perform the ceremony of worshiping that sage. It is a piece of ancient ritual music. The dots above the notes indicate when the drummers and castanet players sound their instruments. The wedding and funeral marches, page 452, lower, and 456, are those played ordinarily in nuptial and funeral processions, when they are shrieked out by metal-belled clarinets that are a terror to the Occidental hearer. The composition on page 454 is a popular ballad.

H. E. Krehbiel.

NANNIE'S CAREER.

IT is now a year since I made my last visit to Tennessee, and I had then been away four years.

During the interval Strathboro' had gone over to the New South! I was surprised, and, it must be confessed, not wholly pleased. I had always supposed that Strathboro' would be the last place to come under modern influences. There is no chance for it to become commercial, and since the war it has droned along like a town in a dream. On this last visit I spent most of my time with Mrs. Caldwell, a cousin of my mother. When I entered her dear, big, dingy old house, by way of its absurd, majestic, wooden-pillared portico, and passed into its wide, dim hall, I was vaguely conscious of innovation in the air, and when I reached the guest-chamber, to which I was at once conducted, it burst upon me: here was the New South in the unexpected form of beribboned tidies, bits of draperies, things Kensington stitched, and a fancy crocheted rug lay on the foot of the great old canopied bedstead. I was glad they had not gotten rid of the bedstead; it had satisfied my earliest ideas of splendor.

I looked about me in sorrow, for all this array of fashionable fripperies seemed as foreign and out of place in Strathboro' as it would be on a Mexican hacienda.

"I see, Adeline, you are noticing my new things," said Mrs. Caldwell. "I suppose you see such a great deal handsomer in New York; but when I was on to the meeting of the W. C. T. U. in Minneapolis I saw how pretty Northern women made their houses, and ours looked so bare when I came back that I had Nannie learn some such work. I can't do anything myself except the French embroidery we learned at boarding-school in my day, and it is n't the kind that 's the style now. It is a great improvement, is n't it? — brightens the old house up. Your Aunt Evelina has prettier things than I have; she went on to Minneapolis too. She was a delegate, from Boontown."

"A delegate?" I was greatly bewildered.

"Yes, from their branch of the W. C. T. U."

"The W. C. T. U. what?"

Mrs. Caldwell dropped her one hundred and seventy-five pounds into a chair, and stared at me, wounded amazement painted on her handsome, middle-aged, aquiline countenance.

"Adeline," she said. "Adeline," she repeated, "you don't mean to tell me that you have no interest in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union? — you living up there in the North where the glorious work is so much less obstructed."

"Indeed I have a great respect and a great deal of latent interest, Cousin Anne," I interrupted. "It has not come exactly in my way to know much about it, but I reported the proceedings of the meeting in New York one day, and they seemed to me curiously important and significant."

"You did n't join?" Cousin Anne still stared at me in touching melancholy.

"Why, no; it did n't exactly occur to me."

I saw Cousin Anne put by the temptation to lecture me immediately as if it had been a palpable thing visibly pushed; she did it with a sigh, and then devoted herself to her hospitalities, as one who had long recognized that she lived in the midst of a stiff-necked and froward generation. It was marvelous to see how these Strathboro' women — an important minority of them, that is — loved this organization. It was everything of important occupation, of wide interest, of expanded life, to them. Prejudices

of section, of sex, of society, went down before it. It was represented by women who could not be ignored or ostracized, and who banded themselves together for a sacred cause; and as they would do unheard-of things, old codes must needs burst to fragments, and the unheard-of be permitted. The men in their relation to the movement it was a joy to contemplate — there was something so primally and helplessly masculine and chivalrous in the big sheepish way most of them stood back, and lifted never a hand to stop proceedings such as all their lives they had declared, and believed themselves sincere in declaring, they would sooner die than permit.

I found my position in Strathboro' changed; hitherto, the fact that I was the daughter of my father and mother had caused the unknown mysteries of a New York newspaper woman's life to be graciously forgiven me and considerately overlooked, but now everywhere there was a new and vivid interest in what I may sum up as Advanced Womanhood, and advanced womanhood, alas! I was considered to represent. Our present concern with all this lies in the fact that Cousin Anne's eighteen-year-old daughter, the most domestic, conservative, well-ordered little creature I ever saw, was predestined by her mother to join the ranks of advanced womanhood, and I was expected to assist at the sacrifice.

During my stay with them Cousin Anne was visited by her sister, Mrs. Framley.

Mrs. Framley was generally spoken of as "a character," and she enjoyed living up to her reputation. Her own children were all sons, and she always tacitly assumed the absence of daughters to be a proof of her own superior good sense; but naturally this state of things gave her the greater freedom of opinion as to how less admirable people should manage theirs. The second day after she came she opened up the subject of Nannie.

"Anne," said she, pinning the shirt she was making by hand to her knee, and stitching energetically, "why has n't Nannie got some beaux? I 've never seen a sign of a young man about the place. What is the matter? She is pretty enough."

Cousin Anne was writing at a little table, attending to business for the W. C. T. U. She did not answer for a moment; then she said, a little stiffly: "St' Ellen" (abbreviated form of Sister Ellen), "I don't intend Nannie to waste her time on beaux; she 's got enough to do attending to her studies. I 'm having her keep them up; I have not let her come out yet."

"Come out! m-m-m. You and I never did come out, Anne; but when we were girls we managed to have a mighty good time, and first or last half the young men in the county were courting us. If there is anything better worth a girl's while than that, I 've never heard of it."

"I propose that Nannie shall find things better worth the while of a rational being in such a world as this," Cousin Anne replied.

"I never heard before that Nannie or any other girl of eighteen was a rational being. I pity her if she is. Do you mean her to be an old maid?"

Cousin Anne sealed an envelop with elaborate care. This was an essentially uncomfortable question: every inbred prejudice and many native sentiments rose up within her against the suggestion; and yet every instinct of expression, of moral dignity, of ambition, tied her to the course she had vaguely blocked out, and it was certainly not a part of that program that Nannie should marry soon; and how was it to be supposed that the strange, triumphant, world-manipulating creature Nannie was to become could ever be accommodated within the matrimonial harbor? Something like this in chaotic, dim form distressed her mind, but she stuck on a stamp with decision, and finally said:

"I don't know whether or not she will ever marry, St' Ellen, but at least she shall have my help to become a noble woman, helping the world onward."

"A noble woman! O Lord! I 'm a noble woman, Anne; only you 'd never see it, just because I 've got common sense. Well, well! Yankee notions down here must be a mighty sight worse than they are at home, for somehow or another they do seem to keep on marrying up there, and the girls have some little frolic, to judge by what I hear, before they go into the business of turning the world upside down. Are you going to make a preacher, or a W. C. T. U. lecturer, out of Nannie? She 's got such a gift of gab she 'd do for either one."

Dear Cousin Anne's Roman features were touched with an infantine grief, and the tears came to her fine eyes as she said, "I did n't think you 'd ever make fun of Nannie, St' Ellen; I thought you admired her being so quiet."

"So I do, so I do, Anne," said the softened sister; "but that 's the very reason I don't like to see her spoiled and kept out of her natural amusements. What are you going to do with her anyhow, right away, next thing?"

Cousin Anne resumed her air of dignified firmness, and replied that Nannie was going North with me for the winter.

"What are you going to do with her when you get her up there, Adeline?"

"Cousin Anne thinks she will have a good chance to look about her and choose some work or profession to devote herself to."

"Upon my word!" Cousin Ellen abandoned the shirt, and dropped her hands into her lap. "Why, the child 's got enough to live on, and I reckon that 's all she asks."

Just then Nannie, looking very young and pink and pretty in her white frock, came to the door.

The mother gave her sister a warning glance.

"I won't do any harm," was the direct reply. "Come in here, Nannie child; you don't think your old aunt will bite, do you?"

The girl put her hand into the one outstretched to her with the manner of a good child.

"So you are going off to Yankeeland, are you? and get to be a strong-minded woman, like Adeline here?" Nannie smiled sweetly upon me.

"What are you going to do up there, honey?"

"Mamma thinks I 'll know better when I get there," said Nannie, a faint shade crossing her face.

"Go fetch me a drink, in the big gourd; that 's a dear. Well, Anne," she continued, when the girl was out of hearing, "you and Nannie are about as precious a pair of babes in the woods as ever I saw. But, after all, Adeline 's not as big a fool as she looks, and I reckon you won't do anything worse for the time being than waste money and spoil Nannie's fun; I don't believe Adeline's friends — the men all seem to be fifty or older — will be very lively for her. And I should think," she added maliciously, "you 'd be afraid they would undermine her principles; there don't seem to be many W. C. T. U. people among 'em." But Cousin Anne had talked all this over with me, and had settled her course.

I wrote to my friend Amy Milman, a young painter who shared my little flat, to engage a certain bedroom from our neighbors in the front apartments, and I came on North with Nannie.

Amy, who knew something of the state of the case, met her with maternal graciousness, and then took me aside, closed a door upon us, and asked what in the world I intended to do with her.

"I don't intend to do anything," I declared; "I am simply the tool of circumstances. Probably she will stay here awhile, and go home all comfortably enough and take up the life that suits her there."

"No, she won't," stated Amy, with solemn emphasis. "We are aiding — *you* are, that is — and abetting in unfitting one human creature for life. She won't belong anywhere after she 's tried an independent existence here awhile. She 'll be neither fowl, fish, nor flesh."

"Well," I pleaded, "don't try to wake up my conscience about it all, Amy dear; it can do nothing but distress me. I said all I could to Cousin Anne. I wanted this visit to be regarded as just an outing, a lark; but no, the child has been loaded down with the obligation to find a life-work. And by that her mother means what she calls a career, something at once dazzling and —"

"What did her mother say when you talked with her?"

"Say? Why, asked how I should like to marry and live in Strathboro' all my life myself; and told me that Nannie is very literary in her tastes, more so than any girl in her class, and that one of her essays had been published in the Strathboro' what d' you call it weekly, and that she loved to see a woman eager to help on her sisters, and —"

"Stop! Do you think she 's got a bit of talent for anything in the world?"

"Not an atom, that I can discover, except — what is it James says? — the talent for being the nicest of little girls."

"Maybe if she has not a bit it won't be so bad. Don't worry, anyhow, you poor girl. Go bring her into the sitting-room and we 'll have some tea, and I 'll give you some newspaper stuff."

Alas! poor Nannie had never drunk tea in her life, and I think the very sight of us engaged in such a curious rite increased her homesickness. She was, of course, terribly homesick, everything — our little rooms, our way of life, our talk, the very outlook from the windows — was all so crushingly strange. She was benumbed for weeks, and her one comfort, her mother's letters, were after all but a sorry comfort, for they bristled with questions as to the progress of her ambitions for the future. Poor Nannie! I think at last she began to realize what an awful thing it is to be asked to make a career offhand, as it were. It was worse than Miss Haversham's demand that her little visitor should play. But Nannie was a self-contained little soul, and at last escaped from her worst throes, and began to come into relation with the life around her without having unbosomed herself to anybody. She came down with me to the office of the "Appeal" several times, and sat hours in that grimy sanctum, very proper as to attitudes and very natty as to dress, but she voiced no impressions, and gave utterance to no opinions as to her fitness for journalism. I was bound to be grateful for that. She also spent hours in Amy's studio, and I thought it would be much better for her to go in for painting than for writing.

"Why?" demanded Amy, argumentatively, defensively.

"Oh, it will give her time," I said. "There is a regular way of studying it. No one expects to succeed in that at once. Her disappoint-

ments and mortifications will reach her so much more slowly. She could even spend a lifetime, under favorable circumstances, puttering away at it, and not be much the wiser as to her unfitness."

But she said nothing as to taking up painting. Cousin Anne wrote to me to ask if it was not time she was concentrating herself, if her life-work had not yet disclosed itself. I pleaded for time for her.

Nannie was too honest to play at a vocation; she evidently took her position with fearful seriousness.

It took me seriously. It was beginning to weigh upon me like a nightmare, when one evening brought at least the relief of fresh developments. Carlton Darby, a painter whom Amy professionally adored, and who took an interest in her and her work, came in to spend an hour with us. I, too, had a great liking for Carlton Darby, both professionally and personally. He was a big, simple, quiet creature, who never seemed to have discovered the fact of his own existence, though he had a delightfully fresh eye for the existence of a good many other things.

Nannie was brought in, of course, and listened with her usual perfect decorum to his and Amy's interchange about backgrounds and foregrounds and color motives and modern feeling. He handed her a cup of tea — she had learned to sip that beverage by this time — and he shook hands with her when he went away, but he did not seem to have really seen her, a fact that is little credit to those powers of observation I have remarked upon. Nannie's perceptions were the better subject for praise this time. As I toasted myself over our one open fire after Amy had gone to bed, Nannie came and sat down by me. After gazing long into the sinking coals she broke the silence by saying:

"Mr. Darby is a great painter, is n't he?"

"He 's a mighty good one anyhow," I answered. It always seemed natural to talk Tennessee to Nannie.

"Does he take pupils?" she asked.

"Dear me, I 'm afraid not. However, I don't know but he might. Do you want to study with him?"

"It seems as if I must be making up my mind, does n't it, Cousin Adeline? Mamma thinks I 'm wasting the winter, and she counts on it so. I think I 'd like to paint better than anything I know of. Mr. Darby makes it so interesting when he talks about it, does n't he? He made me feel like I understood, though it 's all mixed up in my mind now. Do you think I could ever paint any, Cousin Adeline? I was such a good scholar at school, except in arithmetic and algebra: you would n't need them in painting, would you? But up here I don't seem as bright as mamma used to think I was."

The gentle little mouth looked dangerously tremulous, and I hastened to steady it with a kiss, and to declare that we 'd see at once if she could not have lessons from Carlton Darby.

At least that was better than having her plunged into medicine, which was Cousin Anne's latest suggestion. I went to see Mr. Darby the next day. Amy was so inhumanly full of her sense of the sacredness of paint that I knew she would be no effective ally, so I went alone to the pleasant old workshop studio. The painter, in his shirt-sleeves, opened the door. He gave me a chair in silence, gravely put on his coat as if he were performing some sacred rite, and then sat down on a three-legged stool in front of me.

"How are you, and how is Miss Milman?" he asked, after a moment's delay, when I did not, as usual, find a way to open the conversation myself.

"I wish you 'd ask about the other member of our household," I exclaimed. "It would give me a chance to begin what I have to say!"

"The other mem — oh, the little Tennessee girl. Yes, I remember her now."

"Do you think you remember her well enough to be ready to take her as a pupil?"

"A pupil? — in painting." The accent was not reassuring. "Now Miss Addington, you know — hold on, though, I don't know. There is a girl here, Miss Rosamond Giles — do you know her? She 's got talent, the real thing. She 's wanting to study with me, and her people won't let her unless I have a class. Your little girl would make a class, don't you think? I 'd like to teach Miss Giles; I think I could do a good deal for her. She 's done some quite stunning little things already. Your — what 's her name? — Miss Caldwell could come along and learn what she could. What is she taking it up for? Oh, well, I don't suppose it will do her any special harm. Send her along. I 'll find out when Miss Giles can come. Her mother said she 'd consent if I had some other pupils, and I guess one will do."

"Do you think Darby is at all in love with Rosamond Giles?" I asked Amy when I got home. "He seemed quite filled with enthusiasm about teaching her. He never thought of Nannie except as a means to that end."

"Miss Giles is a mighty gifted young painter, worse luck to her!" murmured Amy, as she went on making dabs at the canvas before her, and dividing scowling stares between it and her "arrangement" at the other end of the room.

Owing to Mr. Darby's special interest in Miss Giles, Nannie had the privilege of going to the studio every day. She spent three hours

there, and the heavenly bodies were not more prompt and constant in their movements than was she.

I did not suppose Mr. Darby and Miss Giles cared to be disturbed by a visitor, and was glad enough to find a reason for dismissing Nannie in her would-be professional capacity from my mind. So, as Cousin Anne was satisfied, and the child seemed contented, I bothered not a whit as to what she was doing. I supposed it was nothing; but in that supposition I stupidly failed to take account of those powers of self-defense with which naturalists tell us every creature is, in some fashion, endowed.

About ten weeks after the lessons began there was a rap at my door late one night, and Nannie came in, looking uncommonly blooming and softly bright.

"I have something to tell you, Cousin Adeline," she said, stopping in the center of the room, with her proper little hands clasped together before her belt, and her gentle eyes fixed mysteriously upon mine.

And, if you please, her news was that she was engaged to be married to Carlton Darby.

How ardently I embraced her, with what respect I gazed at her; I felt a sense of gratitude to things in general.

How well the old solution still served, after all. What a loosening was here of the hard knots which the march of civilization, the evolution of society, and a misguided parent had been tying for those patient small fingers.

Conversation with Nannie was impossible: she was mute and deaf, absorbed in her own emotions; so I tucked her away in her bed—she was staring out into space with shining, unseeing eyes when I turned out the gas—and betook myself to Amy.

Not to have patronized the enthusiasm that waked her from her first nap would have been more than human.

"My dear girl," she began, "do I hear *you* talking as if marriage were a convenience? One would think you had just gotten the eldest of seven plain daughters off your hands. And you always think so much about your social problems: this is not an answer, it is just an accident."

Then dropping this affectation of a coldness no woman ever felt at such news, she broke forth:

"But how do you suppose it came about? He certainly has not courted her here; I never gave him the chance—the few times he has come. I did n't suppose he cared to speak to her. When he comes to see you to-morrow I 'd claim it as my right to know all the details, if I were you. He 'll think that is customary if you tell him so; I know he will. But what are you going to say to Mrs. Caldwell? How about your stewardship? This is n't advanced womanhood."

I replied that at least Nannie had taken highly independent modern ground in conducting her matrimonial alliance; her mother would have to take that as her contribution to the cause of universal emancipation.

I did not derive much information from my interview with Mr. Darby. He sat in our little parlor, looking ridiculously large and radiant and quiet, and seemed to find all talk superfluous. He was as finely unapologetic as possible, but he did ask me in the undertone of an aside if he ought not to write to Mrs. Caldwell. Mrs. Caldwell gave no trouble. She took a somewhat grieved, reproachful tone for a time; but Mr. Darby was an eligible man, so far as Strathboro' standards could be applied to him, and the inherent delight of seeing a daughter happily married really overflooded all the superficial ambitions of her later years, and even, I doubt not, cheered her under the affliction of Mrs. Framley's satisfaction in the turn of events. She did write to Nannie and to me that at least in thus marrying a painter Nannie would be enabled to continue her study of art; but Nannie said to me, with that complete conclusiveness that even the veriest mouse of a woman assumes in such situations:

"Mr. Darby does not wish me to try to paint if I don't want to, and I don't think I do. He wants to paint me, and he says a sympathetic model is half a painter's battle, and I would rather help him that way."

Meanwhile Amy, roused to an exceptional and praiseworthy interest in contemporaneous human life, had speedily visited Miss Giles for the express purpose of hearing what she could of Nannie's courtship. Miss Giles could tell her very little; but this ignorance was in itself highly interesting, for she was just recovering from a four weeks' illness, of which, if you will believe me, the Machiavellian Nannie had told us never a word.

Viola Roseboro'.

HEART LONGING.

OH, come to me once more! for all in all
To me thou art—
The flower, the summer fountain, to recall
Joy to my heart.

Give me one hour beside thee as of yore,
And when 't is flown,
With strength renewed will I go forth once more
To be alone.

Constantina E. Brooks.

AT THE TOWN FARM.

ALTHOUGH it was not Sunday, but Saturday, I was none the less

> . . . . drest all in my best
> To walk abroad with Sally;

but our walk savored not at all of romance, for I was a small child, and Sally was our spinster help.

I gloried exceedingly in my bonnet, though it was a burdensome decoration, requiring frequent pulls to keep it from settling heavily on my shoulders. It was a "drawn bonnet" of pink silk, an elaborate structure of much cording and many rattans, garnished with "uncut velvet," and graced with an ample cape and a pair of swan's-down "tabs." It was made by our village milliner, whose style of trimming was of a stiffness which, according to rustic comment, suggested the wrappings of a sore finger. Friend Hopkins was a consistent "member of Society." Though she earned her modest living as a dressmaker and milliner to the "world's people," her fit and finish were in subtle accord with the straitest principles of the sect; for they were of a sort to make the renunciation of pomps and vanities no very painful sacrifice.

Sally was keeping "Seven Day" holy by wearing her best bonnet and shawl, the former a cumbrous pile, thatched, as it were, with straw, and bedecked with ragged bunches of very frankly artificial flowers, mixed with a judicious proportion of stiff bright green grasses; the latter, a more seasonable article, was a heavy wrap from the mills of our own valley; while she wore her white yarn mittens instead of the blue mixed ones of ordinary use. The sun, which on our coast often shines kindly even in mid-December, had withdrawn his countenance from us within the last few hours, and a raw northeast wind was blowing. Our destination was a neighbor's house, where we were to spend the day, after our little walk of two miles and a half. We passed through the village, or, more exactly, we stopped at the village store of an errand. My recollections of this intellectual center persistently bring before me sundry rows of glass jars ranged on shelves and sparsely filled with sticks of candy colored a fervid red; while on the counter stood a large pitcher of coarse brown earthenware, always generously brimming with water of a sub-tepid temperature; and I suspect that my infantile consciousness was pretty evenly divided between these two equally attractive objects. But nothing so caught my notice this morning as the appearance of the stranger who hurried past us on the road leading out of the village. Sally read him off at once as a seafaring man just home from a good cruise; and with the gleam of African gold in his earrings, and the indefinable air of adventure that hung about him like foreign spicery, he answered very acceptably to my idea of Blackbeard the pirate.

We made our way across the fields, Sally soberly plodding over the frozen ground; I jumping ecstatically at the brittle joy of each new discovery of some freshly silvered patch of thin ice that glassed the tiny hollows among the tussocks of the pasture. There was a wild, champagny exhilaration in the tinkling ring of each newly shattered crystalline mirror, and I rejoiced in the invitations of the tempting "break-ins," as country children call them, until I rushed upon one that beguiled me into a very gloomy profound of mud.

"Cat's foot, young one!" exclaimed Sally, with an expletive of no great appositeness to my drenched and undainty condition, meanwhile extricating me with no gentle hand; "I might knowed if there was ary a bog-hole betwixt Cubit's Hill and Ponder Zeke's Corners you 'd go and slump into it. Wa'n't there no sink-dreen to your pa's, that you must come so fur to get muddied up?" she bitterly demanded. "Look a' them pantalets, now," cried Sally, in rising wrath, to which I supplied an echo of vociferous sobbing, "put on spandy clean this mornin', I vow and declare! Uh done crying now," she ordered, adding, with swift generalship, "and come right over to the town farm. Mebby Miss Beech 'll let me wash and dry for ye; she loves so to accommodate."

Seeking the hospitalities of the town farm dwelling was no new experience to me, and I came to recognize it afterwards as once a place of condition, stately with a row of Lombardy poplars, in which frequent gaps now showed, and enduring with its solid prop of a vast chimney. But it had fallen into the same estate as its occasional inmates of gentle birth, and access was easy by its rudely fenced borders up the windy hill to the old farmhouse, gray-toned as a hornet's nest, but hiving only the harmless drones of our village swarm. I had made acquaintance with the "beasts and

all cattle, worms and feathered fowls" of its barn-yard, and I had also been an awed spectator of the glories of the best room, and will still make myself sufficiently at home in it to say, in no guarded terms, that I have never, even in dreams, seen a more wildly improbable wealth of vegetation than rioted over its walls. Festoons of yellow cabbages balanced to big bunches of blue roses, and all the fruits of an agricultural fair, blushing with every impossible hue, joined in the maddening dance. The paper was one of those that may be assigned to a certain period in the evolution of provincial taste to be known as Early Decorated. Its marvels filled my untutored mind with a savage admiration that I stoutly withheld from the specimens of that succeeding period which might be styled Late Glacial, being marked by the use of cold blue-gray papers, with high white lights, in frigid affectation of the tone of hard-finished walls. Further embellishments of life were such as the keeper of the farm had bought for a song at some auction sale of the effects of his unfortunate guests. The three-decker "what-not" of those days, loaded with a motley cargo of the native bric-à-brac, mixed with bits of barbaric beadwork from Niagara and mounted fragments of the Charter Oak, made the chief figure. In every village parlor the same clumsy craft, as it seemed, bore down upon you with the identical freight of which you had just made an invoice in your last visit. The central ornament of the room was a table coldly bare except for an elaborate mat of much bunchy Berlin wool and many gilt beads. From this frivolous setting rose the solemn lighthouse tower of an astral lamp, very brassy in foundation, very cumbrously enriched with globe and shade in superstructure, and very forbidding of aspect if regarded as anything but an imposing edifice.

Not for us, on this occasion, were the chilly splendors of the best room. Faint-hearted and forlorn (I speak at least for myself), we presented ourselves at the kitchen entrance, where we were met first by the overgrown cade-lamb, which, from the door-stone where he had been lying, bleated with a serious, watch-dog air, then, reverting to his untaught manner, playfully butted at us. Next we received the welcome of the goodly Mrs. Beech, whose very horn comb reflected benevolence as she espied my wretched plight.

"Bless us and save us!" was the pious formula which she deliberately pronounced, while Sally twitched me by the sleeve, with the vigorous protest:

"Stand where ye be, can't ye, young one, and don't go a-dripstonin' all over Miss Beech's clean floor!"

"Never mind, Sally, nev-er mind," consoled my hostess, while I stood dissolved in my muddy bath, salt tears and sweat of shame mingling on my cheeks; "the little gal 's nigh about drownded, and scared to death besides. There, there, sissy," she soothed, while she lent a kind hand in aid of Sally's impatient ministrations; "I guess you 'm no worse scared than what I was time I went down the pond. I 've lived alongside the pond all my days," she soliloquized, "and I never went on to the water but once in my life, when I was n't more 'n sixteen year old, and brother 'Lisha he teased me to go off with him just to sail a piece, and then he up and went clean down to the breach, and scared me so 't he said I hung on to them timbers till I squoze the sap out 'n 'em. Makes me trimble now to call to mind what a fearnought 'Lisha was," she pensively meditated.

"Maria Anna Hadleigh," Sally addressed me with cold emphasis, "you climb up on to that bandy-legged table so 't I can see where you be, and you set still there and be thankful you 'll get some dry duds on ye to rights."

"Hey, little gal!" cheerily demanded my host, who arrived upon the scene with much stamping and beating of chilled feet and hands, "what you be'n up to? Gettin' out tug, hey?" he added, as his slow glance traveled to my muddy shoes.

"Hush, father!" remonstrated Mrs. Beech, as with an incorrigible jester, while Sally affably commented upon the whirling eddies of dry leaves and spirals of dust that swept by the closing door.

"Kind of a dry northeaster, ain't it, Mr. Beech?" she questioned.

"Ye-es," assented that authority, rather automatically; then rising to rhetoric, he continued, with bold personification, "sort of a he northeaster, I call it; it don't bring forth nothin'," and forthwith disappeared into the outer kitchen.

"Well, and how be you gettin' along this winter, Miss Beech?" queried Sally, mindful of the civilities due from guests.

"Well," returned our hostess, with a sigh that spoke of care, "it makes me shake in my shoes to think of that Lib Dow and her three young ones comin' on the town, as father says they be; but howsomever — Bread, how do *you* prosper?" she genially queried into the recesses of the brick oven, before dropping into the rush-bottomed rocker and adjusting her knitting-sheath — "but I guess I 'll have to say, as Old Lady Penneek preached it to the old squire's wife when she went down to Penneek's to hide away from the coast-guard because they wa'n't very pleasant-spoken to Tory folks. Old Lady Penneek had folks in

Newport that belonged to the Sons of Libbuty, and says she to her gals, 'Do, Lyddy, tell Polly to tell Dilly to tell squire's wife to put her trust in the Lord'; and I guess I shall have to put my trust in the Lord." Arriving at this desperate conclusion, with another portentous sigh, heaved from the billowy amplitudes of her person, she called resignedly to her husband, who was busy in the next room, where the inmates were feebly pottering at the monotonous work of dipping candles.

"Let her come in now, father; might 's well. Se' down, Cuddy; and, nef you want to," she invited, "set right down and smoke your pipe," beckoning to a tremulous black crone with monkey features and a shock of whitening wool.

Fascinated by the regular succession of Cuddy's puffs, accompanied by sundry recurrent mutterings, I was suddenly aware of an uncertain grasp that feebly dealt with my shoulder, while a gaunt, livid face bent closely over mine.

"Let the little gal be, Nabby," ordered Mrs. Beech. "She won't harm ye a mite, Maria Anna; it 's only Crazy Nab," she explained, reassuringly. "She 's only a-lookin' everywhere for her little gal, that her folks has kep' to home. Go in t' other room, Nabby," she directed; and the furtive, gliding creature, with a spaniel-like air, crept to the open door, and hung wistfully on the threshold, gazing at me with an eye that quickly grew dim and vacant; then, tidying her rough hair and smoothing her tattered gown, she began to sing wildly.

"There, Nabby, that 'll do, now," interrupted Mrs. Beech; "you 've sung her off to sleep, and now you go lay her down in the cradle"; and Nabby disappeared with a delighted alacrity.

"She 's real peaceable to-day, ain't she?" commented Sally.

"Lor', yes!" replied her guardian, "she 's so good to-day you mought tie her up in knots; but there is times when she has her tantrums. There 's that bound boy that 's come on the town this fall; he 's a terrible make-game, and he plagues the poor critter shameful. But Nabby don't aggravate me so much by half as Old Maid Sary Jenkins doos. There she goes now," as a tall, lean figure appeared in the yard and began a peacocking march by the window, fussing with a draggled train and pulling at a battered "flat," an expansive straw structure governed by a bridle that held it down over her face and gave to the arrangement the engaging air of a *yashmak*. A malicious sort of head-gear, it was capable of heightening the mere simper of adolescence into the grin of idiocy, and of imparting to the mature wearer the expression of a senile Bo-peep.

"Love-cracked, wa'n't she?" Sally sententiously queried.

"Well, I do' know," returned Mrs. Beech, with an exasperated air. "If she wa'n't a natural-born fool, she 's every bit and grain as redic'lous as one. When she took a notion to Tommy Reed, and he sort of shabbed her off (she wa'n't very fanciful, I expect), she went kind of shackled in her wits. I s'pose she always was kinder wantin'. I can't make her do no work. It 's more work to stand over her than 't is to do it yourself. She just sets up chamber and mopes. Last winter there come a spell when the sleighs was a-flyin' pretty spry, an' Old Maid Sary she sot up there by the winder as you mought be a-settin' now, a-sithin' and a-groanin', and a-writin' of her poetry. She always goes to writin' some kind of mournful poetry when she 's clear down. Well, along in the arternoon she brung me them lines she writ:

> The bells they do jingle,
> But still I am single!

"'Sary Jenkins,' I told her, 'I 'm ashamed on ye!' for the' is times when I go right on talkin' to her just as if she could sense things. 'If that 's all you got to complain of, there 's plenty would be for changin' of places with ye.'" Mrs. Beech gave the quotation from herself with a fresh outburst of the disgustful scorn that had been provoked by the sentimental vagaries of her guest. "'You 'm got a roof over ye, and clo'es to kiver ye and to sleep under, and victuals enough to eat, if you be single, and that 's more than some double folks has got, if they ain't on the town. If you ain't got no very near relations, there 's some that 's real good to ye' (her cousin Hannah Ann come to see her on'y the week afore, and fetched her an old noospaper and a raw quince), 'and if you 'd be'n married a dozen times you mought 'a' come out o' the little end o' the horn just the same. The more love the worse luck, says I; look a' Billy and Dolly now.'"

"Well, Billy he 's gone," interrupted Sally, with satisfaction. "Had a kind of a fit, I expect, wa'n't it?"

It must be the insatiate demand in the rustic breast for the sensational that precludes the idea of disease or departure, in young or aged citizens, undiversified by "fits."

"Yes, Billy he 's gone, and Dolly — why, Sally Crandall! — what, ain't you heard? Yes, Dolly went out like the snuff of a candle. The fun'l would 'a' be'n to-day, and young Elder Jakeways he was a-comin' over, but now it 's put off till to-morrow. Father he 's dug a real nice grave out in the pasture. I kind o' thought

one grave for both on 'em was just about right. They was the fondest old folks that ever lived."

"Was it old Billy and Dolly Rogers that come to live here?" I struck in, greatly interested.

"Yes, deary, bless your heart and soul alive!" fervently responded Mrs. Beech, recognizing a sympathetic listener, while Sally, with due regard to the solemnities of the recital, contented herself with but a moderate sniff of chastened scorn, while observing that "of all the foolish matches betwixt foolish folks, that was the greatest she ever see — pity us if it wa'n't!"

The two venerable shades had moved before me almost as vaguely in life as in death, though Sally had taken me once and again to their crazy dwelling. I suppose that if eons had rolled over their ancient heads they could not have seemed farther removed from me. I remember Billy as an emotional reader of some waif of a newspaper, nodding with delighted emphasis at every sentence. Dolly was rheumatic, and I sat gazing with a child's horrid curiosity at her poor lame foot, which was swathed to an enormous size. She nursed it upon a ponderous cushion, which might have been rheumatic too, it looked so swollen and unhealthy. I am afraid that kind old ladies cannot measure the unkempt savagery that disgraces the imagination of their ruthless young guests.

The couple were always known as Billy and Dolly, never receiving, even in their old age, or from their youngest friends, the saving titles of uncle and aunt, which village courtesy usually bestows upon its wards. Their perpetual childhood was tacitly recognized in every demonstration of neighborly regard. They had persisted in the romantic temper that had inspired their witless love-match fifty years before. All they ever made out of it was the love, as their prudent friends commented, without a suspicion that possibly they might have found that love was enough.

"The house was anymost ready to drop down over their heads," related Mrs. Beech, "and the Council did n't get them out on it none too quick. I felt real queer to see them walk into that there door, for they was always real nice folks, and never used to rough-scuff, like some o' the lot the' is here. They always was respected, though they never was forcible, and made such a poor fight on it, gettin' married as they did, for Dolly wa'n't no deeper than the well, and Billy was sort o' queer, and used to go ridin' an old ox down to the stores. 'T made folks say he was a little off; but anyway, if 't was my last breath, I should say they was the thankfulest-minded, lovin'est old folks ever you see. Don't you know, they was always just that way; when anybody took them anythin' he would speak up so kind o' hearty, 'Never can be thankful enough for all favors,' and look to-wards Dolly to see what she 'd say. Them dear old souls! I loved to do for 'em."

"They named their girl Thankful, I 've heard tell," observed Sally.

"Yes. Well, she was took away from the evil to come, though mebby if she had lived her pa and ma could 'a' be'n takin' their comfort. When folks is old, and never was very powerful to work, and gettin' feebler every day, and nothin' comin' in, why, if the' ain't no childun, the' ain' nothin' *but* the town farm; and Jonathan never was nothin' but a torment to them. He never was fit to carry his father's old shoes after him. Billy always was an innocent, good kind o' man, and did the best he knowed how, and when that Jonathan run off to sea I said to my husband, says I, 'Father, I don't see why such good, pious folks should be visited with a reprobate son'; for he was a vessel of wrath, if ever there was one. Well, I suppose it 's all right they should be took away."

"Blessed release, *I* should say," chimed in Sally, chafing under any other view, and with an animation that only such references aroused in her. Was Sally a veritable Death incarnate, stalking abroad in a thinly disguised grimness? Certain it is that nothing whetted her appetite and spurred her cravings like news of mortality. Let the stroke light where it might, she justified it eagerly and gloated over it exultantly.

"I went to put an extry comforter over them one night," continued Mrs. Beech, "and I see Dolly had got somethin' all hugged up to her, and what under the canopy but an old rag baby! 'Gimme that old thing, Dolly,' says I; 'I 'll put it away for ye.' And I coaxed her to leave go on it; but Billy spoke out, sort o' gruff, 'Let her be,' says he; and he give me to understand that when Dolly begun to have them queer spells nothin' would do but she must get out that old rag, that she fixed up for her girl; and she 'd talk to it, and cry over it, and doze off with it on her arm, and dream 't was her little live baby that 's dead and buried down to the old Quaker meetin'-house yard, 'most thutty year ago, I guess. Queer her mind run so on that teenty-tawnty gal, for when she did n't have them turns 't was Jonty that she and old Billy was forever a-talkin' about. You 'd 'a' thought, now, to hear them go on so innocent, that Jonty must be second mate by this time. They 'd set up there so chipper, and the folks all round a-listenin' like everythin' (for they thought all the world on 'em); and a-tellin' how Jonty 'd be home afore long, and a-go-

in' over the letters they 'd had (and them was precious few, I guess); for they always believed he 'd come home some day, like the prodigal, and nobody could bear to say no to it — must had a heart harder than rock dunder if they could. That old sailor that 's be'n here quite a spell — Cap'n, they call him; that old lame feller — he 'll swear like a pirate oftentimes, but you 'd oughter seen him cudunkin' with Billy, perlite as Lucifer, and layin' out when Jonty would get back, and listenin' just as pious when Dolly raised a hymn tune of a Sabbath. They 'd all be still as a mouse in the cheese, for all they ain't much of meetin'-folks that comes here, as a gin'ral thing. Billy used to sing with her. I 've heard tell 't was his singin' that Dolly took to first along, for you know her folks was better off than what his was. Well, 't was kind of a new thing to our folks here to have such doin's, and they wa'n't none so heathenish but what they sensed it; and when Billy got up there, with his long white beard, so sort o' clean and nice, and Dolly with her best cap on, and a real sweet look to her face, the folks would all be as good as pie. I told the young elder I 'd always heard Billy and Dolly was fools, but I b'lieved they was missionaries. 'Sister Beech,' says he, 'the world would say they might be both.' Yes, they was all fond on 'em, and they 'll miss 'em — say, did n't you hear old Cuddy groan just now? Never knew her to groan afore when she had her 'backy. Sally, don't you wonder where Jonty Rogers is now? Hunduds o' miles away on the ocean, I s'pose, if he ain't down to the bottom of it. If I could see him I 'd let him know what I thought of him pretty quick — that poor old man that 's dead and laid out in the next room, with nothin' to leave behind him but such a son as that: but they never said a word, and you 'd thought he was the most devotedest. I kep' takin' notice Billy got weaker day arter day, till he was just a-totterin' round, tryin' to save steps for Dolly and keep her up, for his mind was set on their goin' together. 'Don't want to live no longer than Dolly does': he hung to that as stout as could be, and I 've heard tell he 'd said so ever since they was man and wife; and Dolly she 'd bring it out with a kind of a quaver to her voice, 'Sha'n't be here long when Billy 's gone.' It was solemn to hear 'em. You know how sudden he went off with the lung fever; but he roused up afore he died, and says to Dolly, 'When Jonty comes': but he never got no furder, for he dozed off then, and never spoke ag'in. Dolly had one o' them spells come on, and did n't seem to take no notice,— we thought she did n't,— but after awhile she begun to whisper to herself, and, 't was queer, she never called him by name once, but always, 'My dear husband!' then she 'd say, under her breath, 'Gone! Gone!' And she 'd go all over the house lookin' everywhere, and sayin' them words over and over, sca'ce above a whisper. It was real pitiful; she acted as if she 'd got lost, and nobody could get to her. She did n't notice nothin' but just our old cade-lamb; he was real fond o' Billy, and he 'd come round Dolly, and it seemed, somehow, as if them two cre'tur's knowed more 'n we could tell 'em. I put Dolly to bed last night like a baby, and this mornin' she 'd never opened her eyes, but passed away as easy as any babe. Don't you want to see them, Sally — and bring the little gal too."

Sally accepted the invitation, and we entered the chill room where the old couple were laid. I was lifted up to gaze at the still, white, sleeping faces. Very calm and gentle they looked, and as if some peaceful presence smoothed their brows; yet a strange awe stole over me.

"Do they go to sleep all the time?" I asked, uneasily, for this was my first sight of death.

"'Sh!" signaled Sally; and I stopped, not to waken the sleepers.

"Don't you know no better than that, little gal?" mildly instructed Mrs. Beech. "They 'm gone to heaven."

Thus suddenly confronted with spiritual mystery, I was led from the room, silenced and quelled, but inwardly nursing an obstinate skepticism.

"Come, Maria Anna, come!" bustled Sally. "Time we was on the move."

But we lingered as Mr. Beech appeared, announcing, with a curious air of perturbation, that a strange man was coming up the driftway.

"Him? Why, I seen him afore," commented Sally, unimpressionably. "I seen him this forenoon travelin' out on the west road to-wards Abram's Plains."

We had just left the house as he paused before Mr. Beech, mechanically tendering a rude salute, which our host met with an unresponsive stare.

"I footed it out to the old place," spoke the stranger, with hesitation; "but it was pretty nigh gone. Part of the old chimbly was down, and some sheep had took shelter in the keepin'-room. It — it — come on to me all to once so — I reckoned I 'd got here long afore this, but wind and weather was dead ag'inst us the latter eend o' the v'y'ge. I see a little girl playin' round there, and she told me the old folks was — here." He brought the word out huskily. "Mr. Beech, where be they? I come ashore to do for them the best I can."

"Yes, Jonathan Rogers," stammered Mr. Beech, grasping his hand with an agitated heartiness; "they expected you all along; yes, Jonathan."

The smart of an honest pity lent a curious awkwardness to Mr. Beech's attitude, as he stood divided between hospitality and apprehension.

The stranger shrank slightly from the cold wind, and shivered again, as if with a deeper chill.

"I want to see the old folks; I want my mother!" he stammered bruskly, with an eagerness that struggled pitifully with shame.

There was a silence, which I interrupted.

"You can see the old folks," I announced, planting myself before him. "I saw them just now, in the front room. They 've lain down and covered up their faces to go bye-byes, but Mrs. Beech says they 've gone to heaven," I ended, debatingly.

Mrs. Beech, with a smothered cry, hid her face in her apron, and rocked her body back and forth. The sailor started, and made an uncertain step. Mr. Beech caught him, and drew him within, and Sally and I followed him with our eyes as the keeper opened the door of the silent room for him and closed it after him.

Esther Bernon Carpenter.

CALIFORNIANA.

A California Lion and a Pirate.

[The lady Maria Antonia Pico, who afterwards became the mother of General Manuel Castro and Don Juan B. Castro, was born in Monterey, in 1802. She told to her children and grandchildren the following story of the arrival of the privateer Bouchard, who frightened all the Spanish settlers in 1818. The story is given here exactly as taken by me from the lips of an old Spanish woman in Castroville, who had often heard it related by Mrs. Castro, the mother of the general.— Charles Howard Shinn.]

It was about the middle of November, 1818, and I was sixteen years of age. A vessel brought the report to Monterey that a whole fleet of pirates were coming. Every one, in great fright, commenced to move and hide the most valuable things. Carts were used to carry them to the ranches. My father was not at home, but my mother and I packed many articles in rawhide bags, to send them twelve miles inland to the *cañada prieta*, or black ravine. My brother, sister, and myself went with the carts; mother was to come next day, with a servant. Night came on before we fairly started, and it began to rain, for it was late in the year, and the first frosts were in the deeper cañons. As we went on the rain grew worse; the oxen wanted to turn about because of the rain in their faces, but we three children pushed on to carry out our mother's orders. About midnight we reached a large, broken oak tree where our mother had told us to camp. We let the oxen loose to graze, and crawled under the cart, wet to the skin.

My little sister was afraid of bears in the chaparral. I tried to comfort her, but she would not listen; she was sure we would be eaten up, and at last her persistence frightened my little brother till he cried out. In an hour or so they went to sleep beside me, but I lay awake and wished that my father and the men-servants had been at home. They were all in the hills, gathering up the cattle. Though I had been over the road many times, it had never before seemed at all dangerous. While I was thinking of these things a wild, strange noise was heard approaching, and one of our oxen, running through the thicket, fell over the tongue of the cart, rose, ran a little way off, and again fell, with a scream. I knew that something must have attacked the animals; I believed it was a big bear. We heard the other ox rushing into a gulch, and we all three sat up and said our prayers to the saints, to be delivered from *El Feroz*, which was the name the hunters had given to a very large and dangerous grizzly that was known to roam about this cañon of the broken oak. I did not remember it until we had camped there, or indeed until the oxen made such an uproar, but now I was very sure it was nothing but *El Feroz*.

The morning was dawning when this happened, and in a few minutes I could see a hundred feet down the cañon. An indistinct form began to be revealed here, and I hushed the children to watch and listen. There, as we soon saw, was a large California lion, or puma, pulling the meat from one of our oxen. Then I hoped that mother, and José, the peon, might soon come along the trail. José, who carried a gun, and was a brave man, would kill the wild animal, but we could see no one to help us. I whispered to the others to lie still, because we had no place to hide in, nor was it any use to try to climb a tree, for the California lion will climb like a cat. So we saw the lion finish his meal on our ox. It grew very light, near sunrise, before he took any notice of us, where we sat under the ox-cart. As soon as he saw us he walked up very close, with a curious, wondering expression on his face, and went all about the cart, looking us over, and making a purring sound. We sat close and had our arms about one another, but we did not say a word. He then came up so close that I felt his breath on me, and finally he put his nose against my ankle. I had no stockings on, only home-made shoes, and his nose felt very strange, and made me expect to be eaten up at once. But I thought it best to lie still, and not cry out. After what seemed a long time, the lion went back and lay down by the dead ox, about a hundred feet distant, keeping his eyes on us most of the time. He sometimes walked around the ox; then he went off a little way to a spring; then he came back and walked around the cart. At last he lay down again by the ox, shut his eyes, and seemed

asleep. The sun was now high, and we were very hungry and thirsty, but when we moved a little to rest our limbs the lion opened his eyes and looked very bad.

We lay there under the cart all the morning, and until about the middle of the afternoon, and the lion lay under the shade of a tree, watched us, ate some more beef, and went to the spring as often as he chose. Then about three o'clock mother and José, the peon, came down from the coast way, and when they were on the ridge they could look into the cañon and see the whole situation at a glance — the lion, the dead ox, the cart, and the three of us huddled together under it. José ran forward and fired two shots, wounding the lion, but he got away in the rocks.

Since one of our oxen was dead, and the other had escaped, we hid our goods as best we could in the bushes. Then mother told me, as we made a camp, that she had forgotten a family book, with writing of her father's in it. It was on a shelf in the house, and she wanted to ride back to obtain it. I told her that I was not afraid to go; so, after we had our meal, I mounted her horse, and galloped off for Monterey. After a little time I heard a cannon shot, then another, and then a great many. I thought that now the pirates had come, and would perhaps land, and burn the town and our house; so I rode faster. At last I reached the *lomita* near the Plaza de Doña Brigida, and there were boats and men on the beach. Some of the houses were on fire, and that seemed dreadful. I turned a little and rode across the ridge, and down a cañon to our own house, which was about a mile from the beach, and I ran in and found the old book where mother said, and wrapped it in a piece of calfskin to tie behind the saddle. But when I went out of the door I saw my horse running off, frightened at the noise of the firing.

It was very hard to know what to do. There was no other horse at the house — all had been turned loose. I ran over a little hill to the next ranch house, but all the people had gone. Then the firing stopped, and pretty soon I heard a band of music, and the next minute a man dashed by on horseback and shouted to me that Ignacio Vallejo was a prisoner and that all the people had fled. I determined to catch a horse somehow, but just as I was planning how it might be done two men came out of the bushes and spoke to me. They were armed strangers, and very wild, so I fell on my knees and prayed them to do me no harm. One of them asked me my name, and why I was there; so I told him and showed the book, but I did not reveal the course to our other ranch. He laughed and said I was a good girl, and he sent his man to catch my horse. Then he dismounted while I still knelt there by the doorway of the deserted *adobe*, hardly believing my own eyes, and he came up to me and kissed me on the forehead and called me Señorita, which frightened me very much. Then the man came up with my horse, and I looked at the leader of the two, and asked what he was going to do with me?

He looked at me and swore a great oath. "My girl," he said, "you are more brave than some of your people were on the beach when we landed. You shall go back." He put me on my horse, and kissed my hand, and said, "Ride fast; there are others of Bouchard's men who would not treat you so well." I thanked him briefly, and he added as he let go the bridle that his name was Pedro Condré, and that he already had two wives on board his ship, or he would have taken me there. This last saying made me ride in great terror and with frightful speed down the gulches and up the hills. When I reached mother's camp I was crying, and so terribly excited that I could not say anything but "Hasten, hasten!" We left all our things hidden in the bushes, and went on to the Salinas. We met many families of fugitives. For nearly two weeks we lived in huts near the river, but early in December the frightened people began to move back to Monterey.

The padres had the floors and walls of all the houses sprinkled with holy water before any one would live there again. At Christmas time the good padre called me out before the congregation and gave me a gold cross because of what he called my courage with the lion and with the pirate. It does not seem to me that I was very brave, for I only took things as they happened, but I was very much pleased with the cross and the words of praise.

[After the narrative of the late

Maria Antonia Castro.]

A Carnival Ball at Monterey in 1829.[1]

THE first carnival ball that I ever attended took place near Monterey about 1829, when I was Señorita Brigida Cañes. I do not remember my age at the time, but I think I was about eighteen. I was invited by a friend in Monterey to visit her, as she had arranged to give a carnival ball, as was the custom of the country. I left my home with the usual attendants at about eleven o'clock the day before, for our ranch was many miles distant. We met numbers of persons going to the party, all on horseback, and full of gaiety and youthfulness such as only a race that lives outdoors in such a climate as California, and without cares or troubles, can show. The pranks of the gentlemen were so numerous and so amusing that it makes me laugh now to think of them. Every one could ride perfectly, and could pick up a leaf or a flower from the ground as he galloped past. Good riding was expected as a matter of course. On this occasion they all had red, black, and green paint (for the most part colored earths, powdered), and *cascarones* (egg-shells filled with finely cut gold and silver paper), and vials of different colored liquids, all harmless. It was the great sport to ride against each other, each endeavoring to stain his opponent's face while himself escaping. As we neared Monterey the carnival spirit grew wilder, and the ladies' dresses and faces suffered, but we all took it in good part.

On our arrival at the ranch near Monterey where the festivities took place we found every one already dancing. The assembled guests, rushing to us, lifted us from our horses and led us in, smearing our faces with more paint and breaking cascarones on our heads with much laughter, while we defended ourselves in the same manner. It was my first experience of so wild a scene, and the red, green, and black paint on my face made me uglier than a Yuma Indian. But as long as others were in as bad a case, I could not complain.

A few minutes later a Mexican colonel came in and was immediately surrounded by ten or twelve ladies,

[1] See "The Cascarone Ball," by Mary Hallock Foote, in THE CENTURY for August, 1879 (Old Series).— EDITOR.

and in a moment his face, cravat, and vest looked like a rainbow. There was a severe struggle between his politeness and his dignity; but he remembered the old adage, yielded to the inevitable, allowed himself to be carried by the whimsical current, and played his part in the grotesque farce. I also had a little courage, and I went up and cracked a cascarone on the young officer's head, but he was so busy rubbing the paint from his face that my faint-hearted attack passed unnoticed.

Next came the old alcalde of Monterey, a very stiff and dignified man. The first one to attempt to meddle with him was the governor's secretary, who was so awkward that he hurt the alcalde's face, and they retired to the courtyard of the ranch-house. This frightened the hostess, who feared a quarrel, and she went out at once. Of course their warm words stopped immediately and they came in together, but the old alcalde kept his face and dignity unchanged the rest of the night and no one lifted a cascarone against him.

The next arrival was a beautiful lady, almost a stranger to us all, but known in Monterey as "La Española," because she had recently come from Spain. She came to me, and in a very sweet voice asked me to uncork a cologne bottle that she carried in her hands, which I in my simplicity did. Then every one laughed as she sprinkled me from head to foot with the contents. She came in an elegant ball dress, but in a moment the roses and lilies of her beautiful face and neck were hidden under red, black, and green paint laid on heavily. She broke many cascarones, and she also had two bottles, one of cologne for the ladies, and one of scented ammonia for the gentlemen who were most conspicuous in the assault. At last she made her prayer, "*por el amor de Dios*," and every one ceased, with gracious bows and smiles, leaving her to put on her dancing slippers.

All this was in the afternoon. Then we washed our hands and faces and sat down to a banquet in the old adobe. After that came more dancing. The annual carnival ball was a great feature of the social life of the times, and often lasted all night. The wild revel of the earlier part of the ball was succeeded by the most courtly behavior.

Brigida Briones.

A Spanish Girl's Journey from Monterey to Los Angeles.

EARLY in the winter of 1829 my father, who had long expected an appointment under the governor, received a letter from Los Angeles saying that his papers were in the hands of the authorities there, and would only be delivered in person. He decided to take my mother and myself with him and go overland, without waiting for the yearly vessel from Yerba Buena which would soon be due at Monterey, where we were staying. It was nearly Christmas when we began the journey. Word was sent ahead by a man on horseback to some of the smaller ranches at which we meant to stop, so that we were expected. A young American who had reached the coast with letters from the city of Mexico heard of our plans, and came to my father to ask if he might travel with us to Los Angeles, which was easily arranged. He did not know a word of Spanish, and I have often laughed at some of his experiences on the road, owing to his ignorance of our ways and speech. At one house the señora gave him some fruit, whereupon he handed her two reals, which she let fall on the floor in surprise, while the old don, her husband, fell upon his knees and said in Spanish, "Give us no money, no money at all; everything is free in a gentleman's house!" A young lady who was present exclaimed in great scorn, "*Los Engleses pagar por todos!*" ("The English pay for everything.") I afterward told the American what they had said, and explained the matter as well as I could, but he thought it a foolish thing that no one, not even servants, would take money for services. We several times met grown people, and heads of families, who had never heard any language except Spanish, and who did not know, in fact, that any other language existed. They were really afraid of our American, and once I was asked if there were any other people like him.

Our route took us up the Salinas Valley and over the mountains to the coast valleys and the Missions. At San Miguel we found everything prepared for a jubilee over the prosperous year. The men walked about and fired off their carbines and home-made fireworks, while the padres' servant swung a burning oaken brand in the air, and lighted a few rockets. Inside the church the Indian choir was singing. We saw it all, until about ten o'clock that night; then the alcalde of the village came with fresh horses, and we went on, as it was very pleasant traveling.

The young American picked up some words in Spanish; he could say "*Gracios*," "*Si, señor*," and a few other phrases. One day we passed a very ugly Indian woman, and he asked me how to ask her how old she was. Out of mischief I whispered, "*Yo te amor*," which he said at once, and she, poor creature, immediately rose from her seat on the ground and replied, "*Gracios, Señor, pero soy indio*" ("but I am an Indian"), which gave us sport till long after. The next day our companion gave me a lesson in English by way of revenge. It was the day before Christmas, and we had reached San Buenaventura. It was a holiday for every one. After mass all the men and boys assembled on horseback in front of the church, with the padre and the alcalde at their head. They rode about in circles like a circus, fired guns, beat drums, and shouted. I thought it was very fine, and by signs I asked my American friend how he liked it, and he answered, "Dam-fools!" with such energy that I supposed they were words of praise. Indeed, I used the bad words as very proper English for a year or two, until I learned better, when I was of course much mortified.

When near Los Angeles we had the nearest approach to an adventure of our whole journey. We spent the night at a ranch-house. As I was the young lady of the party, the hostess gave up her own private room to me. At the end of it was an alcove with a window, and in front of the window stood a shrine, with wax figures of the holy Virgin and the child Christ. Before them were vases, and fresh wild-flowers from the hills — the golden poppies, the first blue "baby eyes," and the white "star-flowers," that bloom at Christmas time.

To judge from appearances the only shrine to which our host was devoted was the cockpit, for the courtyard of the adobe was fairly lined with rows of the "blooded birds" so popular at that time with many wealthy rancheros, each one tied to a stake by his leg, and being trained for the battlefield. The young American, who, like many other foreigners, took up with our bad customs more easily than with our good ones, was

greatly delighted when he saw the rows of fighting cocks in the yard. He offered to buy one, but the owner thought them too precious to sell. At last, by signs, he wagered a dollar on the homeliest of the lot. The host, accepting the wager, released his favorite. Instead of fighting, the two birds went through the window into the room I had occupied, and that with such force that there was a crash, and a mixture of feathers, wax saints, and flowers on the floor. Our host turned pale, and rushed in to disentangle his pets, while the American jumped up and down on a porch, shouting, "*Bueno! bueno!*" The birds were now fighting in earnest, but the host separated them, gave them to a servant, mounted the saddled horse which always stood ready, day or night, and, with a faint "*Adios*" to me, disappeared. He knew what he was about, as events proved, for the rage of his wife when she saw the broken shrine was something terrible. The moment she came on the scene she cried out, "Where is he?" and going into the inner courtyard she began to release the game-cocks, which hastened to hide in the nearest shelter. The next morning, when we took our departure, the master of the house had not yet returned, and the mistress was endeavoring to restore the shrine.

Amalia Sibrian.

A Glimpse of Domestic Life in 1827.

THE ladies of Monterey in 1827 were rarely seen in the street, except very early in the morning on their way to church. We used to go there attended by our servants, who carried small mats for us to kneel upon, as there were no seats. A tasteful little rug was considered an indispensable part of our belongings, and every young lady embroidered her own. The church floors were cold, hard, and damp, and even the poorer classes managed to use mats of some kind, usually of tule woven by the Indians.

The dress worn in the mornings at church was not very becoming; the *rebozo* and the petticoat being black, always of cheap stuff, and made up in much the same way. All classes wore the same; the padres told us that we must never forget that all ranks of men and women were equal in the presence of the Creator, and so at the morning service it was the custom to wear no finery whatever. One mass was celebrated before sunrise, for those whose duties compelled them to be at work early; later masses took place every hour of the morning. Every woman in Monterey went daily to church, but the men were content to go once a week.

For home wear and for company we had many expensive dresses, some of silk, or of velvet, others of laces, often of our own making, which were much liked. In some families were imported laces that were very old and valuable. The rivalry between beauties of high rank was as great as it could be in any country, and much of it turned upon attire, so that those who had small means often underwent many privations in order to equal the splendor of the rich.

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs for a generation in Mexico and in all the provinces, and the great difficulty of obtaining teachers, most of the girls of the time had scanty educations. Some of my playmates could speak English well, and quite a number knew something of French. One of the gallants of the time said that "dancing, music, religion, and amiability" were the orthodox occupations of the ladies of Alta California. Visitors from other countries have said many charming things about the manners, good health, and comeliness of these ladies, but it is hardly right for any of us to praise ourselves. The ladies of the province were born and educated here; here they lived and died, in complete ignorance of the world outside. We were in many ways like grown-up children.

Our servants were faithful, agreeable, and easy to manage. They often slept on mats on the earthen floor, or, in the summer time, in the courtyards. When they waited on us at meals we often let them hold conversations with us, and laugh without restraint. As we used to say, a good servant knew when to be silent and when to put in his *cuchara* (or spoon).

Brigida Briones.

A Letter from General Sutter.

THE following letter from General Sutter to Governor Alvarado has been furnished us for publication by the kindness of the family of the latter. It gives a glimpse of the relation of the two men in 1841. The "body of American farmers" referred to were evidently the party whose experiences General Bidwell has narrated in the November CENTURY, the "young man" being "Jimmy" John.

A su Excelencia Señor Don Juan Bauptistta Alvarado, Gobernador Constitutional de las dos Californias, en Monterey.

EXCELLENT SIR! Allow me to write you this time in English, because I like not to make mistakes in an expression.

I have the honour to send you with this an Act, of a comitted Crime on this place; please give me your Orders what I have to do with the Delinquent which is keept as a Prisoner here.

Delinquent Henry Bee was put in Irons, but his friends bound themselves for 1000 Dollars Security, when I would take the irons from him, in which their Wishes I consented.

John Wilson, Black Jack, is well known as at life he was a bad Character, which may be something in Bee's favour.

Waiting for your Orders, I shall keep the Delinquent in Prison.

The Trapping party from the Columbia River will be here in about 8 Days, under Command of Mr. Ermatinger, I am also waiting for one of my friends a German Gentleman with the same party, I believe he travels for his pleasure.

A strong body of American farmers are coming here; a young Man of the party got lost from the party since 10 Days, nearly starved to death and on foot, he don't know which Direction the party took, I believe the will come about the Direction of the Pueblo.

I was also informed that an other Company is coming stronger than this under Mr. Fanum [Farnum].

Some very curious Rapports came to me, which made me first a little afraid, but after two hours I get over the fit.

I remain, Excellent Sir!
Very Respectfully
Your
Most Obedient Servant,
J. A. SUTTER.

NUEVA HELVETIA, November 4 de 1841.

P. S.—In a short time I will have a Secretary who is able to write Spanish.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

How to Develop American Sentiment among Immigrants.

WHATEVER individual opinion may be on the policy of restricting immigration, or however public sentiment concerning this question may shift, there can be no difference about the desirability and the necessity of making good Americans of those already here or certain to come. That the country still makes demand for strong, healthy men and women is not open to doubt, and it is almost equally clear that the supply must come, now as ever, from the countries of Europe.

It is important, therefore, to consider the conditions that surround the humble people of other lands — "who are seeking to convert obstacle into opportunity, and wrest achievement from difficulty"— who find here their place and their work. They are not criminals, or suspects, or paupers, or anarchists, or socialists, or disorganizers. They have no intention of joining the ranks of the so-called "dangerous classes." They are simply plain people brought up in the fear of God, and with a desire and a necessity to earn an honest living by their labor.

They learn in due time that here, with universal suffrage, residence means citizenship. They attach themselves to one of our great political parties, moved thereto, as others are, by association, interest, or opinion. They may not know much about the complicated institutions under which they must live; but they are teachable, willing, and anxious to learn. In the case of adults, their schooldays are over; so that they cannot by this means be fused into our life, with its new customs, manners, and ideas. They were born to conditions greatly different from those in the home of their adoption. They come from countries where the distinctions of classes are sharp, and where the requirements of standing armies impose burdens which have no existence here. But it must not be forgotten that while the latter are burdens, they also insure a discipline not to be acquired from our customary modes of life.

Among our foreign-born population there is no characteristic stronger than the desire to become real American citizens. From their earliest days here the majority of them manifest this. In many cases they want to pass as Americans, not as foreigners, and there is less of a desire to associate only with their compatriots than is charged to them. But in all this they are confronted with serious difficulties. Their fortunes must of necessity be cast for a time with their own countrymen, from whom they learn whatever they can of their new environment. They are desirous of becoming active in our politics, not merely as office-seekers or office-holders,—although they furnish their full quota of these, — but as interested persons, anxious to contribute to the proper settlement of great and important questions. It is in this that they need help, as, indeed, do thousands of our native-born citizens.

It is pertinent to inquire what we are doing for these people. How are we training them for their new duties? To whom do we turn them over without so much as a thought? What is the school in which they must learn what they can about our system of government, and who are their teachers? As a rule, being a humble people, they find themselves forced into tenement or crowded residence districts. From the time they declare an intention to become citizens they are courted by politicians. In many cases they get their training from demagogues, who themselves are without any clear or just ideas of our political system. They may make their way into the political clubs or organizations to be found in all large cities. Often their countrymen who have preceded them, many of them with personal ends to serve by the control of votes or the assumption to control them, lead them hither and thither. The man who supposes that any considerable proportion of these hard-working immigrants would, of their own motion, procure illegal naturalizations, or practise other frauds upon the suffrage, does not understand their character and purposes. They are ignorantly led into wrong-doing by reckless schemers.

Without direction many of these people fall into the hands of labor agitators, few of whom are both intelligent and disinterested. Many of them are designing men, some are demagogues, and still more are themselves ignorant of American principles and institutions, crude in their ideas of political economy, and solicitous mostly for the promotion of personal ends. Even these men need instruction, and many of them, if compelled day by day to meet arguments supplied to their now helpless followers by such agencies as those proposed, would soon become ashamed, and themselves become pupils instead of assuming to be teachers or leaders.

The statement is made from time to time that we are admitting great masses of socialists. The number is exaggerated, and more importance is attached to the utterances of these than they deserve. It must be admitted, however, that some of them know just enough to be dangerous. But they are permitted to go among their fellows, to inoculate them with whatever doctrines they choose, and there is nothing to oppose them. Nobody has furnished their hearers with arguments, or taken steps to teach them that in America, where conditions are fairly equal, no necessity exists for the violent agitation of these questions. But train bright young men among these immigrants to know what their duties are, teach them their rights, put at their disposal arguments with which to meet the specious assertions of self-styled and talkative leaders, and the much-vaunted dangers of socialism would disappear.

It is time to inquire what citizen or organization of citizens, with unselfish and patriotic motives, meets these new citizens and carries into their humble homes some knowledge of their new environments, political, industrial, and social. Is there any society, either in the large cities or in the sparsely settled communities where they find homes, which tries to teach them what

the Constitution of the United States is, or the history of the country in which they are to pass their lives? [1]

The question must have a negative answer. They are left without the protection and knowledge such persons could give them. As a rule, they are given over to that inexorable law of supply and demand which makes no terms and knows no mercy. There are organizations in almost every city to defend, without cost, humble working men and women from imposition on the part of their employers. These do much good. But is there any reason why the mental needs of these people should not have similar aids? Why should not these men be taught what it really means to be an American citizen? This work is made the more easy because of the tendency of immigrants towards cities. Even this is only a natural drift, because it is there that association and opportunity are to be found; it is there also that the bad elements of humanity abound; it is there that temptations multiply, and it is there that the people subjected to them need help.

But who gives it? In what schools or lecture-rooms do these young men find teachers? There are plenty of charitable institutions, there are almshouses almost without number, and every kind of asylum for the unfortunate. These, however, profess only to alleviate physical suffering or promote bodily comfort. There is no reason why good people in every community should not associate with the purpose of giving aid to the people who need it so much. Few of these future citizens know anything about the elementary principles of our republican system; they know almost nothing of federal, state, or local government, and still less of the distinctions between them. They soon learn something of the language,— the child's power to make known wants,— but their knowledge of its literature is scanty. The most promising among them do not acquire much, the dull little or nothing; but with guidance and instruction, with the helping word and the kindly aid to be given by unselfish men and women, these courageous young persons, already here and certain to be made or marred as American citizens, will learn what they most need. They will find that bad and costly government may come as the result of their want of knowledge, and that they themselves must in the end bear more than their share of burdens, ignorantly or corruptly imposed. They will find that they have it in their power to promote honest politics and good government; that they have obligations as well as rights.

The churches do much, but they need help. These people are poor and ignorant, and are subject to every earthly temptation, so that the churches and the clergy find their task more and more difficult. In order to supplement the work of existing agencies, night schools and lectures, designed primarily for the instruction of foreign-born citizens, might be instituted in every large city in which these elements find a refuge. Young men and women of leisure and cultivation would thus find employment of a kind befitting their character and training, and would in this way be able to make some return to government and society for the benefits they themselves have enjoyed; while the good they would do to aspiring citizens — to the men who in the future will have in their hands the weal or the woe of their country — would be inestimable. The work to be done has only the slightest reference to the three R's or their infinite variations. These must be left to individual effort and to the schools. What is needed is the teaching of the fundamentals of American life.

As it is, too much is left for the children and grandchildren of foreign-born citizens. There is a notion that our duties begin with them. But as most immigrants are still young men when they come here, the importance of doing something with them and for them, and of doing it at once, ought to be recognized. It is these men who must perform most of the manual labor. They are to vote taxes up or to vote them down, and they ought to be taught how to do either with knowledge. It is quite as important that they should know these as that poor children should be carried into the country in summer, or provided with coals in winter. Every kind of philanthropic work is organized and carried out, while the important one of teaching genuine Americanism to millions of honest though simple-minded people is mainly left to chance. We thank God that no man in a great city need go hungry, while, without pang or question, we consign future citizens to the tender mercies of ignorant, reckless, or corrupt political managers.

Such work can be organized and carried on without asking the public for great sums of money. The movement must have a beginning, and it must be humble. But that it will grow, be appreciated by both pupils and teachers, and increase the intelligence and usefulness of all concerned in it, cannot be questioned. In due time it would develop in other directions. When experiments prove that one class of these new people is willing to accept instruction in its duties as citizens, and that young men and women can be found for giving such instruction, it will not be long before applications would be made for teaching in cooking, and other practical subjects, for the benefit of the women among these immigrants.

The organizers of religious and intellectual movements often forget that there is much unused talent in our cities; that there are thousands of young persons who have been trained in schools and in books, but that, being so trained, they have not been able to find employment for their talents and energies. They are waiting only for invitation and leadership, and there is no channel into which their work might better be turned than that suggested in this paper.

There is a tendency on the part of a good many people to belittle what is termed politics. The reason for this is not difficult of discovery. Many of the methods employed in "practical" politics are bad and disheartening. The men who use them are not agreeable either in person or in perspective. But, next to the bread and butter employment, politics is, to the ordinary citizen, really the most important consideration. The protection of life and property, the imposition of taxes, the relations of the State to individuals and industry, the duties of individuals and industries to the State — the importance of all these cannot be overestimated. It is these things that the foreigner who has come to America to pass the remainder of his life needs to know. The better teachers he has in genuine Americanism the better it will be, not only for him, but for the country, and the sooner he will master enough of

[1] Since this was written we learn of an important movement among a single class of immigrants, of which more anon.

the essentials necessary to enable him to cast a manhood vote in the full and true meaning of that term.

There need be no fear that such efforts will not be welcomed by the persons to be benefited by them. Personal interest, pride, and necessity will unite in drawing to such schools or institutions the best and most promising of these new citizens. Not only is this true, but in due time the most efficient teachers and the most liberal contributors will be found among the beneficiaries themselves. It is a work that must appeal to many intelligent and philanthropic people, and one which, once started, will be carried on by its own momentum.

Ballot Reform as an Educator.

ADVOCATES for the extension of the right of suffrage have always claimed for it that it exerts an educating influence. In England, where the ballot has been extended from one class to another by clear and well-defined gradations, the contention is correct; but this process has made necessary the enactment of stringent laws against the abuse of the right thus conferred. They are the growth of necessity. In the gradual but almost indefinite enlargement of the suffrage there was developed a large number of voters who, though they had little interest politically in the result of an election, and less knowledge of the principles upon which it was to be settled, had really a personal interest in disposing of their votes for money or its equivalent.

It is clear that the mere right to vote — nowhere deemed a natural one and everywhere restricted — does not carry with it such sense of responsibility as to fit all men who have it for an intelligent use of it. As interests became more direct and personal, as political issues became more important or more complex, and as bad men and bad methods gained the ascendancy, even the right to vote, by those upon whom it had been conferred, was itself subjected to limitation. It may in truth be said that, while bribery is not confined to the most ignorant of the voting population, the majority of corruptible voters is found among them. This rendered inevitable the adoption of methods which should restrict the power of these men to do harm, and for this the secret ballot has been found an efficient instrument.

But the advantages of the secret ballot, first successfully applied in Australia, are not limited to this view. It is showing itself a most efficient educator; not in the generally accepted sense that the man who has the right to vote will learn, as the result of it and for his own interest, to cast that vote intelligently, but as an active ally of our school system. Under the old methods of voting not only was corruption possible, but ignorant men were led to do the behests of bosses or managers without the expenditure of money. This served such men even more effectually than direct bribery. It cost nothing, and it was effective, for the reason that the man who will vote with such ox-like patience and fidelity can be depended upon with more confidence than the one who is bribed.

In a remarkably short time after the beginning of the agitation the Australian ballot has been adopted in some form in a number of States. Under this system the first necessity was a degree of intelligence on the part of the voter. The law provides for assistance to illiterate voters; but it is this confession of ignorance that hurts the man who has to make it. He may not be ashamed to be ignorant, but he is ashamed to have it known. That he cannot read or write may not seriously affect his own opinion of himself, so long as the knowledge of it is confined to his own family; but when he must confess it before an election board composed of his neighbors, the reproach becomes a sting. In the same manner the voter next in grade above the illiterate, the man who can barely read and write, does not like to run the risk of losing his vote, and with it the power to help himself or his friends, because he does not know how to prepare his ballot.

As a result of this feeling, a direct consequence of the enactment of these laws, schools have been established in almost every community in those States which have adopted the new system. In these schools or classes voters of the lower degrees of intelligence have assembled themselves, anxious to learn something of the new system. Even political clubs and organizations under the sway of the most insolent bosses have been led by the instinct of self-preservation to adopt the same policy.

Thus, as the first result of this agitation, the spectacle has been witnessed of some real attention to the prime requisites in a voter. Instead of blind acquiescence in the dictates of managers, or the action of nominating conventions, the voter shows his interest in what concerns him and the public most directly in the matter of voting, as well as the one important consideration — his fitness for casting this vote with intelligence and reason. In some of the States of the South negroes of mature years, whom the public schools have never been able to reach, have devoted themselves with energy to the task of learning to read and write. In the North it has not, as a rule, been necessary to carry on the work in such an elementary way. But thousands of electors have found it desirable to get instruction in voting. This has not been limited to partizan tickets or to candidates, but has comprehended those things hitherto neglected, the essentials of intelligent voting. That this instruction has been given by political organizations under the rule of bosses does not argue that these voters, when once instructed, will continue to vote just as such organizations or managers may direct.

As in the matter of bribery, there is no assurance that when a pupil has once learned this lesson he will not also have learned another — that his vote is his own; that, being left alone in the voting booth "with God and his lead-pencil" he can fearlessly vote his own sentiments.

Complaint has long been made that while education is so universal and so costly it has not borne fruit in politics. More and more the influence of the public school has waned, and that of vote manipulators waxed strong. Under the new impulse created by necessity the ballot bids fair to become an efficient ally of the public school. With a secret ballot some may be disfranchised temporarily; in the end its results are sure to be helpful to better politics, as well as to general intelligence and to personal independence.

This phase of the agitation should not be overlooked, and the friends of the reform may well put this forward as an additional argument in those States where the secret ballot has not yet been adopted.

The Decline of Superannuation.

THE readiness of Vermont to give another term in the United States Senate to a man who had already completed his eightieth year is a striking evidence of what may be styled the decline of superannuation. Justin S. Morrill was born in 1810, and yet, when a legislature was to be chosen in 1890 which would elect a senator, the only question as to its action hinged upon the willingness of this octogenarian to accept a fresh commission from his commonwealth. The fact that Mr. Morrill is the first man in our history to be held eligible to such service when past eighty makes his case especially noteworthy, but in truth it only emphasizes a long-growing tendency, which has wrought nothing short of a revolution in the popular feeling regarding old age.

No fallacy is more firmly fixed in the public mind than that which represents the establishment of our government as the work of old men. The delusion is imbibed in childhood, and is unconsciously cultivated by the text-books used in school. The "fathers of the Republic" are depicted in all the histories with wigs, queues, and other accessories of dress that apparently betoken age, and the pupil naturally concludes that they must have been old when the nation was born. In point of fact, they were an uncommonly young set of men. George Washington, senior in age as well as in authority and influence, was but 43 when the Revolution broke out, and 57 when he became first President; Thomas Jefferson, only 33 when he wrote the Declaration of Independence; Alexander Hamilton, but 32 when he became Secretary of the Treasury; James Madison, only 23 when he was made member of a Virginia committee of safety, and 36 when he was Hamilton's great collaborator in the production of that political classic "The Federalist."

Nor were the leaders in the great enterprise exceptional in this matter of age. Forty names were signed to the Constitution of the United States on the 17th of September, 1787. Leaving out of account four whose birthdays are not given by the books of reference, only five of the remaining thirty-six had reached the age of 60; twenty of the number were less than 45 years old; and twelve were under 40, among the latter being one (Hamilton) of 30, another of 29, a third of 28, and a fourth who lacked some months of 27 when the convention met. The average age of all the members did not quite reach 45 years. The most important committee to which the instrument was referred for final revision consisted of five members, four of whom were between 30 and 36 years of age, the fifth and least prominent being 60.

As the men who framed the Constitution were for the most part not advanced in years, so was its interpretation intrusted to a bench with a strong bent towards youth. John Jay, the first Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, was but 43, and James Iredell, one of his associates, only 39. Bushrod Washington, appointed by Adams in 1798, was but 36, and William Johnson, an appointee of Jefferson's in 1804, only 32. This last was also the age of Joseph Story when Madison in 1811 made him an associate of Johnson. Nor were such men strangers to the bench when made members of the highest tribunal at these comparatively early ages. Jay had been Chief-Justice of New York at 31; Iredell, judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina when only 27; and Johnson, judge of the South Carolina Court of Common Pleas at the same age.

Comparatively early ages, we have just said. But the expression is only correct when the matter is regarded from the standpoint of to-day. A hundred years ago youth and old age were terms which meant very different things. When the people of the new nation began considering who should be its chief magistrate, Washington was only 56 years of age, and yet he considered the "advanced season of life" which he had reached a just bar to further employment in the public service. "Unwilling in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties" — so he wrote when leaving Mount Vernon to take the oath of office in the spring of 1789.

The hardships of the Revolutionary War had, of course, left their mark upon Washington, and doubtless had something to do with making him feel an old man while he was still in his fifties. But he expressed only the common judgment of his contemporaries when, as in another letter written before he became President, he regarded "the increasing infirmities of nature" at his "time of life" as disqualifying a man of his years for activity, or at least justifying him in seeking retirement. In the case of the judiciary, indeed, this opinion had sometimes found expression in law, the constitution of New York, adopted in 1777, having provided that no man could be a judge beyond the age of 60, on the ground of his presumable inability for good work on the bench after that age. The popular attitude regarding age which Washington reflected continued during the following generation. It is true that the reverence for the heroes of the Revolution kept many of them in the public service late in life, but the average age at which men were made representatives, senators, and judges still continued remarkably low. David Stone was elected senator from North Carolina in 1801, while in his thirty-first year; Thomas Worthington from Ohio in 1803, when just past 30; and Henry Clay took his seat from Kentucky in 1806, nearly four months before he had reached the constitutional limit of 30, nobody being sufficiently impressed by his youthfulness to take the trouble of looking up his birthday and his eligibility to a seat.

Lincoln's career furnishes a curious proof of the survival of this feeling, especially in the newer States of the Union, down to the middle of the present century. If Lincoln had lived he would now be only a year the senior of Senator Morrill, and yet more than forty years ago he wrote himself down as already an old man. His partner, William H. Herndon, had sent him a letter in 1848, while he was a member of Congress, complaining that the old men in their county were unwilling to let the young ones have any opportunity to distinguish themselves. In his reply Lincoln referred to the subject of the letter as exceedingly painful, declared his conviction that there was some mistake in this impression as to the motives of the old men, and then said:

> I suppose I am now one of the old men, and I declare on my veracity, which I think is good with you, that nothing could afford me more satisfaction than to learn that you and others of my young friends at home were doing

battle in the contest, and endearing themselves to the people and taking a stand far above any I have ever been able to reach in their admiration. I cannot conceive that other old men feel differently. Of course I cannot demonstrate what I say; but I was young once, and I am sure I was never ungenerously thrust back.

There is abundant evidence that Lincoln only expressed the popular impression in thus placing himself among "the old men" of Illinois when he was but 39 years of age. It is matter of record that when Ninian Edwards was a candidate for governor of that State in 1826, being then only 51 years old, he considered it necessary to answer a charge that he was too old for the place, and to urge, in extenuation of his admitted lack of youth, that there are some old things, like old whisky, old bacon, and old friends, which are not without their merits.

Contrast with such a state of popular feeling the situation at the present day. More than half of the constitutional convention of 1787 were men who had not reached the age of 45, while there are only seven men who are not past 45 among the eighty-eight members of the United States Senate to-day, and four of these come from the younger States of the West, where there are fewer old men than in the East, Maine and Vermont having, according to the census returns of age, more than six times as many males past the age of 60 proportionally as Colorado and the Dakotas. No less than thirty-seven of the eighty-eight Senators, or nearly half of all, are past 60, and nine of them beyond 70, as three others will be within a few months. Mr. Morrill has a colleague from Ohio who, like him, was born in 1810; two who were born in 1816, and three in 1818. Three of these have, like him, sought and obtained reëlections after they were past 70. The average age of all the Senators falls only about a year short of 60. In the Supreme Court the change has been equally remarkable. Since Pierce's day but one man has been placed upon this bench who had not passed the age of 45, while of the twelve appointees during the past two decades no less than four were more than 60 when they took their seats. Of the eight judges left after Mr. Miller's death one is 70 years old, one is 74, and one is 77.

These changes imply and represent a change in public sentiment regarding what constitutes old age which is, as has been said, nothing less than revolutionary. The man of 39 who should to-day speak of himself as an old man would be laughed at. A few months ago a college presidency was offered to a man of 42, and he was universally described by the press as "a young man," "a man in his early prime." Victor Hugo's dictum that "40 is the old age of youth" is already losing its point; and his companion assertion that "50 is the youth of old age" is also becoming an anachronism. When one is accounted still young after he has turned 40 it seems absurd to begin calling him old at 50, nor need he be superannuated at 70. The example of the senior justices on the Supreme bench is most significant in this respect. The law authorizes a member of this court who has served 10 years to retire upon a full pay pension when he reaches 70, but for several years Justices Bradley and Field have declined to avail themselves of this privilege, as did the late Justice Miller during the last four years of his life. They have felt the capacity to do their work, and they preferred work to idleness for the same pay. And the country has been disposed to commend their decision. People can see no good reason why a judge whose store of knowledge and experience was never before so large should be laid upon the shelf arbitrarily when he reaches a certain age, as Chancellor Kent in 1823 was forced from the bench by the New York constitution because he was 60, although possessed of such physical and mental vigor that he afterwards produced his still famous "Commentaries on American Law." Having removed the temptation of senility to cling to office simply for its needed salary, to which the judges of State courts where there were no judicial pensions have sometimes yielded, the nation enjoys seeing its highest bench adorned by veterans whose fitness for service keeps pace with their years.

The fundamental cause of this change is a physical one — the fact that the average length of human life has been much extended during the past century. True of all highly civilized lands, this is particularly true of a young country like ours. The pioneer period in any community must necessarily be hard and wearing, consuming vitality fast and hastening unduly the approach of old age. A man who has undergone such an experience may easily bear enough traces of it to be accounted old at 50, while another man of a constitution naturally no more robust may find people hardly associating the idea of age with him at 60 or 65. Wider knowledge of the laws of health, better methods of living, have added many years to the period of normal activity, and pushed forward by as many years the time of necessary retirement.

Along with the physical change which defers the oncoming of old age there has been a mental change in the popular estimation of old age when it has arrived. The savage's contempt for this period of life has yielded under modern civilization to a growing respect. Men are less disposed than they once were to thrust aside as out of date those who have come down from a former generation. There is greater recognition than formerly of the value of experience, and the ripened wisdom borne by well-spent years is more highly prized. The change may be observed in every other sphere of life, no less than on the Supreme bench of the nation. It is a change every way to be commended, in the interest of society as well as of the individual. Enforced retirement while one is yet capable of good work has embittered the closing years of a host of active-minded men, and lost the community much excellent service; the decline of superannuation is therefore a most healthy sign of the times.

A Service to American Literature.

THE publication of the last of the eleven volumes of the "Library of American Literature from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time" is an event which should be noted not merely by the literary world in its narrow and professional sense, but by all who read books and are interested in the intellectual progress of the country. Many among those who have followed the volumes as they have successively appeared, now that the very last has been issued, in which the "Library" is fully analyzed, indexed, revised, and supplemented by its editors[1] — many, we say, must now

[1] A valuable addition to the final volume is a series of biographies of all the authors represented, prepared by Mr. Stedman's son, Mr. Arthur Stedman.

feel that they had not fully appreciated the labor and intelligence involved in the undertaking, even if they had already been struck by the range, catholicity, and typical value of the selections. The editors do not make too high a claim when they say that in progressing with the "Library" they realized, after awhile, that they had builded better than they knew; that their "National Gallery was presenting a rare conspectus of American life — yes, of American history, in all departments of imagination, action, and opinion."

The work that the editors have here performed is unprecedented in its field, and one the like of which will probably not be seen again in our day. Such copyrights as have been placed at their disposal have never been surrendered with such liberality to a literary enterprise of similar nature, the authors and publishers represented doubtless feeling an unusual interest in a series of selections prepared by such highly competent hands.

In surveying this record of American literature, with its gallery of engraved portraits, it has been a great pleasure to us to remark — at a time when we have been celebrating THE CENTURY MAGAZINE'S twentieth anniversary — that this periodical has been so closely connected with the remarkable development of our native literature during the past two decades. The readers of the Stedman-Hutchinson Library will find therein specimens of the literature as well as the "counterfeit presentments" of many men and women who have won public recognition in the pages of THE CENTURY. We are sorry to say that owing to editorial modesty they will miss examples of the fine and rare poetic genius of the junior editor of the "Library," as well as of the vigorous and illuminating prose and the clear, high, and accomplished verse of Mr. Stedman, one of THE CENTURY'S first and foremost contributors. The consolation for the loss of such extracts is in the knowledge that unusual and original talents have gone to the editing of the "Library"— and, as to that matter, any subscriber thereto can easily supplement in the directions named the present full and otherwise thoroughly representative collection.

Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson have done American literature, American history, and American patriotism a great and lasting service.

New York as a Historic Town.

IN the city of New York, as in the other great cities of the world, a large proportion of the population consists of men who have come to it late in life mainly because it is the metropolis of the country. Not having been born here, not being bound to the city by the ties of youthful acquaintance, these new-comers are often lacking not only in a proper civic pride, but even in a fair knowledge of the history of the town wherein they have chosen to dwell. They do not understand the forces which have been at work in the past to make the community what it is in the present. In New York, for instance, they do not know why the marble City Hall has a brown-stone back — that monument to the short-sightedness of its builders, who did not believe that the town would ever spread farther up the island. They are often alarmed by symptoms which seem to them strange and new, unaware that some of these things are not newly portentous since they have existed almost unchanged from the days when New York was New Amsterdam.

To set forth the story of the city of New York, of its founding and of its growth, of its struggles and of its success; to do this with a knowledge of the details of the past, and with an appreciation of the difficulties of the present; to tell the tale briefly, briskly, vividly — this is not only to write a good book, it is to do a good deed. And this is what Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has done in the volume he has just written for the series of "Historic Towns," edited by Professor Freeman.

For writing a history of New York City Mr. Roosevelt is exceptionally well qualified. A native New Yorker of the old Dutch stock, he has taken part in the public life of the city ever since he arrived at man's estate, and he has done yeoman service for the cause of good government. He has had a personal acquaintance with the practical part of politics, likely to be as useful to a historian as Gibbon declared that his brief service in the militia had been to him when he came to describe the evolutions of the Roman legionaries. Mr. Roosevelt's earlier literary labors have also stood him in good stead. His "Naval History of the War of 1812" helped him to understand the mercantile development of New York; his biography of "Gouverneur Morris" made him an authority on noted New Yorkers of the Revolution; and his "Winning of the West" gave him a sympathy with the pioneer, the settler, and the wandering trader, more akin in condition and not unlike in character to those who founded New York, and by whose efforts it gained its first growth.

Mr. Roosevelt is a master of vigorous narrative, with the faculty of telling a tale briskly, and of setting a figure before us firm on its feet. After reading his pages we know Peter Stuyvesant better, and Jacob Leisler; we understand George Clinton and Aaron Burr, as we see them presented amid the conditions which cause them and which they helped to create; and more recently we recognize in the etched outlines of the shabby figures of Fernando Wood and of William M. Tweed the result of conditions still existing and of causes still in operation.

For us who now see in New York a French quarter and an Italian quarter, a Chinese quarter and a negro quarter, and who know how small a part of the whole these four quarters are, it is well to be reminded that even when grim old Peter Stuyvesant ruled the city the population was very mixed — the Dutch being most numerous, then the English (from New England and from old England alike), then the French Huguenots, and the Walloons and Germans, and men of so many other stocks that sixteen languages and dialects were spoken on this island of Manhattan. At the head of affairs were good men and true; but deep down below there was danger then as now. Mr. Roosevelt tells us that imported bond-servants escaped to New York from New England and Virginia and found congenial associates from half the countries of Europe, "while even beneath their squalid ranks lay the herd of brutalized black slaves. It may be questioned whether seventeenth-century New Amsterdam did not include quite as large a proportion of undesirable inhabitants as nineteenth-century New York."

Even in the early days the lines of political cleavage were determined rather by caste than by race: social distinctions were more potent than differences of speech.

Perhaps this was due in part to the fact that no nationality was put at a disadvantage. It is now more than two hundred years since New York, "in line with that policy of extreme liberality toward all foreign-born citizens" which it has always followed, "conferred full rights of citizenship upon all white foreigners who should take the oath of allegiance." This special act was to benefit the Huguenots, then being expelled from France by tens of thousands; and the accession of a Dutch king to the English throne was yet another force working in favor of the fusion of races in this city — a fusion which "follows but does not precede," so Mr. Roosevelt tells us, "their adoption of a common tongue." To those who look with fear at the enormous influx of foreigners of late years it is encouraging to be told, as Mr. Roosevelt in effect tells us more than once, that probably there has been no time when those whose parents were born in New York have formed a majority of the population, and certainly there has been no time when the bulk of the citizens were of English blood. In public life the two chief men of the city in the last century were of non-English stock — Hamilton of Scotch and Creole descent, and Jay of Huguenot and Holland. So in this century the men most prominent in affairs were Astor, a German, and Vanderbilt, a Dutchman.

Despite this admixture, there has been no lack of patriotism here, no unwillingness to take the initiative. It was New York that called the first council of the colonies in 1690, it was in New York that the Stamp Act Congress met in 1765, and it was in New York that the first blood of the Revolution was spilt — for the Liberty Pole fight of 1770 took place six weeks before the Boston Massacre. It was New York that issued the call for the Continental Congress; it was in New York that "The Federalist" was published; and when trouble came again at last under the rule of the Constitution which "The Federalist" had explained and made possible, it was a New York regiment of militia which was one of the first to reach Washington.

Peace hath more victories than war, and of these quieter triumphs New York has had her share. Many men had sought to propel boats by steam; it was a citizen of New York who showed the way. Many men had tried to send messages by electricity; it was a citizen of New York who devised the best means to this end. And later the city of Fulton and of Morse was chosen for his home by Ericsson, the inventor of the screw steamship, who here added during a long life to the list of his important inventions, including the *Monitor*. In 1820, when Sydney Smith asked "Who reads an American book?" there had been written here but two books which any American need read now; these are "The Federalist" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York" — and both were written in New York. Irving was the first American author to be accepted in England, and another New Yorker, who soon followed him into literature, James Fenimore Cooper, was the first American author to be accepted throughout Europe.

It is well to be reminded of these things. A pride in the past helps us to take heart for the work of the present. The condition of the city is improving in many ways. There is, for instance, no ruffian in public life to-day as brutal as Isaiah Rynders; there are fewer riots, and these are sooner controlled; and it is not in New York now that the successor of Bill Poole would be honored with a public funeral. Notwithstanding some grievous set-backs, the city is slowly and surely advancing, though still scandalously behind many other large cities of the world in the art of self-government.

Protection for the Red Cross.

THE objects of the Red Cross International Association are not so well understood in this country as its merits warrant. The popular knowledge extends but little further than an understanding that the Red Cross is the badge of a humane institution which does relief work in war abroad and in calamities at home, such as the Johnstown disaster and the Mississippi floods. In reality the society is a far-reaching organization, ramifying through all the civilized nations of the world, except perhaps two or three, banding them together in the effort to make war less horrible and sudden calamities less disastrous. It originated in Switzerland, and its emblem, for the protection of which in this country a bill is now before Congress, is the flag of the Alpine republic with the colors reversed. The organization took the name of the symbol, and both became known as the universal sign of war relief among the armies of the civilized world. By the terms of the Geneva treaty, under the regulations of which the society has been internationally organized, there is now no other military hospital flag, and all hospital supplies, all attendants at a field or military hospital, must bear it as a sign of neutrality. It renders sacred from molestation every person or thing wearing or bearing it. It relates to the preservation of life on the greatest scale, and in the direst necessities known to mankind. Can any sign be higher or more sacred? Can mankind afford that it be trifled with by the mercenary and unscrupulous?

Yet this is what is being done, not only in our country but in all others, for everywhere governments are finding it necessary to protect from the spirit of commercialism a symbol sacred to the cause of humanity, in order that its fair fame may not be used, as it is being used, to advance the sale of cigars, washboards, whisky, and medicines. Under its protection serious frauds have been perpetrated. When the hearts of the people have been stirred by the knowledge of some great calamity, irresponsible persons have set up a so-called Red Cross Agency and have collected moneys for their own use, of which the true Red Cross has never had a cent. Such tricks defraud the people at a time when their generosity is not only most open-handed but most needed.

The organization was originally designed for service in war, but by a clause inserted in its constitution by Miss Barton, president of the American Red Cross Association, its forces have been brought to bear in times of elemental as well as human warfare. This provision has become known abroad as the "American amendment," and has been officially adopted by the other nations who are parties to the treaty.

The work which has fallen to the American association in the last eight years makes a somewhat startling record. The Red Cross has done what it found to do on twelve fields of national disasters, including one

fire, four floods, three cyclones, one epidemic, one famine, one earthquake, and one pestilence. It has attended two international conferences abroad as representative of the United States Government, and it is most noteworthy that it has neither received nor asked aid in any form from the government, not even the cost of arranging the treaty.

What it now asks in justice to the people, as well as for our credit with other nations, is official protection for the name and insignia adopted by the treaty, to the extent of making a false use of either a penal offense, punishable by fine, or imprisonment, or confiscation of the goods on which it appears. Within the last eighteen months a successful effort has been made to do this in nearly all other countries, each nation having found abundant proof of the necessity for this step within its own borders.[1] The resolutions of recent international conferences, the official action of other governments, and the direction of the committee of Geneva, have rendered it incumbent on the American association to take similar action.

The bill also seeks to incorporate the National association under the charter of the United States, since international regulation requires that there should be one national organization, and one alone, in each country, through which the Geneva committee may communicate with each government. The bill asks less rather than more power than that already possessed by the present association. The insignia and the institution belong to the government, and not to any society whatsoever, and the bill only proposes that the government through its officers shall take care of its own and prevent the unwarrantable intrusion of mercenary enterprises.

OPEN LETTERS.

A World-Literature.

THE other day I happened to drop into a small book-store here in Europe, and to my great surprise found there some numbers of THE CENTURY. Among others was that for April, 1890, in which I discovered the article on "World-Literature" as a basis of literary training. The article seemed to me so well said and so opportune withal, that I at once felt impelled to write you of my pleasure in reading it.

It is a very noticeable fact that the science of philology, great as have been its advances in this century, has less and less made itself felt upon literature. In the United States there is not, I believe, a single powerful writer who knows anything about philology — or, to put it better, there is not a single philologian who is a powerful writer. And this is the case the world over. One can think of men who have become intellectual forces in the modern world because of their knowledge of biology, of chemistry, of history, of political economy, of philosophy; but of no one (with the apparent exception of Renan) who has become so by his knowledge of philology. Indeed, it is a curious fact that modern philology, which now rejects as unscientific everything savoring of the belles-lettres, owes its own original impulse to literature, and not to its own inherent force. Thus the founder of Romance philology, Diez, was a devotee of Byron, and did his first literary work as a translator of Byron's verse. Thus the founders of Germanic philology were in the first place men under the influence of Goethe and his friends, and in the second place the Romanticists. To these men, laboring primarily because of a *literary* impulse, we really owe the foundation of modern philology. But now this same philology affects to cast off literature, and one finds at every turn invectives against what the German philologists love to call the *Belletristen*. Every day, that is, philology becomes more and more separated from literature — that is, from life. It has already ceased to have any real influence upon the opinions of mankind.

We cannot hope, then, that philology will give us in education material for the formation of writers. It has now fallen into the hands of men who have ends of their own, apart from the intellectual needs or desires of the world at large. They criticize according to their own standards, and he who ventures to work apart from those standards finds himself overwhelmed with ridicule and abuse. There is no way, then, but to cut loose from them, leave them to follow their own course, and for one's own part simply to use what of their results has practical value.

But whither shall we turn for that new conception of knowledge, that new adaptation of science to life, to the needs of men in general, which may fairly be expected to yield some fruit in practice? It seems to me that this article indicates with precision the direction we have to take. The first necessity is return to life, which philology has abandoned. To return to life is to turn to literature as the expression of life, to search in literature for the conceptions which have proved themselves really vital, and to study the expression given to these conceptions, wherever they have assumed final and adequate form. It is to follow in peoples the growth of perceptions needing expression, and to endeavor to make out that *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, which in life, in literature, in religion, constitutes the catholic faith. It is to study that parallelism which Wordsworth remarked between true literature and life, that mysterious power that the forms of art possess of working in harmony with the eternal forces of the universe, so that, apparently, men cannot help adopting as their own, in the long run, all that is both founded on fact and adequately expressed in literature. In short, it is to study literary expression, intellectual impulses, artistic and spiritual movements, as all having fundamental laws, intelligible to man if only they can be properly set forth.

MADRID, SPAIN. *M.*

[1] The Emperor of Japan and the King of Belgium have accepted the active presidencies of national associations, in order to uphold the organization with all the authority of their respective governments.

I WISH to call Mr. Higginson's attention to a course of study given in 1888 and 1889 at the University of Michigan by Mr. C. M. Gayley, then assistant professor of English. It was designated in the calendar as a course in literary criticism, and, with Aristotle's Poetics as a basis, dealt with the laws of the great divisions of literature, and with the application of these laws to the great examples of epic, tragedy, etc., in all times and in all languages.

The class met twice a week, once for an hour's lecture on the philosophical basis of literary criticism, and again for a two-hour session, one-half of which was occupied by essays, and the other half by general discussions on the points brought out in the essays and additional points presented by members of the class. The heavier subjects usually required two evenings, sometimes more — one for the discussion of laws, and one or more for their application. On one of these latter evenings Mr. Higginson might have seen his idea of a collegiate course of study in a world-literature approximately realized. Certain particular examples were always assigned, but the work was by no means confined to these, as the course was given for advanced students who had read widely. Although a good proportion of the class was familiar with the masterpieces of literature in their original settings, the course, being literary and not philological, was open to those who knew them chiefly through translations.

As will be seen, these are the broadest of outlines. Other topics, such as the lyric and the novel, were considered, and throughout there was no lack of minute dividing and subdividing, of building of theories, of hotly contested argument; and in a class of twenty or thereabouts the illustrations were perhaps only too apt to range from Dan to Beersheba.

Isabella M. Andrews.

Who was the First Woman Graduate?

IN an article on "The First Female College" (the Georgia Female College), in THE CENTURY for May, 1890, Mr. H. S. Edwards states that he has been unable to obtain the name of any woman who graduated at Oberlin in 1838. Correspondents inform us, however, that the information may be found in the Oberlin College triennial catalogue, which gives the name of Miss Zeruiah Porter (afterwards Mrs. Weed) as the graduate of 1838, and therefore the first graduate of an American female college. Miss Porter graduated in the so-called literary course, which did not include Greek. In 1841 Miss Mary Hosford, Miss Elizabeth S. Prall, and Miss Mary C. Rudd took the full classical degree of A. B. at Oberlin.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Jay-bird's Friday.

(There is a superstition among the old negroes of the South that the jay-birds are pledged to carry wood to his Satanic Majesty every Friday, and that they never fail to fulfil the obligation.)

DE sun he look out frough de wood,
All on Friday mornin',
Den he kiver up he face wid er big gray hood,
All on Friday mornin';
De lark she riz up f'om de dew,
All on Friday mornin',
But de jay-bird he got work ter do,
All on Friday mornin':
Don' you hear dat blue jay call,
Don' you hear de dead sticks fall?—
He totin' down firewood fur we all,
All on Friday mornin'.

De sap-sucker work wid he ax an' pick,
All on Friday mornin',
But oh! dat jay-bird make me sick,
All on Friday mornin';
De mawkin'-bird don' sing so sweet,
All on Friday mornin',
An' dey hain't no shuffle in dese ole feet,
All on Friday mornin':
Don' you hear dat blue jay call,
Don' you hear de dead sticks fall?—
He totin' down firewood fur we all,
All on Friday mornin'.

De pattridge call, but I hain't gwine come,
All on Friday mornin',
An' de bull-frog know he kin beat he drum,
All on Friday mornin'.
Oh! de jay-bird he play all de week,
Twel come Friday mornin',
Den he work lack er worfless, lazy sneak,
All on Friday mornin':
Don' you hear dat blue jay call,
Don' you hear de dead sticks fall?—
He totin' down firewood fur we all,
All on Friday mornin'.

He kerhootin' wid de debil es shore 's you born,
All on Friday mornin',
Fur he selled hisse'f fur er year er corn,
On er Friday mornin';
He work lack he s'archin' fur er bag er gole,
All on Friday mornin',
But he totin' down wood ter de debil's hole,
All on Friday mornin'.
Don' you hear dat blue jay call,
Don' you hear de dead sticks fall?—
He totin' down firewood fur we all,
All on Friday mornin'.

Um! dat fire gwine be mighty hot,
Come some Friday mornin'.
And de debil put de sinners in one big pot,
Come some Friday mornin'.
Den he laugh w'en she full, an' den he gwine grin,
All on Friday mornin',
Fur he gwine jes drap dat blue jay in,
All on Friday mornin'.
Don' you hear dat blue jay call,
Don' you hear de dead sticks fall?—
He totin' down firewood fur we all,
All on Friday mornin'.

Don' you hear dat jay-bird?—Dar!
Dis am Friday mornin'.
Oh! hit jes kinder creep up frough de ha'r,
All on Friday mornin'.
W'en he hear de jay-bird call,
W'en he hear de dead sticks fall,
Hit make de darky solemn, hit make 'im mighty small,
Ever' Friday mornin'.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

Uncle William's Picture.

UNCLE WILLIAM, last July,
Had his picture took.
"Have it done, of course," says I,
"Jes the way you look!"
(All dressed up, he was, fer the
Barbecue and jubilee
The Old Settlers helt.) So he—
Last he had it took.

Lide she 'd coaxed and begged and plead,
Sence her mother went;
But he 'd cough and shake his head
At all argyment;
Mebby clear his throat and say,
"What 's *my* likeness 'mount to, hey,
Now, with mother gone away
From us, like she went?"

But we 'd projick'd round, tell we
Got it figgered down
How we 'd git him, Lide and me,
Drivin' into town;
Bragged how well he looked, and fleshed
Up around the face, and freshed
With the morning air; and breshed
His coat-collar down.

All so providential! Why,
Now he 's dead and gone,
Picture 'pears so lifelike I
Want to start him on
Them old tales he ust to tell,
And old talks, so sociable,
And old songs he sung so well
'Fore his voice was gone!

Face is *sad* to *Lide*, and they 's
Sorrow in the eyes—
Kisses it sometimes, and lays
It away and cries:
I smooth down her hair, and 'low
He is happy, anyhow,
Bein' there with mother now—
Smile and wipe my eyes.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Twin Guests.

THE other day a chubby boy,
With wings and blinded eyes,
Came clamoring at my door, and I,
To rid me of his cries,
At last said, "Love, you may come in";
When, with dismay at heart,
I saw the rascal enter with
Almost his counterpart—
Except that while Love smiled, this one
Did mournfully complain.
"Where'er I go," the blind boy said,
"Goes my twin brother Pain."
They quickly drove calm Friendship out,
And what with tears and smiles
I can do naught but comfort Pain
And watch Love's pretty wiles.
And though sometimes in weariness
I wish them far away,
Again so sweet the torments are
I plead with them to stay.

Virginia Bioren Harrison.

On Looking into an Old Album.

THEY say 't was beyond comprehension
That I could be loath to propose;
So stately reserved when she chose,
But bending to love like a rose:
They say she 'd have welcomed the mention
Of marriage—who knows?

They say she had many a lover
In gems and immaculate dress;
Silk stockings and ruffles, no less
Than a peer of the realm would possess:
Why she favored me none could discover—
Nor I, I confess!

They say I kept missing my chances;
She married for money and died;
Her husband now sleeps by her side,
And I?—men drift with the tide—
Her granddaughter merrily dances
To-night as my bride!

Charles Knowles Bolton.

After Dinner.

FRAMED in our old veranda-chair,—
The sea-side air and sunset braving,—
She seems a picture, still and fair,
Her fan of feathers scarcely waving.
Dressed all in crimson; from the slip
Of airy gauze that crowns her tresses
To that neat slipper's satin tip—
Her stockings always match her dresses.

So sweet she looks, one half believes
She must be some Venetian lady
Come back to life, with hanging sleeves,
From marble palace, grim and shady.
Some people think she is a dunce,
And some find fault with her complexion
You do not see these faults at once,
But only after long reflection.

And near her bends the man of law.
Heavy his brow with mystic learning;
His fingers trifle with a straw,
His eyes are dark, and sad, and burning.
Perhaps he speaks a tender word,
Or fragment of some old love-ballad;
But this is all I overheard—
"The proper way to make a salad . . ."

Annie Glenny Wilson.

Dame Gossip's Wedding.

"HAVE you heard the news? Dame Gossip is wed,"
One evil spirit to another said.
"Tell me about it," the listener cried;
And, in reply, said the friend of the bride:
"She wore Mrs. Envy's garment of green,
And the smile of Malice, that you have seen;
The bridesmaids were Misses Liar and Hate;
No best man was present, sad to state.
Who is the groom? Who else can it be
But Gossip's true love, Sir Devil, he
Whom she 's revered all the days of her life.
All hail to Satan, and Gossip his wife!"

Maurice Perkins.

Phyllis.

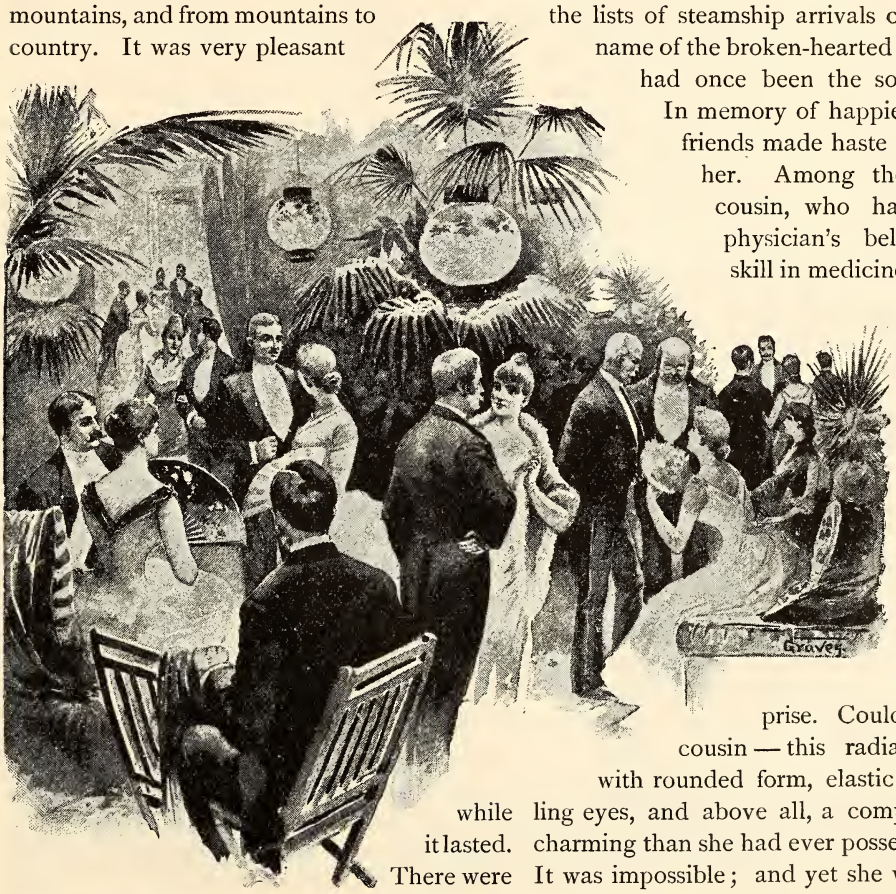
LAST week Phyllis gave me the key to her heart,
With a glance that was trusting and gay.
But alas! when in triumph I tried it, I found
She had changed the lock the next day.

Alice Anable Graves.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

A BEAUTIFUL American lady had grown pale and thin. "The belle of the season" was tired. Each passing winter had found her in the forefront of social gaiety, and each recurring summer had tossed her like a straw from city to seaside, from seaside to mountains, and from mountains to country. It was very pleasant while it lasted. There were balls and dinners in the winter, with hosts of admiring friends to bear witness to her social triumphs. A black and dismal day came when she was forced to admit, even to herself, that her influence was gone, and that she was merely a belle of the past. She was no longer beautiful. Flesh and blood and nerves had stood the strain as long as they could, and then they went to the wall.



Realizing that the youth and beauty of her life had come to an end, and knowing how hopeless it was to doctor shattered nerves and a worn-out constitution, she took up the broken threads of her saddened existence, and sought in some neglected corner of Europe the rest and quiet that nature so peremptorily demanded. One October day three years later, the lists of steamship arrivals contained the name of the broken-hearted creature who had once been the social favorite. In memory of happier days, some friends made haste to call upon her. Among them was her cousin, who had a young physician's belief that his skill in medicine would cure her. Upon entering the drawing-room, he was greeted by the most brilliantly beautiful woman that he had seen for years. He gazed in dumb surprise. Could this be his cousin — this radiant creature, with rounded form, elastic step, sparkling eyes, and above all, a complexion more charming than she had ever possessed before? It was impossible; and yet she was laughing merrily.

"If it be indeed you," he said, "one sign will not fail me." He looked at her searchingly.

"Your sign has failed," she said; "my freckles are all gone."

"Beauty spots of the past — all gone. Then you are indeed a stranger. My call is in vain. I came here to cure an invalid."

"I am truly a stranger, for I am new throughout, in mind and body. I have almost been born again."

"You must have discovered the spring of eternal youth."

"I have. Listen well, and I will tell you the secret. You may remember what a wan and broken-down creature I was when I said good-by on the steamer three years ago. I was on my way to Europe in the hope of benefiting what little health I had left. I could not hope to regain it. Old Doctor Pillsbury discouraged that. At his last visit he scowled at me, talked at me, pounded the floor with his cane, berated my relatives, my bringing up, the state of society which permitted such things to come to pass, and had now left another victim at death's door. No more late hours for me, no more dancing, no more tight lacing, no more indigestible food, no excitement — no nothing. What a physical wreck in appearance I was you know. Young, in both years and disposition, fond of society — the traditions of my family as well as my own tastes leading me to be the gayest of the gay — I had found myself prematurely old and broken-down in health. Well, a change of scene and air would do me some good, and, if I abstain from all that makes life pleasant and interesting, I might hope to continue to live more dead than alive for a good many years. I did not quite see the gain in that. But, to go on with the story: On the steamer I fell in with some acquaintances who were going to a place called Carlsbad. They asked me to go with them, and as one place was as good as another to me, I went. We reached Carlsbad at the beginning of the regular season, which is the 1st of May, and I stayed through the entire season, until the 1st of October. It seemed to be the custom there to drink the mineral waters, and more because it was the custom than from any idea that the waters would do me any good, I began taking the waters myself. For lack of something better to do, I equipped myself each day with an earthenware mug, and joined a long line of men and women from all parts of the world on the way to the springs. The largest, the hottest, and the best known of the springs was the Sprudel, and, naturally, I went there. To be in Carlsbad and not drink the waters of the Sprudel is to be out of fashion; so out of mere force of habit, I drank.

"As I expected, the drinking did not make me feel any better and I consulted a physician. He went over my case very carefully, and finally asked me if I wished to place myself under his care. I had to do so; I was ill. 'Very well,' said he; 'you will please continue drinking the Sprudel Water, as you have been doing.' There was no help for it, and I went on as before, taking the water regularly, although I seemed to lose weight. But the physician kept me at it mercilessly.

"I was a long time at it, it seemed to me, and then, to my great surprise, I began to gain in strength. This was more than I had looked for, but it was true. I felt better, mentally and physically, and above all, I began to gain in weight. I seemed to be an entirely new creation. My old flesh had in some mysterious way entirely disappeared, and new flesh was forming in its place. This was like a miracle, but I hardly dared to hope that it could or would continue. But it did continue, although slowly. I felt that I was passing through a new stage of growth. I gained in weight pretty steadily, and, after a time, I felt much stronger. At the close of the season I might have imagined that I was a young girl again."

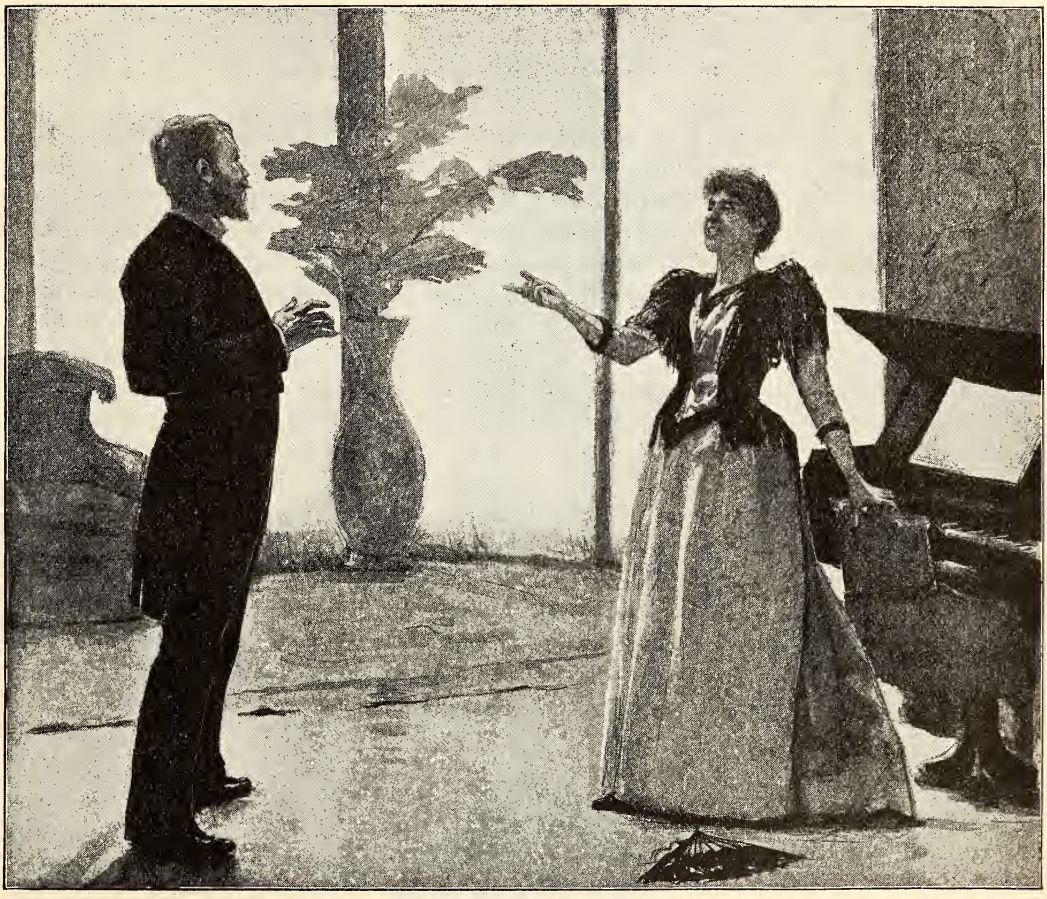
"I think you have found the spring of eternal youth," said the young physician. "But do you expect to retain your present health and freshness without living most of the time in Carlsbad?"

"As it would be inconvenient for me to go to the mountain, I make the mountain come to me. In other words, I carry the famous Sprudel Spring around with me. The imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salts, in powder form, is a most excellent substitute for the waters themselves. Although I am fully restored to health, still I am so fond of the waters that I drink as much, or nearly as much, as though I were an invalid. In the morning, before breakfast, I dissolve one-half to one teaspoonful of the powder in a glassful of water, which is sold in this country in bottles brought direct from Carlsbad. In Carlsbad I found any number of people who habitually added the salts in powder form to the water from the spring, in order to give it greater strength. All persons cannot go to Carlsbad of course, but they can

accomplish as good results by using the Imported Carlsbad Salts in powder form here at home. I would advise you to try a few experiments for your own information on some of your patients. It will do them no harm, in any event, and it is pretty sure to surprise you with its good results."

"It is certainly worth consideration," said the young man.

"Perhaps I shall find the opportunity to make the trial that you suggest. Meantime I must again congratulate you upon your recovery."



Some weeks later, the young physician, much impressed by the wonderful story that he had heard, began a series of experiments with the Carlsbad Mineral Waters, the crystallized Carlsbad Salt, and with the Carlsbad Salt in powder form. As his cousin had predicted, he was greatly surprised at the result. Experiments with the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt in powder form were remarkably successful. The diseases treated were mostly dyspepsia, constipation, gout, rheumatism, melancholia, obesity, and jaundice. Persons afflicted with melancholia and ailments of a similar nature, began to grow brighter mentally soon after beginning the treatment, and, in a few weeks, they felt an exhilaration of spirits that they had not known for years. In cases of dyspepsia the patients soon lost the heavy, dyspeptic feeling, and in the course of a few weeks they were able to choose their bill of fare to suit every vagary of their tastes. The most remarkable results, however, were shown in cases of obesity. In all of these cases the action of the salts in powder form upon the skin was strongly marked. Especially was this the case with persons having dull or mottled faces as the result of bad digestion. Under the stimulating action of the powder, the skin would

"You must have discovered the spring of eternal youth."

"I have. Listen well, and I will tell you the secret. You may remember what a wan and broken-down creature I was when I said good-by on the steamer three years ago. I was on my way to Europe in the hope of benefiting what little health I had left. I could not hope to regain it. Old Doctor Pillsbury discouraged that. At his last visit he scowled at me, talked at me, pounded the floor with his cane, berated my relatives, my bringing up, the state of society which permitted such things to come to pass, and had now left another victim at death's door. No more late hours for me, no more dancing, no more tight lacing, no more indigestible food, no excitement—no nothing. What a physical wreck in appearance I was you know. Young, in both years and disposition, fond of society—the traditions of my family as well as my own tastes leading me to be the gayest of the gay—I had found myself prematurely old and broken-down in health. Well, a change of scene and air would do me some good, and, if I abstain from all that makes life pleasant and interesting, I might hope to continue to live more dead than alive for a good many years. I did not quite see the gain in that. But, to go on with the story: On the steamer I fell in with some acquaintances who were going to a place called Carlsbad. They asked me to go with them, and as one place was as good as another to me, I went. We reached Carlsbad at the beginning of the regular season, which is the 1st of May, and I stayed through the entire season, until the 1st of October. It seemed to be the custom there to drink the mineral waters, and more because it was the custom than from any idea that the waters would do me any good, I began taking the waters myself. For lack of something better to do, I equipped myself each day with an earthenware mug, and joined a long line of men and women from all parts of the world on the way to the springs. The largest, the hottest, and the best known of the springs was the Sprudel, and, naturally, I went there. To be in Carlsbad and not drink the waters of the Sprudel is to be out of fashion; so out of mere force of habit, I drank.

"As I expected, the drinking did not make me feel any better and I consulted a physician. He went over my case very carefully, and finally asked me if I wished to place myself under his care. I had to do so; I was ill. 'Very well,' said he; 'you will please continue drinking the Sprudel Water, as you have been doing.' There was no help for it, and I went on as before, taking the water regularly, although I seemed to lose weight. But the physician kept me at it mercilessly.

"I was a long time at it, it seemed to me, and then, to my great surprise, I began to gain in strength. This was more than I had looked for, but it was true. I felt better, mentally and physically, and above all, I began to gain in weight. I seemed to be an entirely new creation. My old flesh had in some mysterious way entirely disappeared, and new flesh was forming in its place. This was like a miracle, but I hardly dared to hope that it could or would continue. But it did continue, although slowly. I felt that I was passing through a new stage of growth. I gained in weight pretty steadily, and, after a time, I felt much stronger. At the close of the season I might have imagined that I was a young girl again."

"I think you have found the spring of eternal youth," said the young physician. "But do you expect to retain your present health and freshness without living most of the time in Carlsbad?"

"As it would be inconvenient for me to go to the mountain, I make the mountain come to me. In other words, I carry the famous Sprudel Spring around with me. The imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salts, in powder form, is a most excellent substitute for the waters themselves. Although I am fully restored to health, still I am so fond of the waters that I drink as much, or nearly as much, as though I were an invalid. In the morning, before breakfast, I dissolve one-half to one teaspoonful of the powder in a glassful of water, which is sold in this country in bottles brought direct from Carlsbad. In Carlsbad I found any number of people who habitually added the salts in powder form to the water from the spring, in order to give it greater strength. All persons cannot go to Carlsbad of course, but they can

accomplish as good results by using the Imported Carlsbad Salts in powder form here at home. I would advise you to try a few experiments for your own information on some of your patients. It will do them no harm, in any event, and it is pretty sure to surprise you with its good results."

"It is certainly worth consideration," said the young man.

"Perhaps I shall find the opportunity to make the trial that you suggest. Meantime I must again congratulate you upon your recovery."

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exfoliate frequently, thus causing the complexion to become much clearer.

He found that the action of the Carlsbad Salt in powder form showed clearly the peculiar value of the water for medicinal purposes. It is not a mere purgative, as might be supposed, but is an alterative and eliminative remedy. In its action on the human system it dissolves tenacious bile, removes all unhealthy growths, allays irritation, neutralizes free acid, and places the vital organs in a sound and healthy condition. It does this by aiding nature, and not by sudden and excessive stimulation. In its effect upon the stomach the water of the Carlsbad Salt (powder form) causes a soothing, alterative action on the nerves of the stomach. This causes the increased appetite that is invariably noticed after a short course of treatment, and also the feeling of comfortable warmth that spreads throughout the entire body. By its introduction into the circulation of the system the water corrects many morbid decompositions of blood and lymph.

It will be seen from this casual glance at the action of Carlsbad Water and the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt in powder form that the curative results are obtained in the simplest and most natural manner. The remedy first dissolves and absorbs all tough and obnoxious secretions, and immediately thereafter begins to build up the system with new health and strength. As in building a new house on the foundations of an old one, the builders first clear away the old rubbish, so the Carlsbad Water and Sprudel Salt clear away the rubbish and accumulated secretions of ill health.

The superstructure of new life and strength is then built upon the renewed foundations.

Repeated experiments by some of the most distinguished physicians and specialists of this country and Europe show that the effect of the water and salt (which is evaporated from the water at Carlsbad) is the same whether taken at the spring or at home. The temperature can be given at will. The water is in no way diminished in strength or curative properties by exportation in bottles, nor is it in any way injured by the evaporation which is done at Carlsbad to obtain the salt in powder form. The salt in powder form is becoming so popular in this country that dishonest persons have found it profitable to place upon the market bogus Sprudel Salts, but, to make sure that he is getting the genuine imported article, the purchaser should be careful to buy only that which bears the name of Eisner & Mendelson Co., of No. 6 Barclay Street, New-York City, on the wrapper and label, who are the sole agents for the United States for the products of the Carlsbad Springs. The pamphlets issued by this house give a great deal of interesting information concerning Carlsbad, and will be mailed free upon application.

The Carlsbad Sprudel Salt is for sale by all Druggists, or will be mailed upon receipt of One Dollar (which includes packing and postage) by above firm.

POISON
IN TOILET SOAPS!

Attention is directed to this Paragraph from "The Times" newspaper:

"*DANGEROUS SOAPS.—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Medicine, Dr. Reveil read a paper on the necessity of preventing Chemists and Perfumers from selling poisonous or dangerous Soaps. To show the danger there is in allowing their unchecked sale he said, 'I need but state that arsenic, the acid nitrate of mercury, tartar emetic and potassa caustica, form part of their ingredients, whilst they are colored green by the sesquioxide of chromium, or of a rose color by the bisulphuret of mercury (vermilion); some contain 30 per cent. of insoluble matter, such as lime or plaster, and others contain animal nitrogenous matter, which causes a* chronic inflammation of the skin."

The injury to the skin and complexion resulting from the use of these Soaps is seldom attributed to the real cause, so that, unfortunately, the mischief proceeds until too often the beauty of the complexion is ruined, and even the general health impaired.

With the fullest confidence the Proprietors of **PEARS' SOAP** recommend their specialty. They do not claim that it is the *only* pure Soap, but one of the *very few* offered to the Public. It would be easy to become self laudatory in this respect, but the following evidence is likely to prove much more convincing.

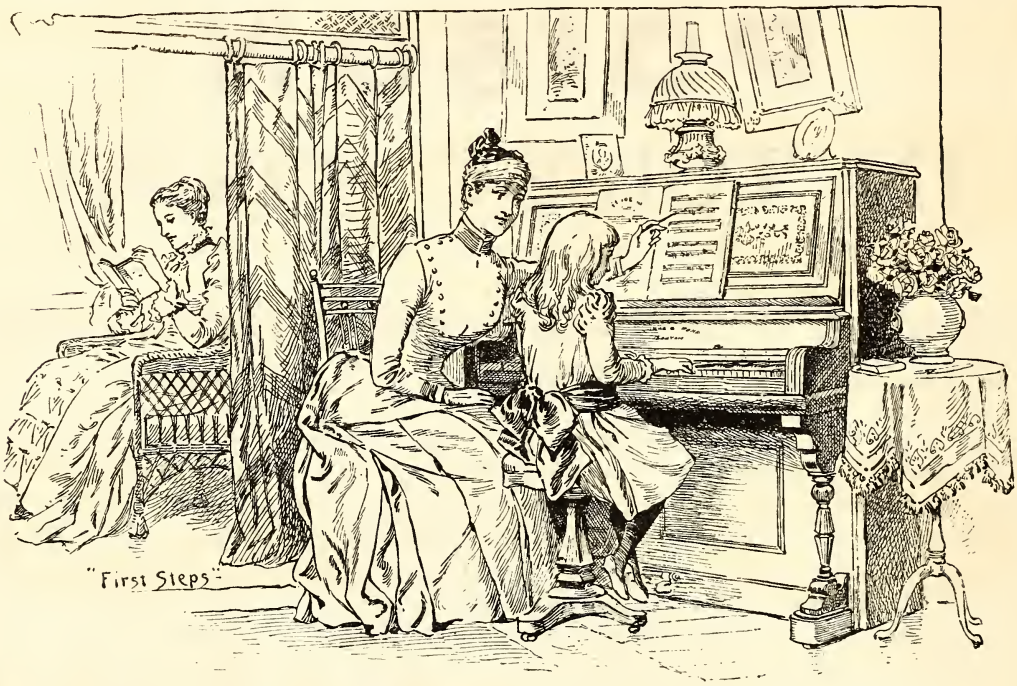
From Professor JOHN ATTFIELD,

Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain; Author of a Manual of General, Medical and Pharmaceutical Chemistry.

"I have annually, for the past ten years, made an independent analysis of **Pears' Soap,** and have not found it to vary in quality or in composition. It contains neither excess of alkali nor of moisture, and it is free from artificial coloring matter. **A better, purer, or more usefully durable Soap cannot be made."**

☞ **Insist on having Pears' Soap. Substitutes are sometimes recommended by druggists and shopkeepers for the sole purpose of making more profit out of you.**

Jan. '91.



Nothing Gone

but the Bang-Bang!

Many think our SOFT STOP is a soft pedal—this is wrong. Our pianos have three pedals and the SOFT STOP besides. There is no other SOFT STOP like ours, and we are protected by a patent. We have no patent on the name "SOFT STOP"; any one can use that expression and apply it to any sort of device, good or bad. Our patent, which no one else can use, is on a special device, whereby the player can subdue the tone of the piano so that it will not wake a sleeping invalid in the next room, and yet the piano is not made dumb, but a light singing tone is preserved, the action and "feel" of the keys are unchanged, and the wear of practice, both on instrument and one's nerves, is reduced to a minimum. Do any of your neighbors disturb you, day or night, practicing? Write us in confidence all about it, giving address, and we will send them printed matter about our Soft Stop. Better still, investigate our claims, buy one yourself, and then show it to your neighbor. Set the example yourself.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL, piano to be returned at our expense for railway freights both ways if it prove unsatisfactory on trial in your home. Distance makes no difference, 1 mile or 2000 miles are no more obstacle to us than a city block in Boston. Old pianos taken in exchange and terms of payment to suit your reasonable convenience.

100-page illustrated catalogue mailed free.

IVERS & POND PIANO COMPANY,

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OUR LATEST STYLES CAN BE SEEN AT

J. G. RAMSDELL'S, 1111 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
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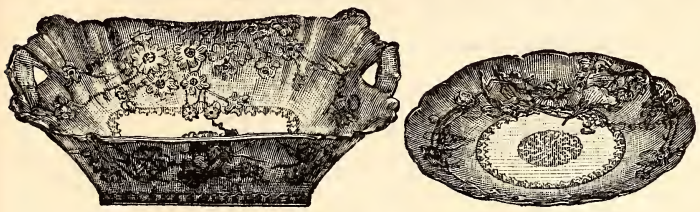
G. W. HERBERT'S, 18 East 17th Street, New-York.
W. J. DYER & BRO.'S, St. Paul and Minneapolis.
PHILIP WERLEIN'S, 187 Canal Street, New Orleans.
SANDERS & STAYMAN'S, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond.
For Pacific Coast, KOHLER & CHASE, San Francisco, Cal.

Haviland & Co.'s China at First Hands



SALAD BOWL AND PLATE.

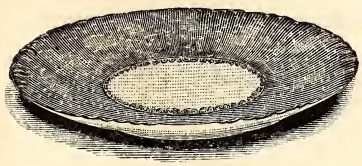
Shaded colors, with rich gold and color design, made in old rose, olive gray, turquoise green, English red, and a beautiful shade of brown maroon.

The most artistic shapes.

The most charming decorations.

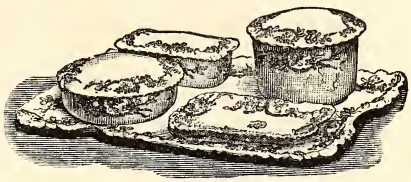
The most durable in all grades.

The best to buy for every reason.



ENTRÉ DISH.

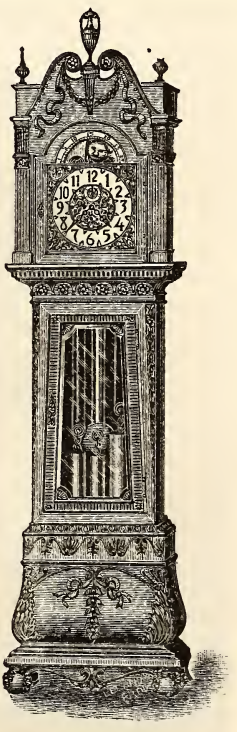
**We sell thousands of dollars' worth each year by correspondence. If you cannot call at our store write to us.*



BOUDOIR SET.

Frank Haviland, 14 Barclay St. New-York.

HALL CLOCKS.



Do you want something that will last? The most beautiful Wedding Present that can be given is something that will speak for the donor fifty to one hundred years.

Can you spend the amount and get more satisfaction for your money than by purchasing a beautiful Tubular Chiming Clock? The Tubular Chimes are like the chimes of a Cathedral from a distance. Changes of the weather do not affect them, as the tone is produced by the bell and does not depend on a sounding board.

These Tubular Chiming Clocks are fully protected by Letters Patent, and persons purchasing should see that every bell is stamped with our name.

They are sold only by our authorized Agents, and any infringement of our rights is subject to heavy royalty on either buyer or seller.

Clocks imported with Tubular Bells come under this infringement, as we control all U. S. Rights.

The List of Agents given below speaks for the superior quality of these clocks. Each Agent has Photographs of all our designs, which they will forward by mail on application.

AGENTS:

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Spaulding & Co. Chicago.	Tilden, Thurber & Co. Providence.
Bailey, Banks & Biddle, Philadelphia.	Henry A. Turner & Co. Boston.
Jas. E. Caldwell & Co. "	Bradstreet, Thurber & Co. Minneapolis.
J. C. Grogan, Pittsburgh.	Frank Herschede, Cincinnati.
Wright, Kay & Co. Detroit.	Jaccard Watch & Jewelry Co. Kansas City.
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WALTER H. DURFEE & CO. Providence, R. I.

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WHO HAVE an established **BRANCH HOUSE** in **PARIS** in connection with their **HOME HOUSE** in **CHICAGO,** respectfully invite visitors to either of these leading cities to view the unsurpassed collection of **GEMS** and tasteful **ART OBJECTS** which they have gathered. Buying in Europe, through their own house there, they are enabled to offer the **BEST INDUCEMENTS** to purchasers **ABROAD** or **AT HOME.**

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~ESTABLISHED·A·D·1820~

C. G. Gunther's Sons
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SHOULDER CAPES·MANTLES·MUFFS·
IN ALL KNOWN FURS

Seal Skin Jackets~
Coats·Wraps and Cloaks~
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·CHOICE AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS·

Perfect in make and finish
and at very moderate prices

FASHION PLATES AND PRICES
FURNISHED UPON REQUEST~

CANDELABRA.

A necessary adjunct to a well-appointed table, is the candelabra. We have a large and choice collection from the best manufacturers.

DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.

LIMITED,

Broadway and 21st St.

DON'T STOOP

to use a valve that must be opened or closed by hand, but make your foot save your back, wrists and temper.

—•—

TRADE MARK.

Use W. E. Wood's Patent "*PEDAL VALVE*" for Direct Radiators. A touch of the foot will turn the heat on or off. No packed joints to leak on floor or carpet. Suitable for any steam or hot-water radiator. Expense only a trifle more than for the old-fashioned back-breaking valves. You can put them in place of old valves at a small outlay. Patented in the United States and Canada. Circulars and indorsements on application. Please mention THE CENTURY.

UTICA STEAM GAUGE CO. 96 and 98 Fayette Street, Utica, N. Y.

TERRITORIAL AGENCIES—GEO. K. PAUL & CO., Boston; PANCOAST & MAULE, Philadelphia; MCINTOSH, HUNTINGTON & CO., Cleveland; JAMES B. CLOW & SON, Chicago; N. O. NELSON MFG. CO., St. Louis.

Jan. '91.

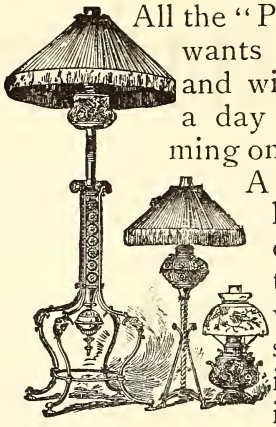
Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" lamp-chimneys do not break from heat, not one in a hundred; they break from accidents.

They are made of clear glass as well as tough, as clear as crystal. They fit the lamps they are made for. Shape controls the draft; they are shaped right. Draft contributes to proper combustion; that makes light; they improve the light of a lamp.

But they cost a dealer three times as much as common chimneys, and, as they do not break, he is apt to be anxious lest they stop his trade. Diminished sales and less profit are not agreeable to him.

There are two sides to the question. Have a talk with him.

Pittsburg. GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.



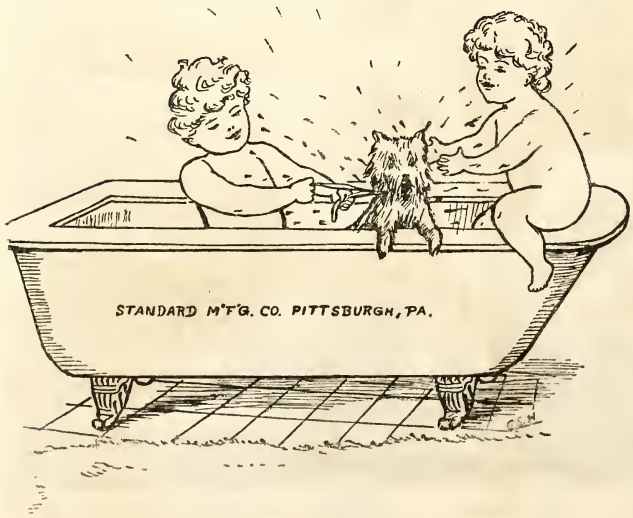
All the "Pittsburgh" wants is filling and wiping once a day and trimming once a week. A wick will last a year or two; but the light will not be so bright if the wick is not renewed in six months—it gets thick, so that the oil does not pass through it freely.

No other central-draft lamp is so easy to care for; the others are very difficult.

The "Pittsburgh" is better every way. Send for a primer.

Pittsburgh, Pa. PITTSBURGH BRASS CO.

A Constant Delight.



An investment that will pay you larger dividends in health, comfort and ever increasing satisfaction, than any you can make for your home, is a Standard Porcelain-Lined Bath-Tub. They are so smooth, clean and sweet that the bathing hour is looked forward to with pleasant anticipations sure to be realized. If you want a tub that will last for generations and be "a constant delight," invest in a Standard Tub made by

Standard Manufacturing Company,

Catalogue free. **PITTSBURGH, PA.**

ORNAMENT YOUR TABLES with "VENETIAN" China.

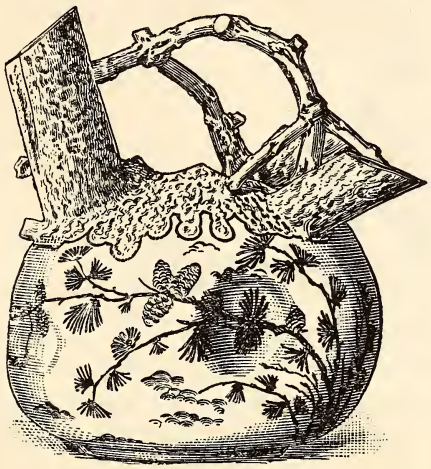
Each piece is carefully glazed in every part, and will not split into fine cracks after a few months' use.

It does not absorb grease and dirt, as it is thoroughly vitrified, so that chipped places do not discolor but wash perfectly white.

Ask your dealer for this ware, or write us for lithographs and prices.

Non-Absorbent, Translucent, and Strong Vitrified China.

TRENTON CHINA CO. TRENTON, N. J.



"BELLEEK" CHINA.

Gentlemen: We desire to call your attention to a number of new shapes and decorations which we are making in our celebrated **Belleek** china.

We have just received a large invoice of this ware at our New-York showroom, No. 65 Reade Street, where we should be pleased to have you inspect it, or write us for prices.

Yours respectfully,

H. G. ANGELL & CO.

Selling Agents.

Did you ever drink

Pure Water?

If you have been accustomed to drink water drawn from reservoirs, the chances are you never did.

Perfect health can be enjoyed only by those who drink pure water, and the best and cheapest way of procuring it is by filtering. The

"Crystal Filter"

is the only one that can be had at a reasonable price that will accomplish the desired result.

It is indorsed by medical and scientific men.

Send for testimonials and circulars.

THE CRYSTAL FILTER CO.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The Standard Thermometer for all uses.

MANUFACTURED BY

Standard Thermometer Co.

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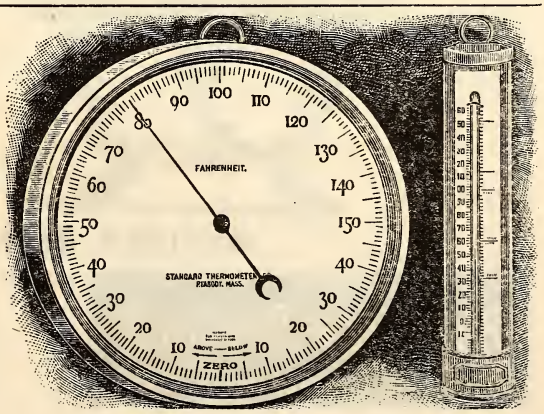
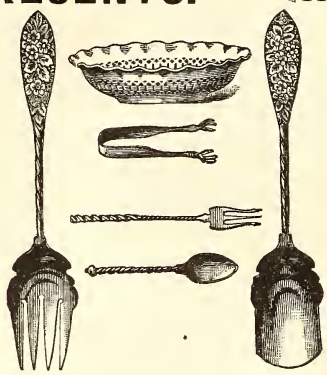


DUPLICATE WEDDING PRESENTS.

12 SOLID SILVER TEA SPOONS for $14.00.



We have tried to illustrate four of our special bargains this month.

The repoussé chased Salad Fork and Spoon, handsomely cased, is only $16.00.

The dainty Bon-Bon Dish and Tongs, $10.00.

A dozen of the trident Oyster Forks, $10.00.

A dozen of the twist Coffee Spoons, Gilt Bowl, $9.00.

These are from 30 per cent. to 40 per cent. under regular prices, and we have 5000 cases correspondingly low in price. We will send a number of cases to any address for examination.

An old Continental Tea Set, 3 pieces, $150.00, well worth $300.00, is a special attraction.

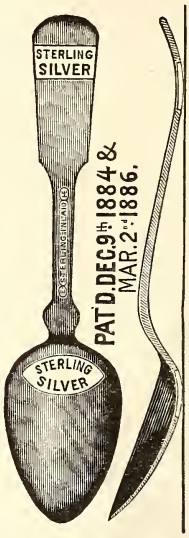
OLD GOLD Jewelry, and worn-out or useless silver, taken in exchange or bought. Send by registered mail or express. Certified check sent by return mail.

JOHNSTON & SON, 150 Bowery, N. Y.

Established 1844. *Send for Price-list.*

SOLID PIECES OF

Sterling Silver



INLAID AT THE BACKS OF

Spoons ✻ ✻ and Forks

At Points most Exposed to Wear and then

Plated Four Times as Heavy AS STANDARD PLATE.

Warranted to wear 25 years.

WILL LAST A LIFETIME.

More Durable THAN LIGHT STERLING SILVER

and not half the cost. Each article is stamped E STERLING INLAID HE. Obtain from your Jeweler or send to us for catalogue and prices.

Accept no Substitute.

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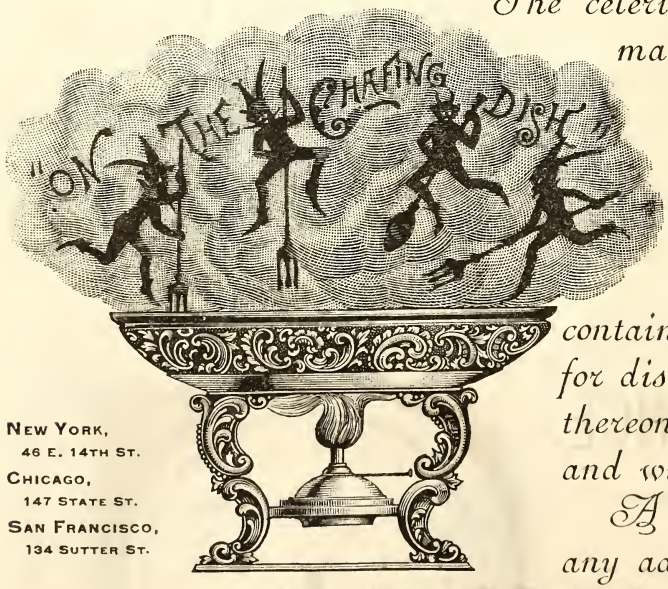


NEW YORK, 46 E. 14TH ST.
CHICAGO, 147 STATE ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, 134 SUTTER ST.

The celerity and ease with which many dainty dishes can be prepared on the Chafing Dish is known to but few. We have published a little volume "ON THE CHAFING DISH," containing twenty-eight receipts for dishes which can be cooked thereon with slight preparation and without discomfort.

A copy will be mailed to any address on request.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. MERIDEN, CONN.

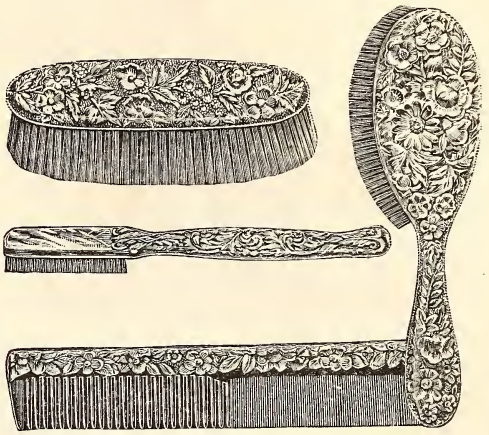
SPOONS, FORKS ETC. STAMPED
1847. ROGERS BROS. A1.
ARE GENUINE "ROGERS" GOODS.

SILVER PLATED WARE
MERIDEN B'CO. — STAMPED — QUADRUPLE PLATE
IS THOROUGHLY RELIABLE

Solid Silver Toilet Requisites.

The desire for more luxurious requisites for the Toilet Table has stimulated the production of every conceivable device adapted to that purpose in solid silver. The preference this season is for elaborately hand-wrought repoussé work in bright silver as here illustrated.

The hair brush is 8½ inches long and valued at $8.75. A heavy brush for gents' use, 9 inches, is $10.75, and one 7¼ inches, is $6.25. The hat brush, 5¼ inches, is $6.00; while a similar form for clothes brush, 6½ inches, is $8.75. The tooth brush, 7¼ inches, is $6.00. The comb of genuine tortoise shell, 7¼ inches, is valued at $7.00. Then there are Puff Boxes, Manicure Sets, Mirrors, Mustache Brush and Comb, Scissors, Pin-trays, Gold and Silver Hair-pins, Pin-cushions, etc.



Descriptive Catalogues supplied, with indications of other Silver Wares, Rich Porcelain, Clocks, Bronzes, etc. It is the purpose to replenish this stock with the best productions, while adhering rigorously to moderate prices.

OVINGTON BROTHERS,

Above 32d. 330 FIFTH AVENUE, *Near 33d.*

Brooklyn House, Fulton and Clark Sts.

"THE CAT HAS CAUGHT THE BIRD!"

The reasons were simple and plain—it was a cheap soldered cage; the door got loose; the fastening at the top became detached; pussy was vigilant, and the end came. This could all have been avoided by purchasing a HENDRYX cage, which is strongly made in every part, riveted (no solder or drilled bands used), and it is as safe against cats as it is proof against vermin.

Ask your dealer for it.

THE ANDREW B. HENDRYX CO.

New Haven, Conn.

JOHN MASON,

246 FIFTH AVENUE,

Formerly with TIFFANY & CO.

in addition to his stock of high grade Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches and Fancy Goods, invites attention to his display of

CUT GLASS WARE,

for table service, including the Crœsus, Blenheim and all of the newest cuttings designed for this season's sales.

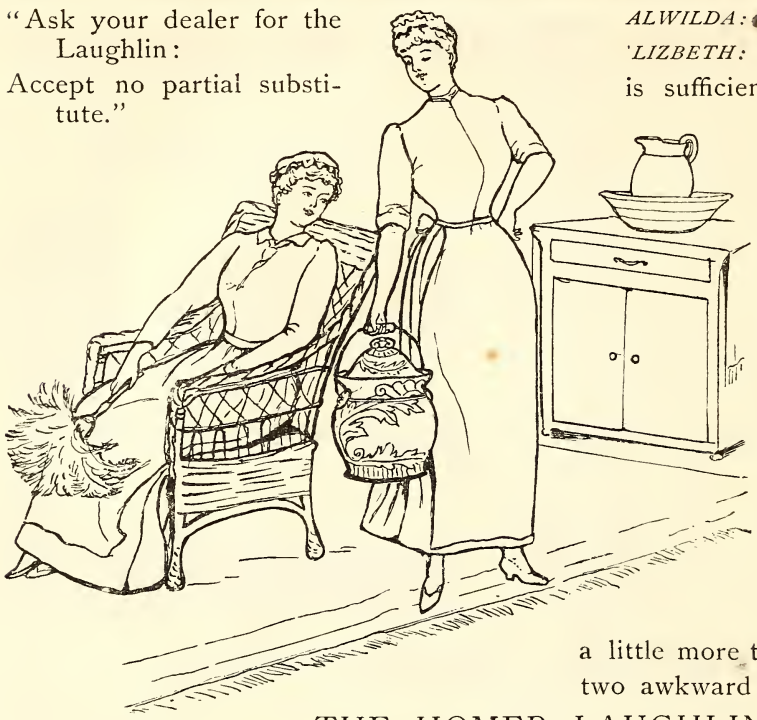
THE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

being a New Branch, has in consequence only the very latest styles in Correspondence Paper and Visiting Cards. Customers at a distance may have articles sent on selection upon receipt of satisfactory reference.

JOHN MASON,

246 FIFTH AVENUE.

"Ask your dealer for the Laughlin:
Accept no partial substitute."



ALWILDA: Why so gay, 'Lizbeth?

'LIZBETH: This *Laughlin Combinet* is sufficient excuse for gaiety; it takes the place of both the larger pieces of the ordinary chamber set, is not itself offensive; and so ends my disagreeable drudgery.

ALWILDA: And so ornamental; I suppose it must be expensive.

'LIZBETH: I think not. I see people of all classes carrying them away from the stores, so the price must be within easy reach; I am told only a little more than half the cost of the two awkward pieces it displaces.

THE HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA WORKS,
East Liverpool, Ohio.

The Robt. Mitchell Furniture Co., Cincinnati, O., make and sell Wood Mantels in all the Hard Woods at prices ranging from $6.00, and ship them by freight to any railroad station, ready to be put in place by an ordinary carpenter.

An illustrated catalogue showing many styles will be sent free to any address upon receipt of six cents in stamps, for postage.

THE ROBT. MITCHELL FURNITURE CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

LOWELL

For nearly half a century, Lowell Carpets have been acknowledged by all to be

THE BEST

The word **"LOWELL" APPEARS IN CAPITAL LETTERS** in the back of **Lowell, Wilton** and **Body Brussels** at every repeat of the pattern. **LOOK CAREFULLY** to the trade-marks, and be sure you get the genuine

LOWELL CARPETS.

The LOWELL INGRAINS are wound upon a hollow stick, which the United States Court decided to be a valid trade-mark. The stick is in two solid pieces with the name of the

LOWELL COMPANY

stamped within.

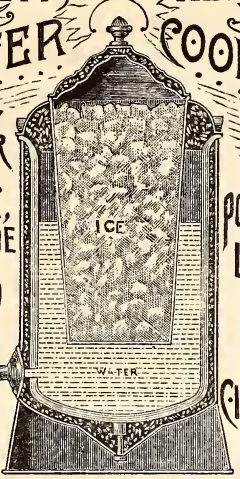
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

These goods are invariably full width, and may be had in a large variety of designs, which for technique and coloring are unequaled, rendering them especially appropriate for artistic homes.

For Sale by all First-class Dealers.

CARPETS

JEWETT'S PATENT NEW ERA
WATER COOLER



THE ONLY COOLER FOR MILK, LEMONADE MEAD & ALL SUMMER DRINKS

PORCELAIN LINED.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR

THE JOHN C. JEWETT M.F.G. CO.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

STEWART
CERAMIC CO.
312 PEARL ST
COR. PECK SLIP
NEW-YORK

STATIONARY WASH TUBS
WASH BOARDS & SOAP
CUPS MOULDED IN TUBS

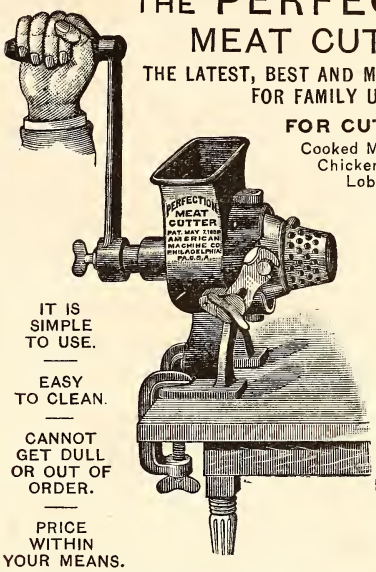
SOLID WHITE CROCKERY

VERY STRONG
CANNOT ABSORB LEAK OR DECAY
NO SEAMS TO OPEN
NO LABOR TO KEEP CLEAN
THOUSANDS IN USE
OVER 15 YEARS ON THE MARKET

BUTLER'S PANTRY, KITCHEN, SLOP & CORNER SINKS

THE PERFECTION
MEAT CUTTER.

THE LATEST, BEST AND MOST IMPROVED FOR FAMILY USE.



IT IS SIMPLE TO USE.

EASY TO CLEAN.

CANNOT GET DULL OR OUT OF ORDER.

PRICE WITHIN YOUR MEANS.

FOR CUTTING:

Cooked Meats, Chicken, Lobster, Oysters, etc., for Croquettes.

Materials for Mince Meat and Fruit Cakes.

Almonds, Cocoanut, Citron, Figs.

Beef For Beef Tea.

Beef and Pork for Sausages, Puddings, Scrapple, Hog's-Head Cheese

Pulverizing Stale Bread and Crackers for Frying Purposes.

By the use of the **Perfection** Cutter all cold pieces of meat, tough ends of steak, etc., usually wasted, can be made with little trouble into many of the tasty dishes found in leading hotels and restaurants.

Descriptive circulars, together with Mrs. Rorer's "Dainty Dishes for all the year round," giving 60 recipes of plain and fancy dishes prepared by use of Perfection Cutter, mailed free on application to

AMERICAN MACHINE CO.
Lehigh Ave. and American St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AMERICAN VIEWS. { (Souvenir Albums.) List free. A. Wittemann, 67 Spring St. N. Y.

My wife

says she wouldn't try to keep house without the "NEVER-BREAK" steel cooking utensils. She was tired of the old kind, which were always greasy, always smelling of the last thing cooked in them, or else scaling, cracking, leaking, or breaking. Maybe you're tired of them too; if so send for illustrated circular.

THE BRONSON SUPPLY CO., Cleveland, O.

"SEEING IS BELIEVING."

Do you want to buy a Lamp?

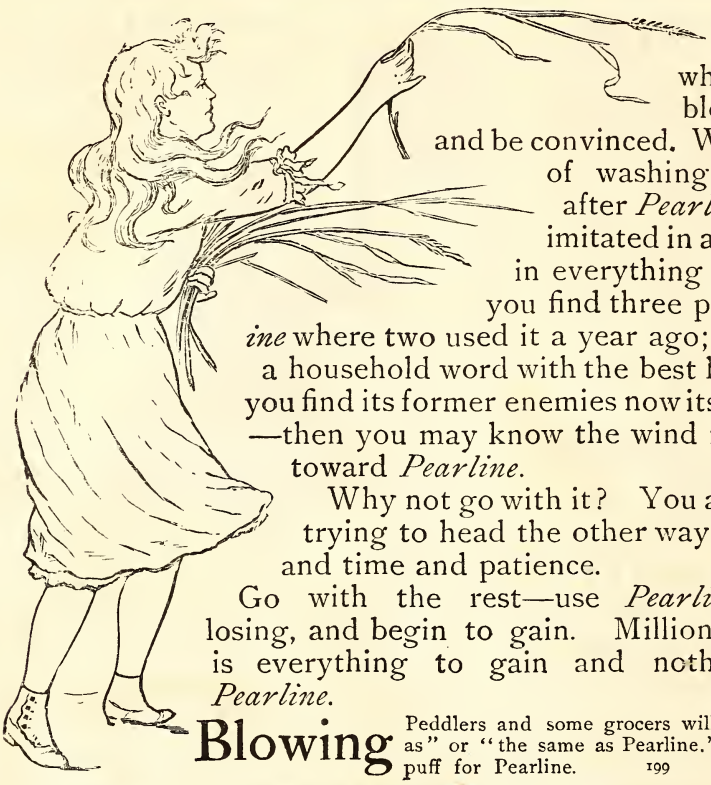
The Rochester

Happy was the bride who received seven Rochester Lamps; happy indeed is the home that has even one, for lamps may come and lamps may go, but "The Rochester" shines on forever. 2000 artistic varieties.

The "House Beautiful" is never complete without a beautiful lamp. But "The Rochester" is not only beautiful—it is a good lamp—a lamp with the light of the morning. There are 2000 artistic varieties of this beautiful lamp.

Look for this stamp—"THE ROCHESTER," and ask for the written guarantee. If the lamp dealer has n't the **genuine** Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for illustrated price-list, and we will send you any lamp by express.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO.
42 Park Place, New-York.
THE LARGEST LAMP STORE IN THE WORLD.



Straws show

which way the wind blows. Watch them—and be convinced. When you see all sorts of washing powders patterned after *Pearline;* when you see it imitated in appearance, in name, in everything except merit; when you find three persons using *Pearline* where two used it a year ago; when you hear it as a household word with the best housekeepers; when you find its former enemies now its staunchest friends; —then you may know the wind is taking you along toward *Pearline.*

Why not go with it? You are losing money by trying to head the other way; money, and labor, and time and patience.

Go with the rest—use *Pearline*—and you stop losing, and begin to gain. Millions realize that there is everything to gain and nothing to lose—with *Pearline.*

Blowing Peddlers and some grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—but what a puff for Pearline. 199 JAMES PYLE, New York.

A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

ROCHESTER
Piano Extension Lamp

FREE

WITH EMBOSSED ROCHESTER FOUNT.

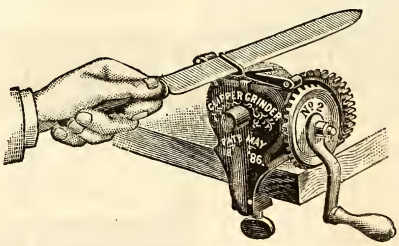
The Piano Extension (or floor-stand) Lamp is now the popular lamp. Such a lamp adds very much to the furnishings of any handsome parlor. Where there is a piano or an organ one of these handsome lamps is almost a necessity; it is certainly a very useful luxury.

This lamp we have made especially to meet all requirements. It is all **solid brass,** with *brass relief* finish—something no other manufacturer has attempted to furnish in a lamp of this price. The fount is the genuine Rochester Fount, richly embossed; it is equally as ornamental and has the same burner as put on the richest and most costly lamps. The lamp is 5 feet high from floor to burner, when extended; and can be lowered to 3 feet 8 inches from floor.

We send with the lamp a large size umbrella, silk-fringe shade, with brass skeleton shade-holder and two chimneys. In ordering, please state color of shade desired—red, orange, yellow or pink.

To give full particulars how to obtain this lamp **FREE** takes too much space for an advertisement. We therefore have arranged with Godey's Lady's Book of Philadelphia to publish full information in their December and January numbers, either one of which will be sent on receipt of 15 cents sent to

Godey's Lady's Book, Phila. Pa.



Do you want to keep your Carving Knife, Scissors and Pocket Knife sharp?

IF SO, OUR

"Clipper Knife and Scissor Grinder"

is what you want to do the work.

This is a thoroughly practical tool, made in the best manner of iron, with a pure sapphire corundum wheel. Easy to work, does good work, simply constructed and not liable to get out of order. With ordinary use it will last for years. Arranged to fasten on table.

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD HAVE ONE.

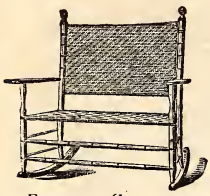
Sent, express paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of $2.25. Agents wanted everywhere; write for terms. Descriptive circulars free to any who will send us their address.

MONTGOMERY & CO.
Dealers in Mechanic Tools and Supplies,
107 Fulton St. New-York City.

COMMON SENSE HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Make your friend happy by a present of some of Sinclair's useful and substantial Home Comforts.

Fireside Comfort is a very attractive seat for young or old. Try it and be happy.



FIRESIDE COMFORT FOR TWO.

Strong, durable and comfortable. No light, trashy stuff, but good honest home comforts. Special discount to clergymen. Send stamp for catalogue to

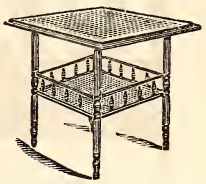
F. A. SINCLAIR, Mottville, Onondaga Co. New-York.

"The Common Sense chairs and settees of Mr. Sinclair are not surpassed by any other class of goods, and parties furnishing country houses and desiring inexpensive, comfortable and durable furniture will do well to write to Mr. F. A. Sinclair, at Mottville, N. Y., for a copy of his hand-book, which contains illustrations of the various articles he manufactures, with a schedule of prices."—*Scientific American.*

Ask your Furniture Dealer for Sinclair's Common Sense Chairs.

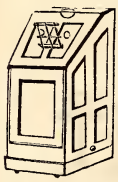
Don't take any other.

My address is stamped on all of my chairs; please find it before purchasing.



COTTAGE TABLE.

F. A. SINCLAIR.



Bath Cabinet.
A CURE for Rheumatism, Liver and Skin Diseases, Etc.

Rolling Chair.
A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk.

RECLINING CHAIRS, COUCHES, COMODES, BACK RESTS, BIDETS, and other

INVALIDS' FURNITURE.

Descriptive Lists Sent Free.

Our Chairs are used in the U. S. Hospitals.

NATIONAL CHAIR CO.,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MOTHER'S BABY GUARD.

(PATENTED.)

Price, packed for shipment, $5.00. Send for illustrated circular.

GUARD MFG. CO.

McVicker's Theater Building, Chicago.

Miss White:—I have heard so much about your lovely house. What an exquisite Mantel and such pretty Fretwork.

Miss Brown:—Yes, we are all very much pleased with it. We had Briggs & Leibius do the decorating and furnishing.

Write for catalogue of Mantels, Fretwork, Draperies, Bric-à-Brac, etc., sent free.

BRIGGS & LEIBIUS,

307 Summit Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.

ELEGANT

Marble Top Wash-stands

COMBINED WITH

HANDSOME DRESSERS, TABLES AND STANDS.

Plenty of Water from Concealed Reservoir. No Wash-Bowl and Pitcher. No Sewer Gas.

Just the thing for Hall Bedrooms, Country Houses, Schools, Hotels, Offices, etc.

NINE DIFFERENT STYLES.

Ask your dealer to see the Princess Furniture, or send for Catalogue to the

PRINCESS DRESSING CASE CO.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

VOSE & SONS PIANOS

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.
26000 SOLD AND IN USE.

They combine **Elegance, Durability,** and **Moderate Prices**. Among the many other **improvements** which they contain, are the **Patent Repeating Action,** producing a touch as delicate as that of a Concert Grand Piano; the **CapoD'Astro Bar,** which sustains that beautiful singing quality of tone, so wanting in most Upright Pianos; the **Mouse Proof Pedal,** which is an absolute protection against mice getting into pianos and making havoc with the felts. Sold on the most accommodating terms. Delivered in your house **Free of Expense** and satisfaction guaranteed. Old instruments taken in exchange. Catalogues and full information mailed free upon application.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
170 TREMONT ST. BOSTON, MASS.

The EVERETT PIANO.

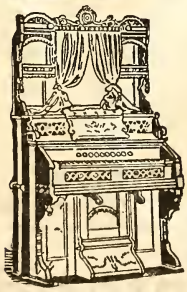
UNEXCELLED IN WORKMANSHIP, MATERIAL AND DESIGN.

If not for sale by your local dealer, address

THE JOHN CHURCH CO. - CINCINNATI, O.

"From Andante to Allegro," a beautifully illustrated pamphlet, will be sent free to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen.

AN ORGAN FOR OUR HOME.



In purchasing an organ for home use it is desirable to have not only a variety of tone in the solo stops but a full, rich, singing quality when all the stops are used in combination.

The first-class material, workmanship and the artistic voicing of their reeds place

THE NEEDHAM ORGAN

beyond all competition for home use.

The excellence of design and beauty of finish make them a most desirable ornamental piece of furniture, superior in quality, in construction, in purity of tone and in excellence of all materials used. LARGEST ORGAN FACTORY IN THE WORLD. Send for CATALOGUE and address of our nearest agent

THE NEEDHAM P. O. CO. 292 Broadway, N. Y.

In answering this advertisement, kindly mention THE CENTURY.

THE MARCHAL & SMITH PIANOS AND ORGANS

ESTABLISHED 1859.
INCORPORATED 1877.

Yes, Ethel, my **Marchal & Smith Piano** is a beautiful instrument. The tone is so sweet and pure, the action so fairy-like, and the finish so elegant, that not another thing can I wish for. I wrote to the factory, and told them just what I wanted, and they selected it, and sent it to me for trial, **agreeing to take it back and pay all the freights if I did not like it.** But I could not be better suited if I had a thousand to choose from. My dear, when you want a Piano or an Organ, send for their Catalogue. They have

PIANOS FROM $150 to $1500.
ORGANS FROM $35 to $500.

THE MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO CO.,
235 E. 21st STREET, NEW YORK.

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO.

A Selection from

THE ROSABEL WALTZES.

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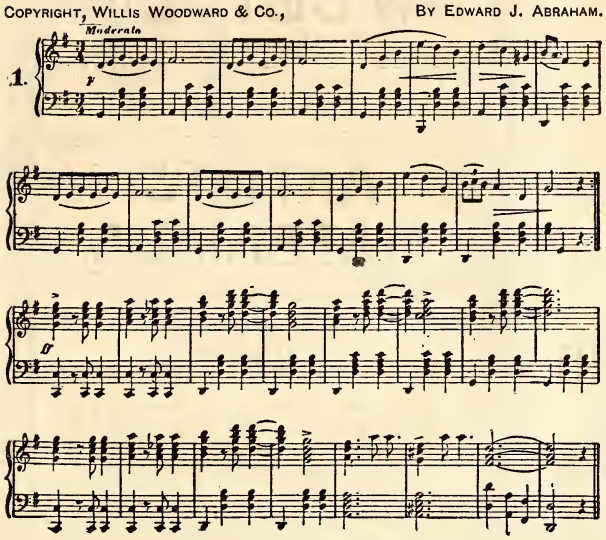

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

By JULIAN JORDAN,

Author of "The Song that Reached My Heart," "That Melody Divine," etc., handsomely bound in leatherette, a very pretty gift, post-paid, $1.00.

MUSIC GIVEN AWAY!

We wish to bring to your notice **two** very **popular** and **choice** pieces of music. One is a song entitled **"More than Tongue Can Tell"** (introducing the Wedding Chimes), by Chas. Graham, author of "If the Waters could Speak as they flow," "Somebody's Ship will be Home By and Bye." The other is **"The Rosabel Waltzes,"** by Edward J. Abraham, author of the celebrated "Mephisto Gavotte," as played by all the orchestras. The regular price of these pieces is **60 cents each,** but to introduce them in every home, we will, on receipt of **40 cents,** send **either** of the above, and with **each order send free ten complete pieces of our very latest vocal and instrumental music, full size (11½ x 13 in.), printed on elegant heavy music paper,** or, if you will send **80 cents for both,** we will send you **twenty-five pieces free.** A magnificent collection.

A good salary paid to agents for "Woodward's Musical Monthly" (sample copy and terms, ten cents).

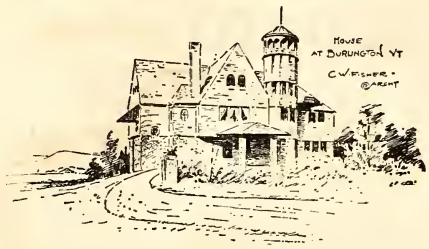
WILLIS WOODWARD & CO.

842 & 844 BROADWAY,

NEW-YORK.

Estey

Is the name which we ask you to remember when about to purchase an Organ.



Houses at Bar Harbor, Newport, Lenox, and hundreds of other places from Maine to California, show examples of the soft, velvety coloring effect given by

Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stain

THE ONLY EXTERIOR COLORING THAT DOES NOT TURN BLACK.

Sheaf of sketches of creosoted houses, and samples on wood, on application, from the manufacturer,

SAMUEL CABOT,

70 Kilby St. Boston, Mass.

F·W·DEVOE·&·CO.

ESTABLISHED 1852

OFFICES: COR. FULTON & WILLIAM STS

NEW YORK

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

SKETCHING OUTFITS OF ALL KINDS

TUBE COLORS · WATER COLORS · CRAYONS

DRAWING PAPER · CANVAS · BRUSHES · OILS & MEDIUMS ·

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS

HOUSE PAINTERS' COLORS

FRESCO COLORS · FINE VARNISHES

Correspondence invited · Catalogues of our different departments to responsible parties.

COFFIN·DEVOE & Co·176 RANDOLPH ST·CHICAGO

PEOPLE

Who have sojourned in Europe and have seen the utility, beauty and durability of

ORNAMENTAL HARDWOOD FLOORS,

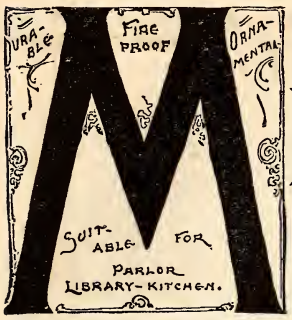
have returned home to approve and use them. They contribute more to the

Neatness and Comfort of a Home

than any other one thing. We make them to suit all kinds of rooms. Ask for catalogue with new designs.

S. C. JOHNSON,

RACINE, WIS.



ALL KINDS OF

PANELED AND EMBOSSED

METAL CEILING

If you are about to build or repair use a steel ceiling. It will last forever. Can be applied right over old plaster. Send for catalogue, designs, photograph, estimates, etc.

JOHN McCALLUM & CO. 428 Washington Street, N. Y. City.

Sole agents for the Kinnear Pat. Paneled Ceiling.

THE

Pinless Clothes Line

Is the only line ever invented that holds the clothes without pins; a perfect success; patent recently issued; sold only by

AGENTS

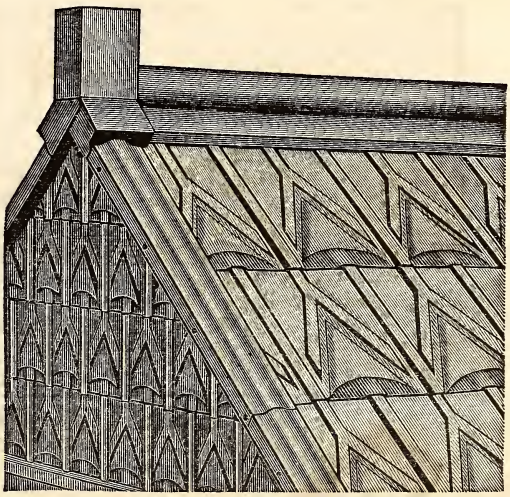
to whom the exclusive right is given; on receipt of 50 cents we will send a sample line by mail; also, circulars, price list and terms to agents; secure your territory at once. Address THE PINLESS CLOTHES LINE COMPANY, 17 Hermon St., Worcester, Mass.

PIN THIS ON

ANDINA is what you have always wanted for your furniture. It removes the white, faded, dusty appearance, developing instead the utmost beauty of the wood, and permanently imparting the warm tone and soft luster of the wax polish.

ANDINA can be used by any person, and will restore the dining-table, beautify the stair-case, and give an air of refinement to the whole house. It is what every housekeeper has always wanted. **Price, $1 a bottle,** express paid. **The Baltimore Specialty Company, 314 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.**

YOUR PINGUSHION



A GOOD THING that the McKINLEY TAX DOES NOT AFFECT.

Consumers, we have not raised the price of our **Standard Galvanized Sheet Metal Shingles.**

Can we stand the tax? Yes, by holding them at our old prices we expect to double our sales.

We warrant them absolutely rain and rust proof without the necessity of painting.

This is our best quality of sheet metal shingles.

They are the perfection of metal roof covering.

Descriptive circulars and prices free.

The National Sheet Metal Roofing Co.

510 East 20th Street, New-York City.

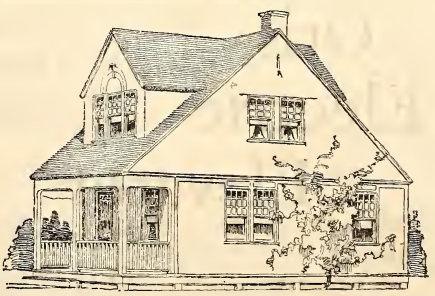
"$600 Cottages."

25 DESIGNS.

Among the marvelous things of this progressive age is the cheapness of building materials and the little labor required to build small cottages that are skillfully planned with the view of utilizing regular sizes of lumber and ready-made stocks of moldings, sashes, doors, blinds, etc. I have just published a book of 72 large pages, containing 25 such designs, 14 of them entirely new. The designs are fully illustrated and described, and range in cost from $350 to $700; called "$600 Cottages," because that indicates the cost of most of them. The book contains, also, 14 designs (all new) of various higher costs. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of $1.00. Address

R. W. SHOPPELL, Architect, 63 Broadway, New-York.

N. B.—I have similar books containing designs of higher cost, price $1 00 each, 3 for $2.00. A largely increased business has enabled me to reduce prices. Above prices are only one-half former prices.



Shoppell Architect

A $650 COTTAGE.

JAS. G. WILSON,

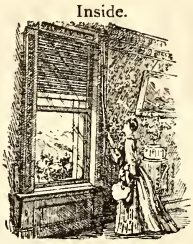
Patentee and Manufacturer,

Factory, 635 to 641 West 48th St. **74 WEST 23d STREET, NEW-YORK.**

Outside.

Rolling Steel Shutters.
For Dwellings, Stores and Public Buildings.

Inside.



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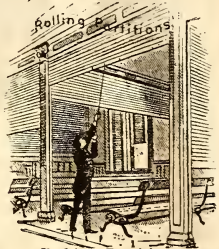

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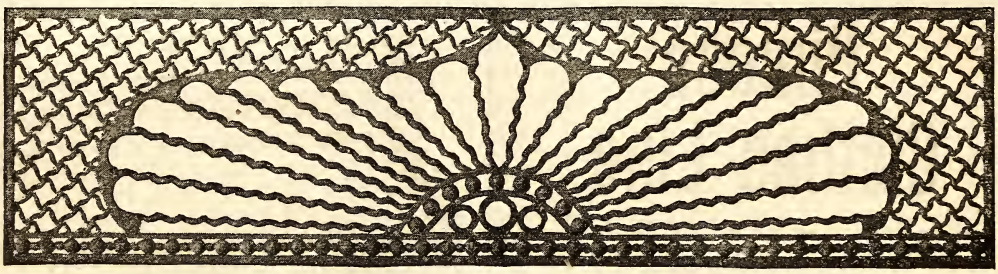

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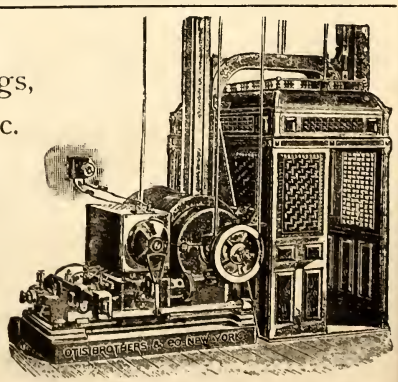

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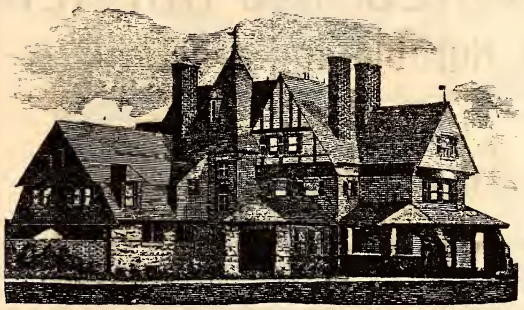

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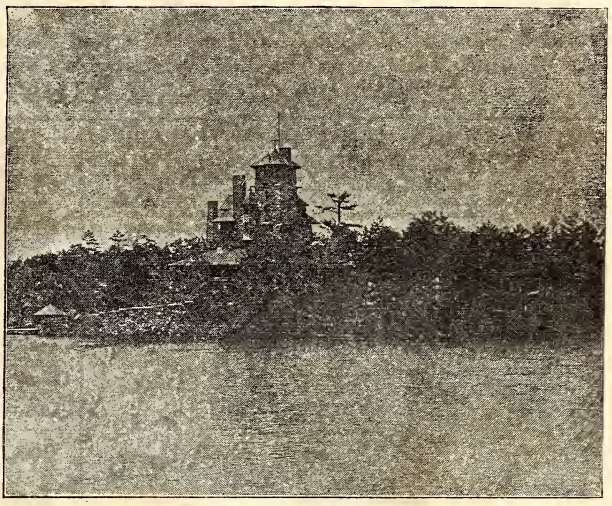

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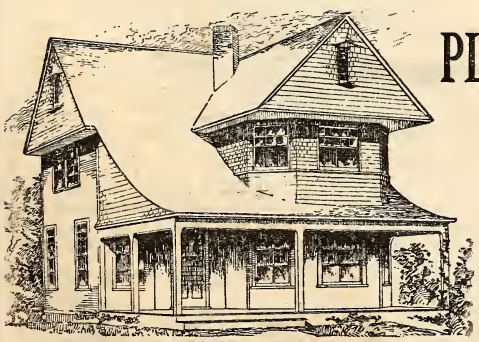

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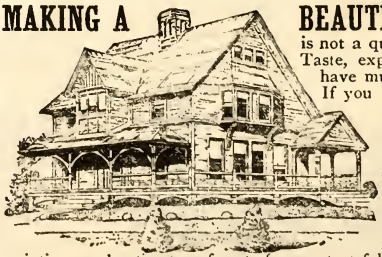

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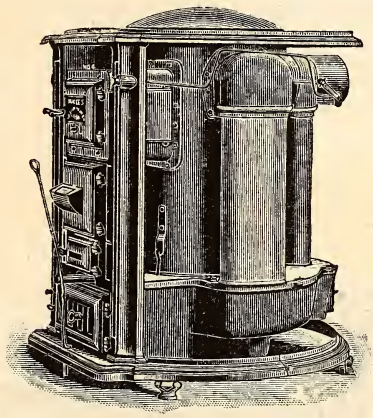

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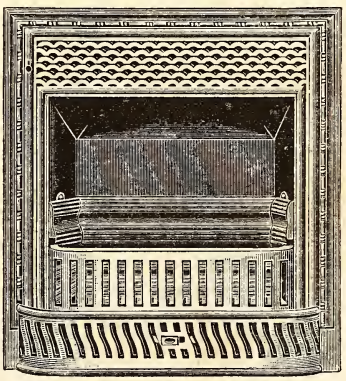

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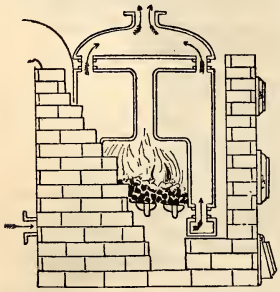

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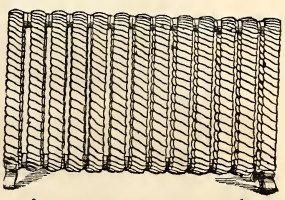

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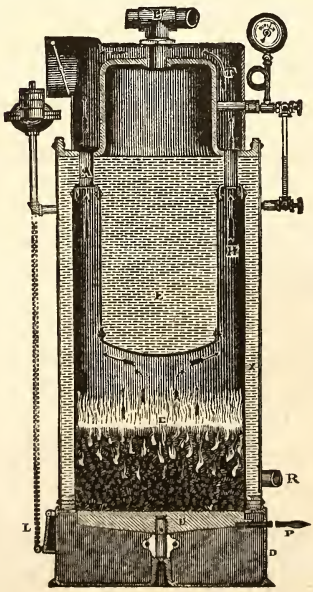

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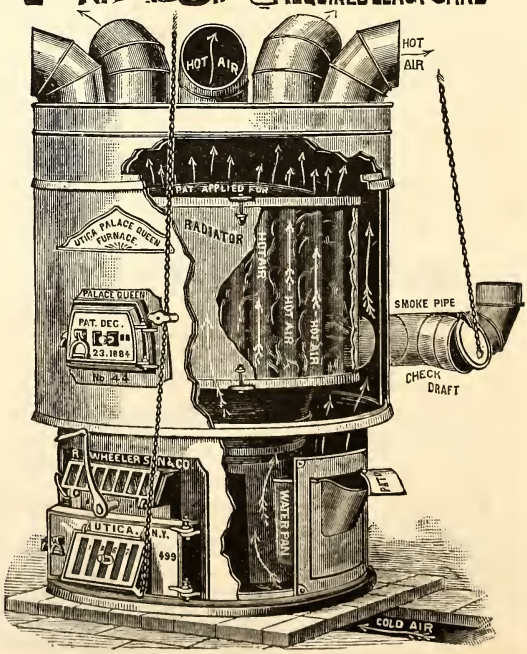

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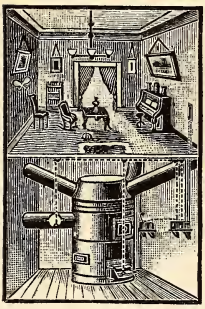

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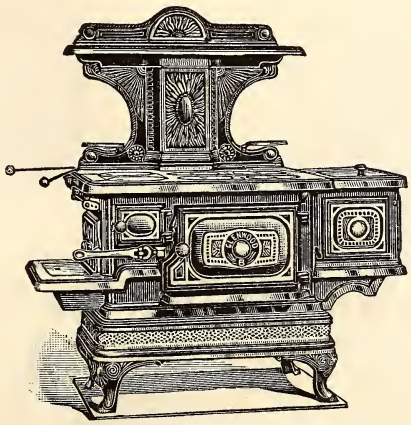

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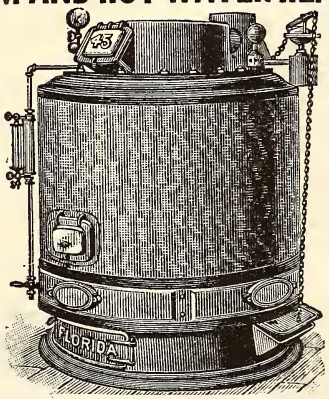

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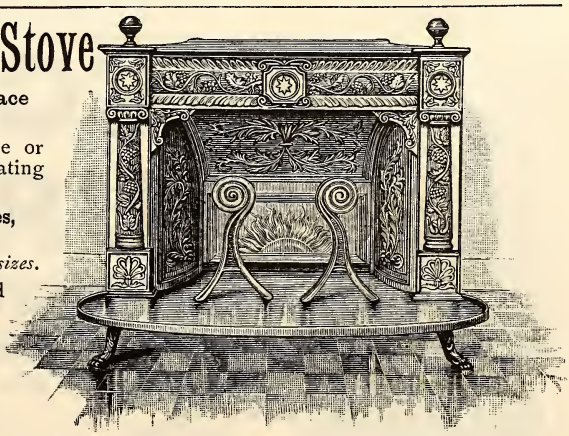

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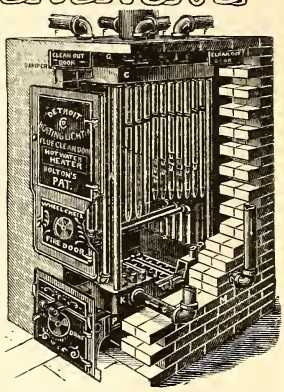

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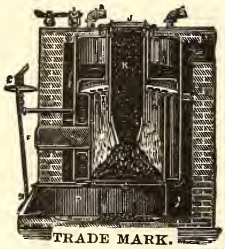

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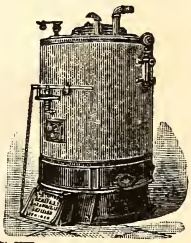

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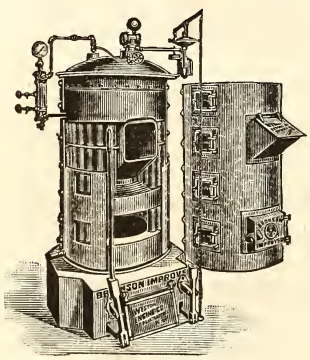

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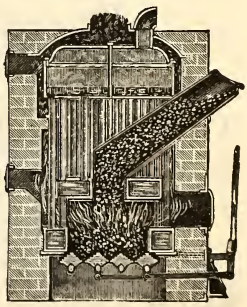

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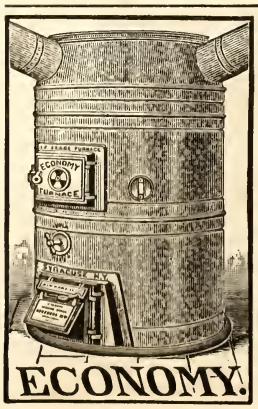

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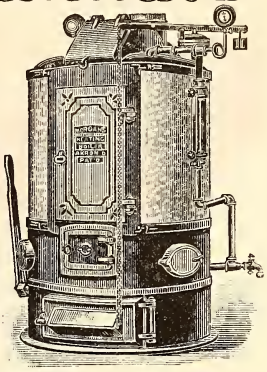

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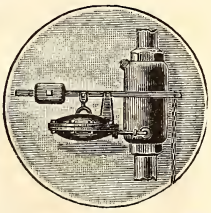

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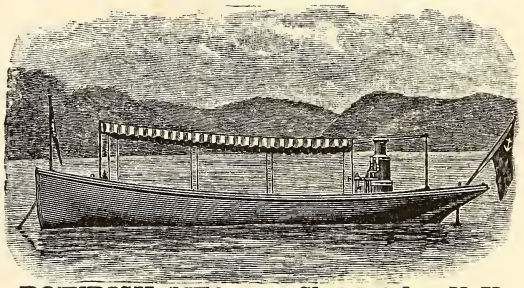

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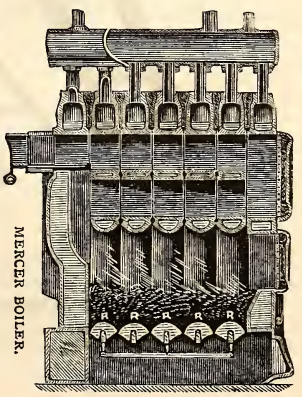

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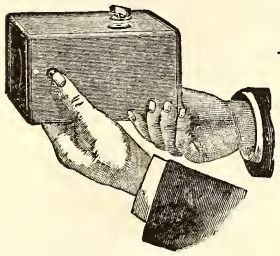

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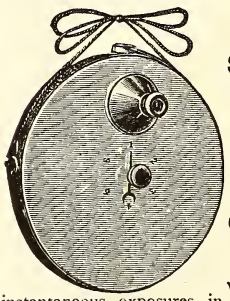

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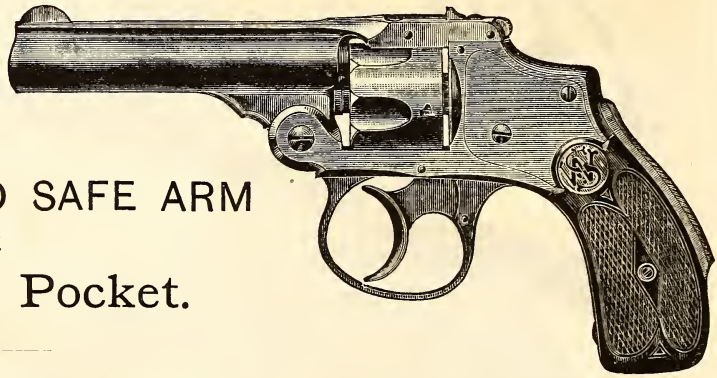

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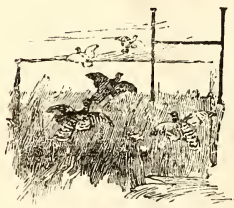

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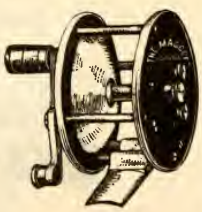

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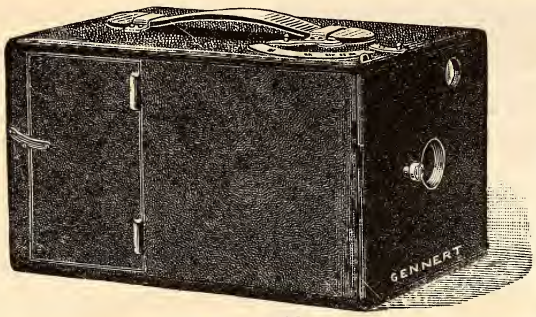

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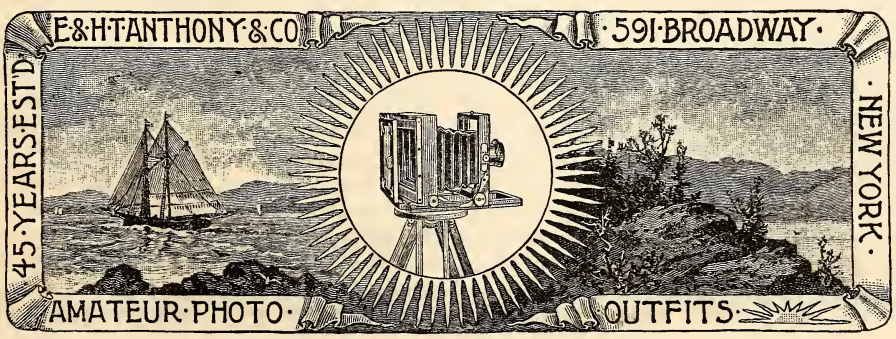

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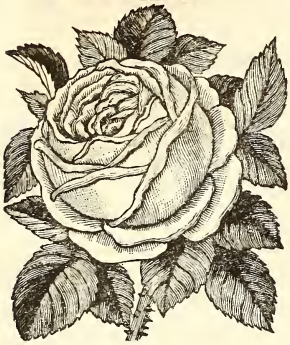

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From **one packet of seed** you get **all shades and colors, Variegated, Blazed,** and **Striped,** also the **intense self-colors,** running from **light Pink and bright Scarlets** to **deep Crimsons and Maroons.**

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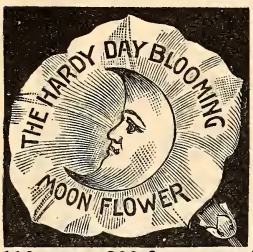

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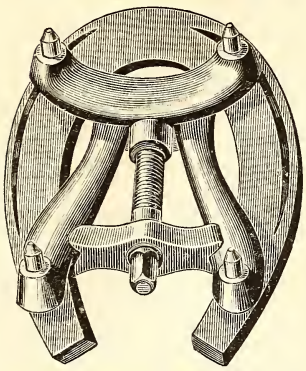

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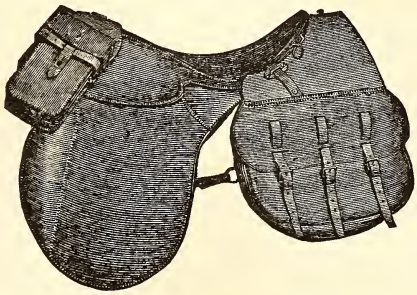

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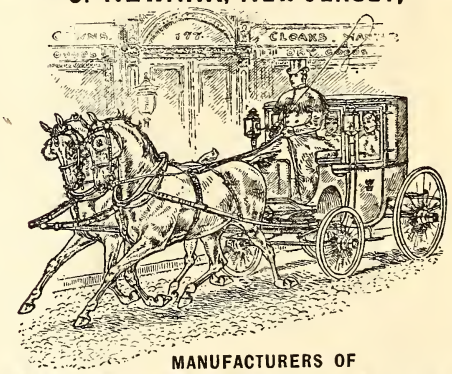

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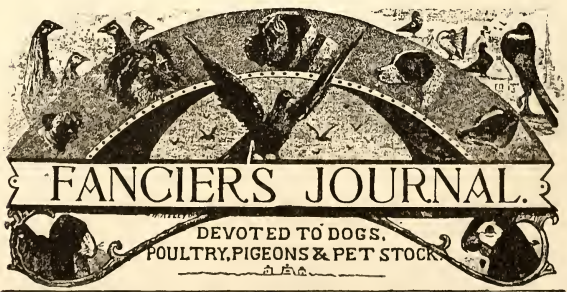

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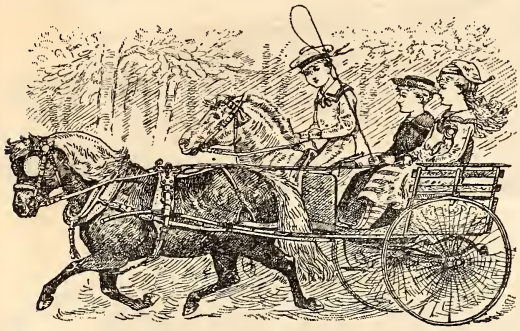

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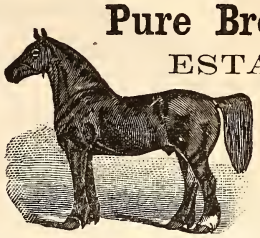

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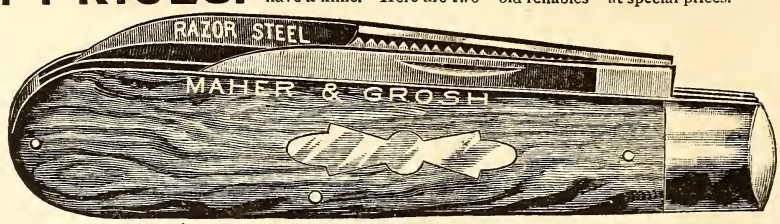

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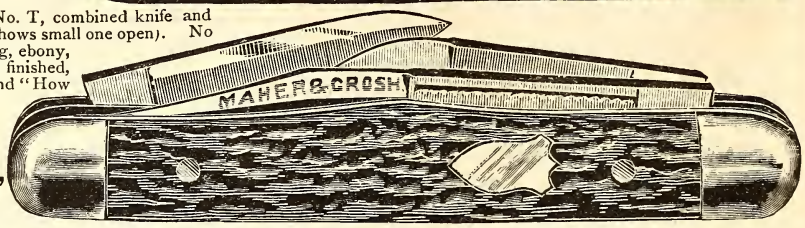

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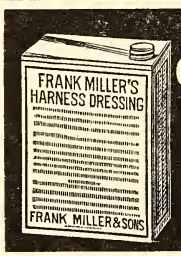

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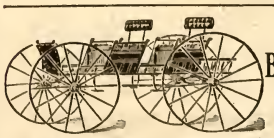

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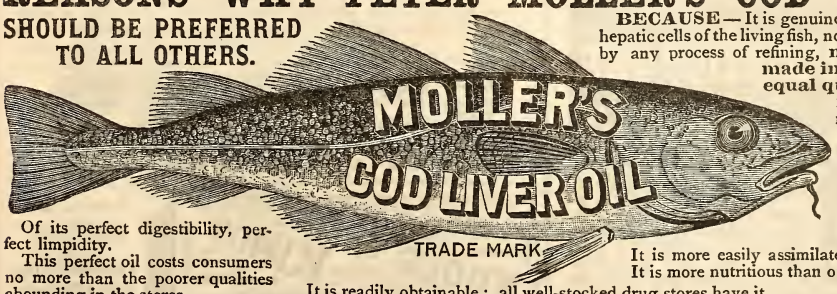

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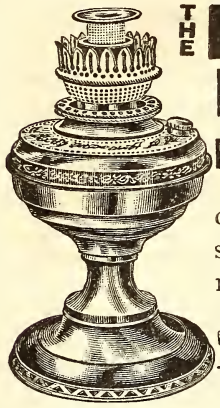

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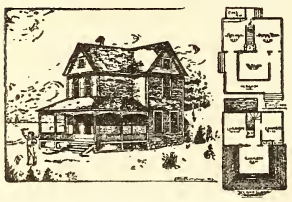

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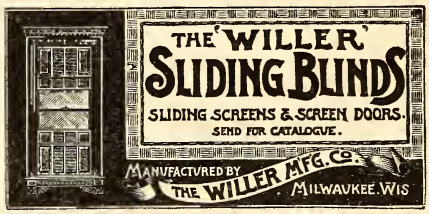

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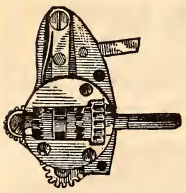

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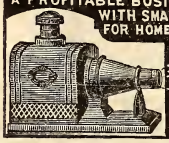

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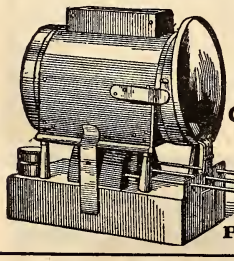

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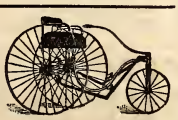

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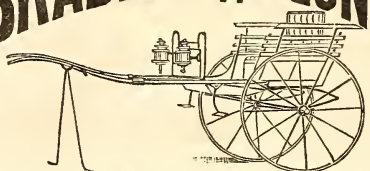

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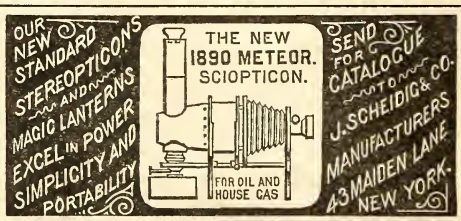
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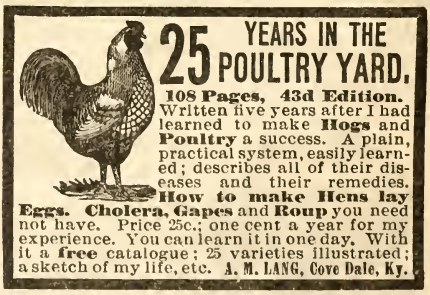
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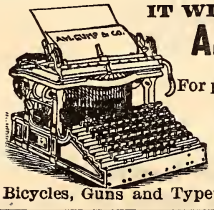

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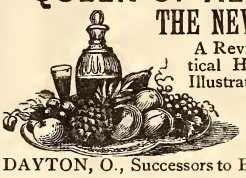

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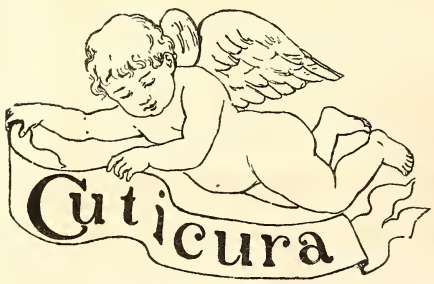

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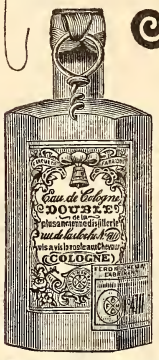

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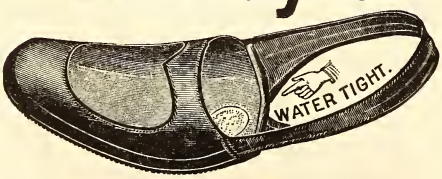

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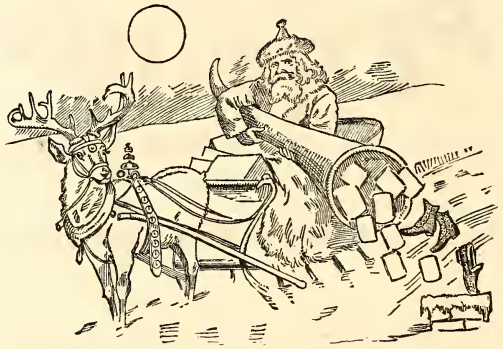

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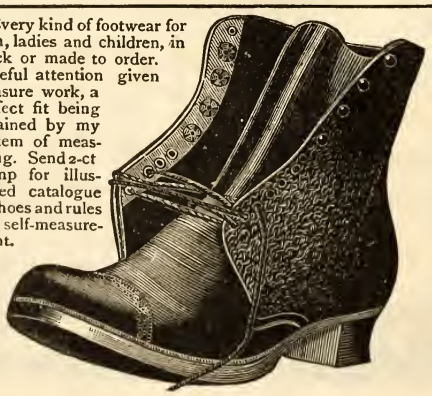

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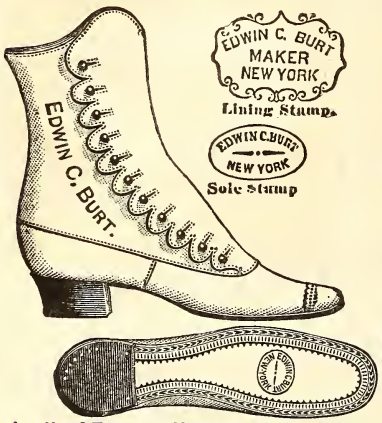

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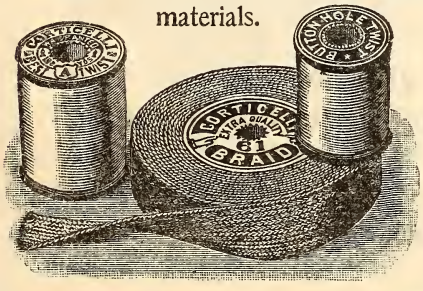

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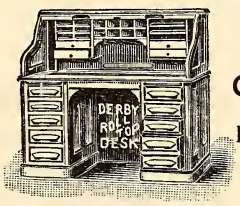

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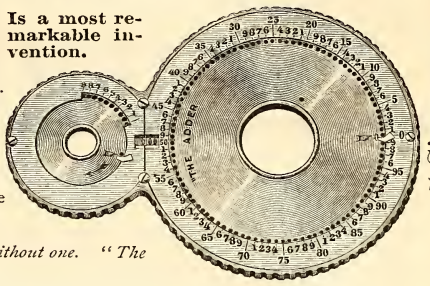

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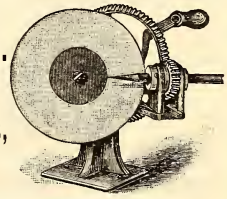

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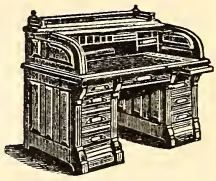

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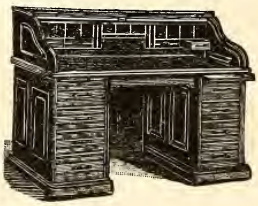

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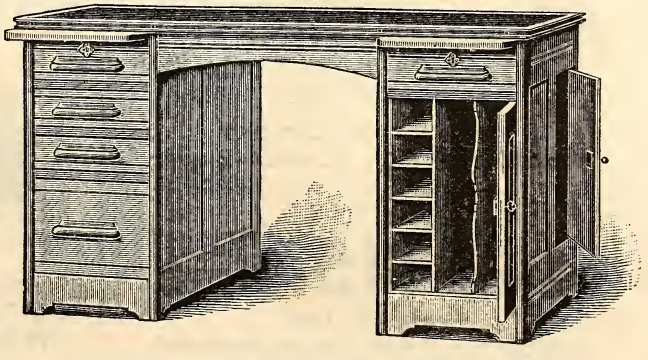

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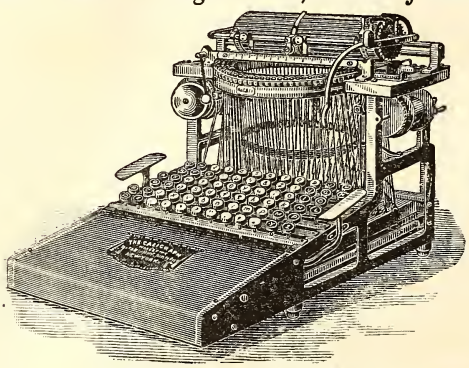

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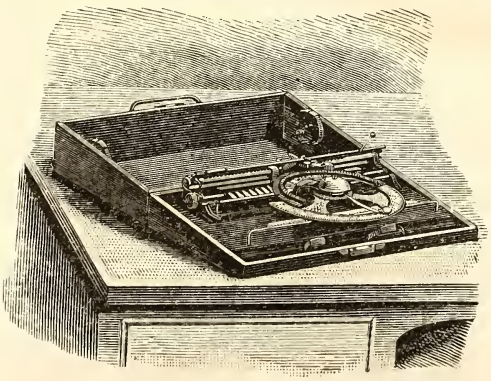

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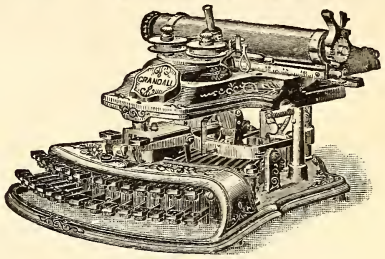

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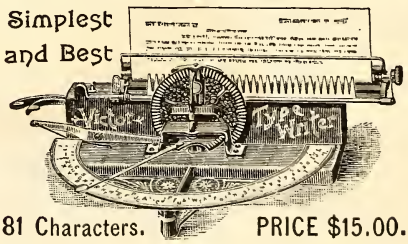

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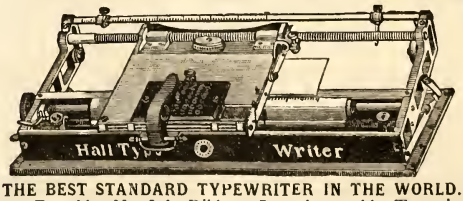

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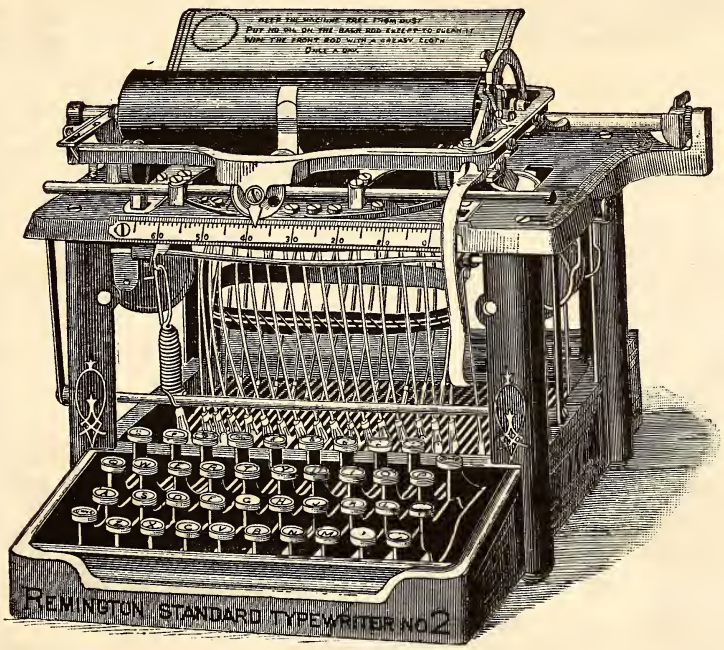

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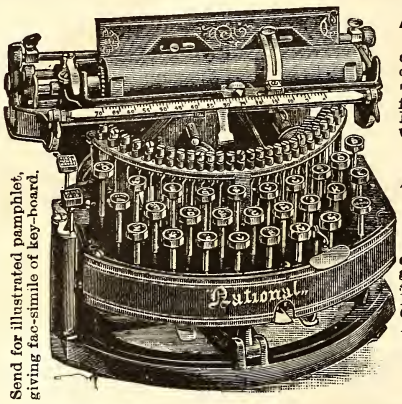

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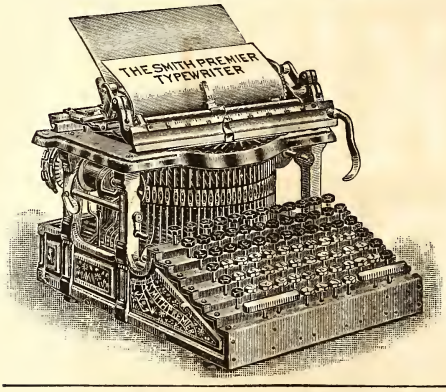

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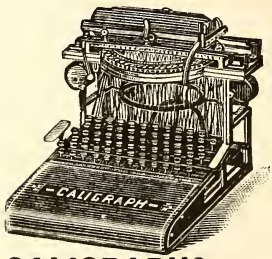

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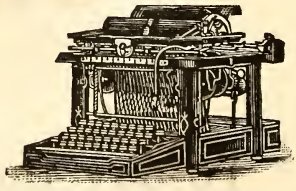

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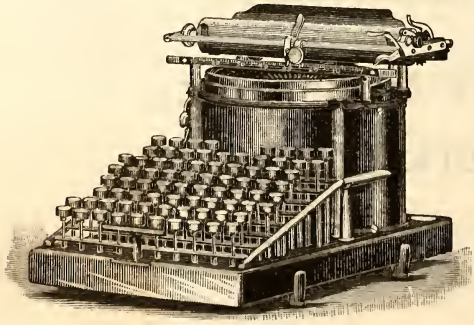

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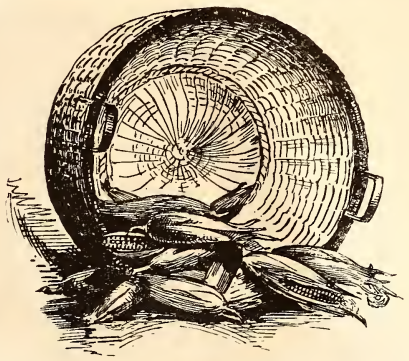

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2.

3.

4.

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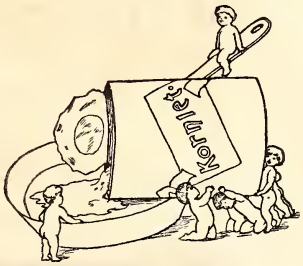

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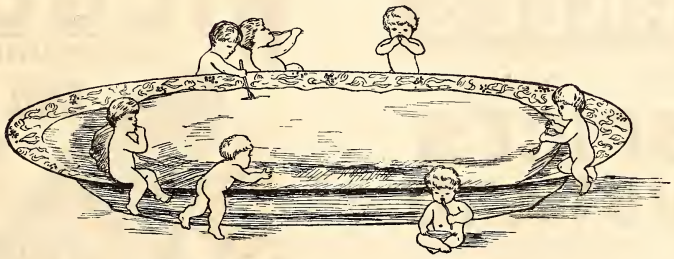

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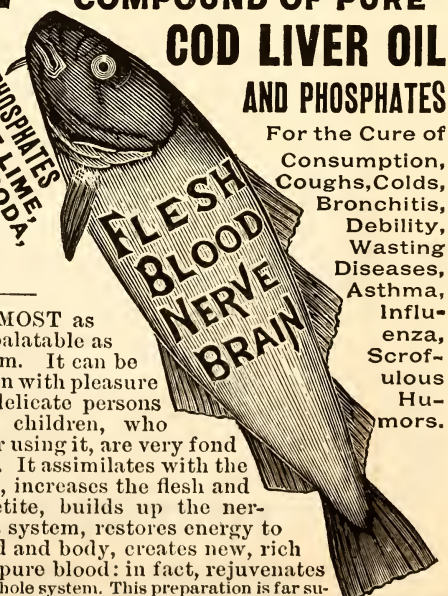
PHOSPHATES OF LIME, SODA, IRON.



ALMOST as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who after using it, are very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich and pure blood: in fact, rejuvenates the whole system. This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil: it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured by DR. ALX'R B. WILBOR, CHEMIST, Boston, Mass.

A Success, and Why.

"It is a craze," some grocers say, surprised that they sell in a day as many canned soups as they used to in a week. A craze? No. A wonderful increase? Yes. But not surprising, for our sales indicate that people believe that we are giving them a better soup and at less cost of time, trouble and money, than they can produce at home. Be sure you ask for and receive a can of ours, otherwise you might think, you also, that "it is a craze" and that there is nothing in it.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé, Purée of Game, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Pearl Tapioca.

Up-to-the-times Grocers keep them.

A sample can sent on receipt of the price of postage, 14 cents.

The Franco-American Food Co.,

42 West Broadway, New York.

Buffalo Lithia Water, Spring No. 2, in Bright's Disease, Gout, Stone in Bladder, and Diseases Generally of Uric Acid Diathesis, etc., etc.

DR. WM. A. HAMMOND, of Washington, D. C., Surgeon-General U. S. Army (retired), Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New-York, etc.

"I have for some time made use of the BUFFALO LITHIA WATER in cases of AFFECTIONS of the NERVOUS SYSTEM, complicated with BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS or with a GOUTY DIATHESIS. *The results have been eminently satisfactory.* Lithia has for many years *been a favorite remedy with me in like cases, but the* BUFFALO WATER CERTAINLY ACTS BETTER THAN ANY EXTEMPORANEOUS SOLUTION OF THE LITHIA SALTS, and is, moreover, better borne by the stomach. I also often prescribe it in those cases of CEREBRAL HYPERÆMIA resulting from OVER MENTAL WORK — in which the condition called NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA exists — *and generally with* MARKED BENEFIT."

DR. WM. B. TOWLES, Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica, in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia.

"BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, No. 2, belongs to the ALKALINE or, perhaps, *to the* ALKALINE SALINE Class, *for it has proved far more efficacious in many diseased conditions than any of the simple* ALKALINE waters.

"*I feel no hesitancy whatever in saying, that in* GOUT, RHEUMATIC GOUT, RHEUMATISM, STONE *in the* BLADDER, and in all diseases of URIC ACID DIATHESIS, *I know of no remedy at all comparable to it.*

"*Its effects are marked in causing a disappearance of* ALBUMEN *from the urine. In a* single case of BRIGHT'S DISEASE *of the* KIDNEYS I witnessed *decided beneficial results from its use, and from its action in this case I should have great confidence in it as a remedy in certain stages of this disease.* In DYSPEPSIA, especially that form of it in which there *is an excessive production of* ACID *during the process of nutrition*, in some of the PECULIAR AFFECTIONS *of* WOMEN, and in CHRONIC MALARIAL POISONING, etc., I have found it highly efficacious."

DR. G. HALSTEAD BOYLAND, Late Professor of Surgery, Baltimore Medical College, Late Surgeon French Army (Decorated), Member Baltimore Academy of Medicine, Member of American Medical Association.

"In BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the KIDNEYS, ACUTE or CHRONIC, BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, Spring No. 2, is, in my experience, *without a rival*, whether in the PARENCHYMATOUS form or INTERSTITIAL NEPHRITIS. In cases in which the ALBUMEN in the URINE reached as high as 50 per cent., I have known it, under a course of this water, to gradually diminish and finally disappear; at the same time other alarming symptoms were relieved, and the sufferers restored to health.

"In STONE in the BLADDER of the RED LITHIC ACID and the WHITE PHOSPHATIC DEPOSIT, the SOLVENT power of this water *is unmistakable.*"

DR. HENRY M. WILSON, ex-President Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland.

"My experience in the use of the BUFFALO LITHIA WATER has not been large, *but it is of such a positive character* THAT I DO NOT HESITATE TO EXPRESS MY PREFERENCE FOR IT, AS A DIURETIC IN URINARY CALCULI, OVER ALL OTHER WATERS THAT I HAVE EVER USED."

Water in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, $5, f. o. b. here.

THOS. F. GOODE, Proprietor,
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

SODEN in the Taunus, Germany.

(From the London Times.)

Sir Morell Mackenzie

SODEN, the celebrated health resort, can be reached in a little more than twenty minutes by rail from Frankfort-on-the-Main. The entire grounds in and around Soden abound with mineral springs. Indeed, it is impossible to walk for a mile or two in this region without coming upon a mineral spring. The waters of Soden, however, have made the place famous.

Thousands of persons who are too stout or too gouty, who have indulged to excess in the pleasures of the table and who are martyrs in consequence, find cure and relief by living according to the rules of the different watering-places, and drinking and bathing in mineral waters. The patients in Soden are delicate but they cannot be charged with over-indulgence in good things. They suffer from imperfect nutrition, coughing or sore throats.

What they long for is increased appetite and diminished irritation in their chest.

I am sure that many who arrive at Soden tortured with cough and unable to assimilate their food, leave their cough behind them when they depart, and carry away with them a keen appetite and a marked capacity for digesting what they eat.

The mineral waters which can effect such results deserve to be better known.

From the mineral waters of Soden the Soden Mineral Pastilles are prepared (in the form of little troches), which contain all the principal constituents of the water, and are therefore the most convenient form for administration. These Troches are put up for export in oval boxes, which can be carried about very conveniently and used at the will of the patient whenever desired.

Dr. Hermann Weber, the celebrated Physician of the German Hospital of London, in his translation of Braun's classical work on the curative effects of baths and waters (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1875, page 399), recommends the Soden Mineral Pastilles very highly in cases of Bronchial Catarrh, even when complicated with commencing consumption.

He also says:

"The power of Chloride of Sodium in increasing nutrition and promoting digestion corresponds with the requirements of many of these cases, and the amount of Iron in the Soden Springs scarcely contra-indicates their use in consumptive persons, as any heating effect from the iron is very doubtful, while its constipating effect is counteracted by the Carbonic Acid and Chloride of Sodium."

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, in the *Journal of Laryngology*, published in London, says the following:

"Most of the German Saline Springs are situated on a range of the Taunus Hills. Of these, unquestionably one of *the very best* is

SODEN.

"Containing as it does some 23 springs, with a temperature varying between 12° to 18° C., the waters of which are charged with Chloride of Sodium in varying degrees up to 116 grammes per liter, and some of which are further charged with Carbonic Acid; the Health Resort of Soden is unquestionably one of the very best places for the treatment of Pulmonary and Catarrhal complaints.

"COMPRESSED PASTILLES (troches) of the Soden Water are now an article of commerce, as well as the mineral waters. These troches are made from two of the well-waters, and containing a large amount of Chloride of Sodium, are particularly serviceable in pharyngeal catarrhs, and may even in some degree be used where it is desired to obtain the effect of the Soden Treatment in persons who are unable to make the necessary journey to the Spa itself. I have watched the effects of the Soden Waters for a considerable period, and regard them as extremely valuable in obstinate catarrhal affections of the throat. The small amount of iron which they contain renders them very useful in the stages of Throat Consumption, and they do good in nearly all cases of relaxation of the mucous membrane.

"These troches offer a most convenient method of using the Waters; producing both a local and general effect. They are especially beneficial in catarrhal diseases of the air passages; I have frequently found them of great service in the case of singers and public speakers.

(Signed)

"MORELL MACKENZIE, M. D., LONDON."

The Soden Mineral Pastilles are for sale by all druggists for 50 cents. A trial box will be mailed for 25 cents to any address. Soden Mineral Spring Co., 6 Barclay St., New-York. Pamphlets mailed free upon application.

Jan. '91.

TACOMA CITY MORTGAGE SECURITIES

AND AN INCOME OF

8% 9% 10%

THE SECURITY offered is first mortgage on improved and unimproved city property in Tacoma, State of Washington. We do not make loans on farm or outside property, confining our operations to this city, where we live and KNOW every foot of ground in it. Property here has been continually increasing in value, and the same causes that have made the appreciation in the past will continue to operate in the future. The principal element of stability and prosperity of this city is its exceptional geographical situation, being the natural key and distributing point for the country west of the Rockies and north of the Columbia River. It is the terminus of the N. P. R. R., which, with its branches, drain and distribute to the back country. It is also connected by numerous steamboats with the 1300 miles of coast line of Puget Sound, all of which center here, this being the head of deep-water navigation, Puget Sound feeding from the north, and the Railroads from the south and east, Tacoma being like the hub of a wheel, the very center where all lines meet. Its large and constantly increasing business gives profitable employment and occupation to all. Tacoma is the wheat port of the sound, containing three elevators, with a capacity of two million bushels per day, and the exports of wheat increase every year. The **average** crop of wheat in Washington is thirty bushels to the acre, about two times the average of Minnesota, and crop failures are unknown. It pays vessels better to come to Tacoma, even from the South, *as we always have profitable return cargoes for them;* so profitable that many vessels come in ballast for freights. This port is 800 miles nearer China than San Francisco, and saves a week's time on a cargo of tea. The above facts make it very profitable for a merchant to pay even 10% for the use of money, giving a mortgage on his home or property, and using such money in the active business of this place, or in improvements on said property. That this is so, is shown by the fact obtained from the City Clerk's Office, that there has **not been a foreclosure of a mortgage on Tacoma City property in SIX YEARS,** with loans aggregating many millions of dollars.

CONDENSED FACTS ABOUT TACOMA,

The Metropolis of Washington.
Population about 40,000.

THE CITY OF DESTINY.

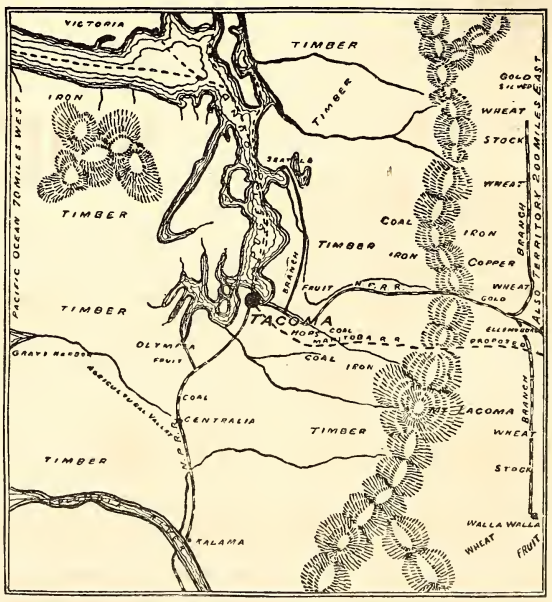
TACOMA is the terminus of all the transportation routes on Puget Sound, by rail and steamship; of the Northern Pacific to the Eastern world; to Oregon, connecting directly with the railroad to California and the Central Southern and Atlantic Pacific transcontinental railroads; of the steamship lines to California, Victoria, British Columbia and Alaska, China and Japan; of the water line to the western end of the Canadian Pacific and the British steamship line to China and Japan.

The population has increased from 25,000 to 40,000 in the past year, and is steadily growing.

The Bank clearances have doubled in the last year, and Tacoma now has the heaviest bank clearances of any city in Washington.

Business of all kinds is prosperous, and continually increasing in volume.

The Union Pacific Railway has acquired terminal facilities



AND ITS TRIBUTARY COUNTRY.

at Tacoma, has purchased a local line of railway, and is now building rapidly to a connection with its main line at Portland; this extension to be completed in a year. The value of another transcontinental line of railway coming into Tacoma cannot be overestimated.

The Northern Pacific has nearly completed its immense new car-shops, which will give employment to at least one thousand men. This Company spends about one million a year in terminal improvements in Tacoma. Large money is also spent in Western Washington, which is directly tributary to Tacoma from the Cascade Range to the Pacific Ocean. It is covered with dense forests of fir and cedar; the country is mostly broken and hilly, inlaid with valleys of extraordinary fertility; and about thirty miles back from Tacoma there is a belt of coal which is practically inexhaustible. Iron abounds, also, and limestone in close proximity, while the more precious metals are found in great abundance in the spurs of the Cascade Range.

Her manufacturing interests now include a smelter, costing half a million dollars, in active operation, reducing ores from our own mines and from Alaska. Sixteen saw-mills, with a capacity of one million and a quarter feet per day, give employment to many men and many ships. Foundries and machine-shops add to the list, and a great number of smaller factories, too numerous to mention in this article, contribute their share of product, and support their share of population.

When it is considered that coke from our own mines is delivered here at eight dollars a ton with profit, when it costs fourteen dollars a ton in San Francisco, the observer who looks ahead can see immense rolling mills and blast furnaces working up our native ores, and making this the great manufacturing city of the Pacific Coast.

Tacoma now exports nearly one thousand tons of coal daily to San Francisco, and about half a million feet of lumber to all parts of the world. We place these facts before our readers, to show them the basis on which we claim that city mortgages judiciously made, are safe beyond peradventure.

We need money in this rapidly growing city, and earn big interest with it, and give facts that you can judge of the safety of investments.

SOME PARTICULARS REGARDING OUR BUSINESS.

Our business is the placing of First Mortgage Loans on city property in Tacoma.

We can obtain for you **8** per cent., **9** per cent., or **10** per cent. per annum, according to the time and amount of the loan.

Interest is payable semi-annually with New-York exchange, by interest coupons attached to mortgage note, payable at our office in Tacoma. These coupons can be collected through your bank, or, if sent to us for collection, will be collected and remitted free of charge.

What can be safer than these loans in a rapidly improving country like this where values are sure to increase for many years to come, loans being made on one-third the present valuation?

We keep watch on all mortgages made by us from first to last, and attend to taxes, insurance, interest, etc.

On all sums sent to us for investment, we will pay interest at 6 per cent. per annum from date of receipt until placed on approved mortgage, thus avoiding any loss of interest to the investor.

We buy and sell real estate for non-residents, improve property, and take entire charge of estates.

As the population of this city is increasing at the rate of about ten thousand annually, and of the whole State in proportion, it will readily be seen that there are many opportunities for profitable investment.

The sums most in demand are one thousand dollars and multiples thereof to five thousand dollars. It should be understood that, generally speaking, the larger a city loan is the safer it is, as the highest valuations are in the center of business.

We refer by permission to the National Bank of Commerce, Tacoma; Merchants' Exchange National Bank, New-York; Biglow & Main, New-York, and others whose money we have invested.

THOMAS & CO. Bankers, Tacoma, Wash.

BEAUTIFUL

HELENA, Montana.

The city of Helena is located in the beautiful Prickly Pear Valley; is substantially built of stone and brick, with good hotels, churches, schools and all modern conveniences of life. The society is exceptionally high class, having more than the average number of educated and intelligent people.

As a place of residence it is unequaled. It can be reached by luxurious trains daily, with through dining cars, on the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railways from St. Paul and Minneapolis, or from Kansas City, via Union Pacific Railroad. **Low rate round trip tickets.**

Montana has **dozens of broad valleys** so fertile with the deposits of ages that farmers find in them a paradise of productiveness and a home market for all yield.

Greatest of all advantages of Montana is the **wonderful climate.** The warm winds of the Pacific Ocean modify the temperature to the degree which affords the highest physical comfort. The air is so full of ozone and so exhilarating in its effects that the continued existence of disease is an improbability.

Consumptives *find in the almost constant succession of bright, sunshiny days and dry atmosphere remedies which* **soon drive away their worst symptoms,** *and a quick increase of appetite and flesh indicates an early return to health.*

For Full Information Address,

L. G. PHELPS, Sec'y Citizens' Committee, Helena, Montana.

"I believe the 'Ferro-Manganese' waters of REGENT SPRING to be *the best tonic waters in the world.*"
Dr. W. P. Mason, Prof. Analytical Chemistry, Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst., Troy, N. Y.

Aside from the TONIC properties the

"FERRO-MANGANESE" WATERS

OF

Excelsior Springs, Missouri,

ARE

Actively Diuretic and nearly Specific for all Kidney and Bladder troubles, and in all cases dependent on Uric Acid Diatheses.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

"Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 21, 1888.

"Three of the best physicians in Kansas City said I had 'Bright's Disease,' and gave up my case, which had taken a dropsical turn. I was swollen until I weighed 196 pounds. I could neither retain food nor medicine on my stomach; medicines had to be administered by hypodermic injections, and for one week my only nourishment was liquid. While in this condition I was advised by Dr. J. D. Griffith, of Kansas City, to try the waters of Regent Spring, at Excelsior Springs. The Regent water, unaided by any medicine, in a few days toned up my stomach so I could eat with a relish and digest my food, and reduced my weight 33½ pounds in thirty-one days. While this reduction of water was going on, I gained rapidly in good, solid flesh. I am now in robust health, and never felt better in my life. The water of Regent Spring saved my life. I will most cheerfully give particulars of my case in detail to any one interested or similarly afflicted."

(Signed) S. Shortall,
Manager of Country Order Department, Bullene, Moore, Emrey & Co.

"I am still enjoying excellent health."—S. Shortall, November 20, 1890.

THE BOTTLED WATERS are sold by leading Druggists and Grocers.

For illustrated pamphlet and testimonials, address

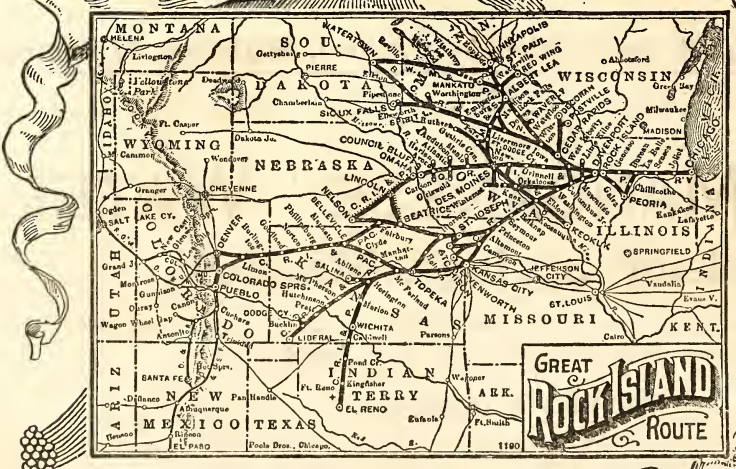
EXCELSIOR SPRINGS COMPANY,

H. C. Fish, Gen'l Manager. **Excelsior Springs, Mo.**

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, MISSOURI, is 25 miles N. E. of Kansas City on the C. M. & St. P. Ry.
THE ELMS Hotel — capacity, 500 guests — is open the year round.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS



A MAN.

Unacquainted with the geography of the country, will obtain much valuable information from a study of this map.

Of Dining Cars, Pullman Sleepers, and Free Reclining Chair Cars between Chicago and Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, via St. Joseph and via Kansas City and Topeka, and between Chicago and Des Moines, Council Bluffs and Omaha. Fast Express Trains to Sioux Falls, Watertown, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and (via St. Joseph and Kansas City) to all points in Southern Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma. The Favorite Line to all Hunting and Fishing Resorts West. Choice of Routes to and from the Pacific Coast. All modern improvements that assure Safety, Comfort and Luxury. Excursions at Reduced Rates. Free Transfers or Terminal Connections in Grand Union Stations.

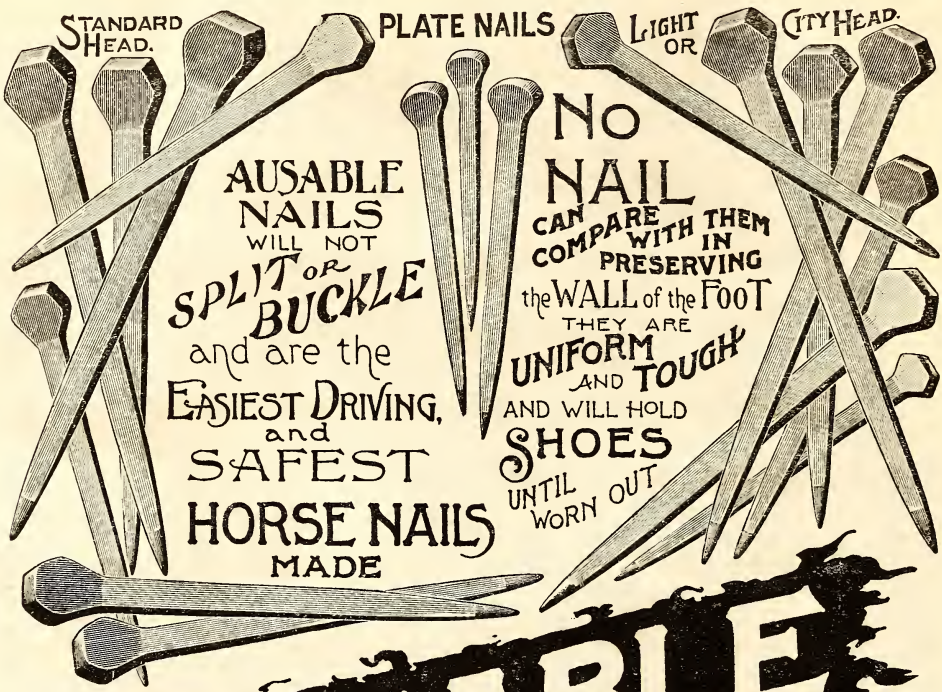
E. ST. JOHN, Genl. Manager. CHICAGO. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Genl. Ticket & Pass. Agent.

L.L. ROUSH, DES. N.Y. SEAMAN

California is reached in the most comfortable manner over the Santa Fé Route—Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé R. R.—through sleeping-cars run from both Chicago and St. Louis without change.

C. T. NICHOLSON,
Gen. Pass. Agent,
TOPEKA, KAN.

JNO. J. BYRNE,
A. Gen. Pass. Agent,
CHICAGO, ILL.


STANDARD HEAD.
PLATE NAILS
LIGHT OR CITY HEAD.
AUSABLE NAILS WILL NOT SPLIT OR BUCKLE and are the EASIEST DRIVING, and SAFEST HORSE NAILS MADE
NO NAIL CAN COMPARE WITH THEM IN PRESERVING the WALL of the FOOT THEY ARE UNIFORM AND TOUGH AND WILL HOLD SHOES UNTIL WORN OUT

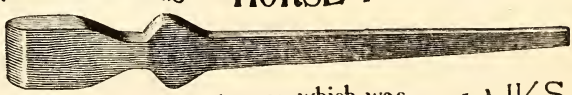
AUSABLE HORSE NAIL CO.

ABRAHAM BUSSING PREST

4 WARREN ST. N.Y.

MANUFACTURERS of HORSE NAILS.

FORGED HOT, from end of rod, thus—



and

COLD POINTED.

Copying the OLD FASHIONED HAND PROCESS which was FORGING BLANKS HOT from end of rod, and COLD POINTING by the SHOER.

If you want your horses to have sound feet see that your farrier uses nothing but the celebrated HOT FORGED & COLD POINTED AUSABLE NAILS.

AUSABLE NAILS speak for themselves. We are not compelled to disparage other brands to boom our own.

C. J. POST JR. Del. N.Y.

Under Glass.

How would you like to have your house and furniture, carriage, piano, kept under glass? No dust, smut, fly-specks, wear and tear, deterioration, almost no work to keep the newness on them.

Varnish is that, if the varnish is right. Less fragile than glass because it is backed by the wood; not at all troublesome; not in your way in the least; you do not even see it or think of it. Perfect protection and perfect convenience.

But varnish is apt to "go off," or "crack," or "pit," or "rust"; it has no end of diseases —bad varnish. Good varnish has none. We send a primer to tell you how to get it on everything.

MURPHY & COMPANY.

Newark, Boston, Cleveland,
St. Louis, Chicago.

Special Announcement.

THE PROCTER AND GAMBLE COMPANY, of Cincinnati, Ohio, take pleasure in announcing that they have contracted for the use of this page of THE CENTURY during the year 1891, for the presentation of a series of advertisements of **Ivory Soap.**

Old readers of THE CENTURY will immediately recall the former series of illustrated advertisements issued by this firm, which for several years occupied this place, and were recognized as a special feature of the magazine.

An attempt will be made to make the forthcoming series surpass those earlier efforts in artistic effect.

The Subjects for the year will be chosen with great care, and there will be a constant endeavor to make them something more than announcements of the text which they are appointed to preach.

The Artistic Work will be of a high character. The success which attended the former efforts of the designer is a sufficient guarantee that nothing short of the best will be presented to THE CENTURY readers.

The Text of the advertisements will appear alternately in prose and verse. No effort will be spared to secure a high character of literary work.

By means of the last series the name of Ivory Soap became familiar not only to the thousands of persons who actually used it, but to thousands more who then knew its good qualities only by hearsay.

It is hoped the present series of advertisements will make all readers users.

$79,839.61

PAID FOR CLAIMS IN SIX WEEKS BY

The United States Mutual Accident Association,

A larger amount than was ever paid in a whole year by any other mutual accident association doing business.

Its policies are cheaper at $15 per annum than those of any $12 mutual accident association would be at $7.50 on a basis of claims paid.

No other Accident Policies so free from technicalities, so liberally construed in settlement of claims as those issued by the United States Mutual Accident Association.

$100,000 Emergency Fund deposited with the Atlantic Trust Company of New-York.

Over $2,000,000 paid in losses since organization.

Nos. 320, 322 and 324 Broadway, New-York.

JAMES R. PITCHER, Secretary.

CHAS. B. PEET, President.

THE DE VINNE PRESS.

71.2009.084.08648

Why Royal Baking Powder is Absolutely Pure.

The Royal Baking Powder has been found to be the only baking powder that is absolutely free from lime, phosphates, and all injurious acids and impurities. Prof. Mott, U. S. Government Chemist, has explained the cause of this absolute purity. It arises from the new methods of refining cream of tartar, perfected by the Royal Baking Powder Company, and exclusively used in the manufacture of the Royal, and by which only can a chemically pure article be produced. Prof. Mott in his report says:

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure. . . . I will go still further and state that because of the facilities that company have for obtaining perfectly pure cream of tartar, and for other reasons dependent upon the proper proportions of the same, and the method of its preparation, the Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.

"HENRY A. MOTT, PH. D."
Late Chemist for U. S. Govt.

The Royal Baking Powder will not deteriorate, but will retain its strength in any climate until used. These qualities are exclusive to it.

FOR THE HOME, CRUISE OR CAMP.

"OUR TRADE MARK" Hams and Boneless Bacon

"OUR CONSTANT AIM IS TO MAKE THEM THE FINEST IN THE WORLD."

F. A. FERRIS & COMPANY.

FOR SALE BY
LEADING GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)
COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us, ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*The Civil Service Gazette.*

MADE SIMPLY WITH BOILING WATER OR MILK.

Sold only in half-pound tins, by grocers, labeled

JAMES EPPS & CO.
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
LONDON.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.

The new standard encyclopedic dictionary of the English language, edited by William Dwight Whitney. Send 10 cents for specimen pages, etc. Sold by subscription. THE CENTURY CO. 33 East 17th St. New-York.

POND'S EXTRACT Genuine in Bottles only, WITH BUFF WRAPPERS **CURES INFLAMMATIONS AND HEMORRHAGES.**